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Dr. *Watts's*

LYRIC POEMS.

BRITISH MUSEUM

HORÆ LYRICÆ.

POEMS,

Chiefly of the LYRIC Kind,

In THREE BOOKS.

SACRED

I. To DEVOTION and PIETY.
II. To VIRTUE, HONOUR and FRIENDSHIP.
III. To the MEMORY of the DEAD.

By *I. WATTS*, D. D.

The NINTH EDITION, Corrected.

——*Si non* Uraniê *Lyram*
Cœleſtem cohibet, nec Polyhymnia
Humanum refugit tendere Barbiton.
HOR. Od. I. imitat.

Athanaton men prota Theon, nomo os diakeitai,
Tima, (kai sebou auton) epeith Eroas aganous,
Tous te Katachthonious. PYTHAG. Aur. Car.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

PREFACE.

IT has been a long Complaint of the virtuous and refined World, that Poeſy, whoſe Original is Divine, ſhould be enſlaved to Vice and Profaneneſs; that an Art inſpired from Heaven, ſhould have ſo far loſt the Memory of its Birth-place, as to be engaged in the Intereſts of Hell. How unhappily is it perverted from its moſt glorious Deſign! How baſely has it been driven away from its proper Station in the Temple of God, and abuſed to much Diſhonour! The Iniquity of Men has conſtrained it to ſerve their vileſt Purpoſes, while the Sons of Piety mourn the Sacrilege and the Shame.

THE eldeſt Song which Hiſtory has brought down to our Ears, was a noble Act of Worſhip paid to the God of *Iſrael*, when his *Right Hand became glorious in Power; when thy Right Hand, O Lord, daſhed in Pieces the Enemy: the Chariots of* PHARAOH *and his Hoſts were caſt into the Red-Sea; Thou didſt blow with thy Wind, the Deep covered them, and they ſank as Lead in the mighty Waters*, Exod. xv. This Art was maintained ſacred thro' the following Ages of the Church, and employed by Kings and Prophets, by DAVID, SOLOMON, and ISAIAH, in deſcribing the Nature and the Glories of God, and in conveying Grace or Vengeance to the Hearts of Men. By this Method they brought ſo much of Heaven down to this lower World, as the Darkneſs of that

Diſpenſation would admit: And now and then a divine and poetic Rapture liſted their Souls far above the Level of that œconomy of Shadows, bore them away far into a brighter Region, and gave them a Glimpſe of Evangelic Day. The Life of Angels was harmoniouſly breathed into the Children of ADAM, and their Minds raiſed near to Heaven in Melody and Devotion at once.

IN the younger Days of Heatheniſm the Muſes were devoted to the ſame Service: the Language in which old HESIOD addreſſes them is this:

Mouſai Pieriethen aoideſi kleiouſai,
Deute Di ennepete ſpheteron pater umneiouſai.

Pierian *Muſes, fam'd for heavenly Lays,*
Deſcend, and ſing the God your Father's Praiſe.

And he purſues the Subject in ten pious Lines, which I could bear to tranſcribe, if the Aſpect and Sound of ſo much *Greek* were not terrifying to a nice Reader.

BUT ſome of the latter Poets of the Pagan World have debaſed this Divine Gift; and many of the Writers of the firſt Rank, in this our Age of National *Chriſtians*, have, to their eternal Shame, ſurpaſſed the vileſt of the *Gentiles*. They have not only diſrobed Religion of all the Ornaments of Verſe, but have employed their Pens in impious Miſchief, to deform her native Beauty, and defile her Honours. They have expoſed her moſt ſacred Character to Drollery, and dreſſed her up in a moſt vile and ridiculous Diſguiſe, for the Scorn of the ruder Herd of Mankind. The Vices have been painted like ſo many Goddeſſes, the Charms of Wit have been added to Debauchery, and the Temptation heightened where Nature needs the ſtrongeſt Reſtraints. With Sweetneſs of Sound, and Delicacy of Expreſſion, they have given a Reliſh to Blaſphemies of the harſheſt kind; and when they rant at their Maker in ſonorous Numbers,

Numbers, they fancy themſelves to have acted the Hero well.

THUS almoſt in vain have the Throne and the Pulpit cried *Reformation*; while the Stage and licentious Poems have waged open War with the pious Deſign of Church and State. The Preſs has ſpread the Poiſon far, and ſcattered wide the mortal Infection: Unthinking Youth have been enticed to Sin beyond the vicious Propenſities of Nature, plunged early into Diſeaſes and Death, and ſunk down to Damnation in Multitudes. Was it for this, that Poeſy was endued with all thoſe Allurements that lead the Mind away in a pleaſing Captivity? Was it for this, ſhe was furniſhed with ſo many intellectual Charms, that ſhe might ſeduce the Heart from GOD, the original Beauty, and the moſt lovely of Beings? Can I ever be perſuaded, that thoſe ſweet and reſtleſs Forces of Metaphor, Wit, Sound, and Number, were given with this Deſign, that they ſhould be all ranged under the Banner of the great malicious Spirit, to invade the Rights of Heaven, and to bring ſwift and everlaſting Deſtruction upon Men? How will theſe Allies of the nether World, the leud and profane Verſifiers, ſtand aghaſt before the great Judge, when the Blood of many Souls, whom they never ſaw, ſhall be laid to the Charge of their Writings, and be dreadfully required at their Hands? The Reverend Mr. COLLIER has ſet this awful Scene before them in juſt and flaming Colours. If the Application were not too rude and uncivil, that noble Stanza of my Lord ROSCOMMON, on *Pſalm* cxlviii. might be addreſſed to them:

Ye Dragons, whoſe contagious Breath
Peoples the dark Retreats of Death,
Change your dire Hiſſings into Heavenly Songs,
And praiſe your Maker with your forked Tongues.

THIS Profanation and Debaſement of ſo divine an Art,

Art, has tempted ſome weaker Chriſtians to imagine that Poetry and Vice are naturally akin; or, at leaſt, that Verſe is fit only to recommend Trifles, and entertain our looſer Hours, but it is too light and trivial a Method to treat any thing that is ſerious and ſacred. They ſubmit, indeed, to uſe it in divine Pſalmody, but they love the drieſt Tranſlation of the Pſalm beſt. They will venture to ſing a dull Hymn or two at Church, in Tunes of equal Dulneſs; but ſtill they perſuade themſelves, and their Children, that the Beauties of Poeſy are vain and dangerous. All that ariſes a Degree above Mr. STERNHOLD is too airy for Worſhip, and hardly eſcapes the Sentence of *unclean and abominable*. 'Tis ſtrange, that Perſons that have the Bible in their Hands, ſhould be led away by thoughtleſs Prejudices to ſo wild and raſh an Opinion. Let me entreat them not to indulge this ſour, this cenſorious Humour too far, leſt the Sacred Writers fall under the Laſh of their unlimited and unguarded Reproaches. Let me entreat them to look into their Bibles, and remember the Style and Way of Writing that is uſed by the ancient Prophets. Have they forgot, or were they never told, that many Parts of the Old Teſtament are *Hebrew* Verſe? and the Figures are ſtronger, and the Metaphors bolder, and the Images more ſurprizing and ſtrange than ever I read in any profane Writer. When DEBORAH ſings her Praiſes to the GOD of *Iſrael*, while he marched from the Field of *Edom*, ſhe ſets the *Earth a trembling, the Heavens drop, and the Mountains diſſolve from before the Lord. They fought from Heaven, the Stars in their Courſes fought againſt* SISERA: *When the River of* Kiſhon *ſwept them away, that ancient River, the River* Kiſhon, *O my Soul, thou haſt trodden down Strength*, Judg. v. &c. When ELIPHAZ, in the Book of *Job*, ſpeaks his Senſe of the Holineſs of God, he introduces a Machine in a Viſion: *Fear came upon me, Trembling on all my Bones, the Hair of my Fleſh ſtood up; a Spirit paſſed by and ſtood ſtill, but its Form was undiſcernible*;

ternible ; an Image before mine Eyes ; and Silence ; Then I heard a Voice, ſaying, Shall mortal Man be more juſt than God? &c. *Job* iv. When he deſcribes the Safety of the Righteous, he *hides* him *from the Scourge of the Tongue*, he makes him *laugh at Deſtruction and Famine*, he brings the *Stones of the Field into League with him*, and makes the *Brute* Animals *enter into a Covenant* of Peace, *Job* 5. 21, *&c.* When JOB ſpeaks of the Grave, how melancholy is the Gloom that he ſpreads over it! It is a Region to which I muſt ſhortly go, *and whence I ſhall not return ; it is a Land of Darkneſs, it is Darkneſs itſelf, the Land of the Shadow of Death* ; all Confuſion *and Diſorder, and where the Light is as Darkneſs. This is my Houſe, there have I made my Bed: I have ſaid to Corruption, Thou art my Father, and to the Worm, Thou art my Mother and my Siſter : As for my Hope, who ſhall ſee it? I and my Hope go down together to the Bars of the Pit,* Job x. 21. and xvii. 13. When he humbles himſelf in Complainings before the Almightineſs of GOD, what contemptible and feeble Images doth he uſe! *Wilt thou break a Leaf driven to and fro? Wilt thou purſue the dry Stubble? I conſume away like a rotten thing, a Garment eaten by the Moth,* Job xiii. 25, &c. *Thou liſteſt me up to the Wind, thou cauſeſt me to ride upon it, and diſſolveſt my Subſtance,* Job xxiii. 22. Can any Man invent more deſpicable Ideas to repreſent the Scoundrel Herd and Refuſe of Mankind, than thoſe which JOB uſes? *Chap.* xxx. and thereby he aggravates his own Sorrows and Reproaches to Amazement: *They that are younger than I have me in Deriſion, whoſe Fathers I would have diſdained to have ſet with the Dogs of my Flock : for Want and Famine they were ſolitary ; fleeing into the Wilderneſs deſolate and waſte : They cut up Mallows by the Buſhes, and Juniper-roots for their Meat : They were driven forth from among Men, (they cried after them as after a Thief) to dwell in the Cliffs of the Valleys, in Caves of the Earth, and in Rocks : Among the Buſhes they brayed, under the*

Nettles

Nettles they were gathered together; they were Children of Fools, yea, Children of baſe Men; they were viler than the Earth: And now am I their Song, yea, I am their By-word, &c. How mournful and dejected is the Language of his own Sorrows! *Terrors are turned upon* him, *they purſue* his *Soul as the Wind*, and his *Welfare paſſes away as a Cloud; his Bones are pierced within him*, and *his Soul is poured out; he goes mourning without the Sun, a Brother to Dragons, and a Companion to Owls; while his Harp and Organ are turned into the Voice of them that weep.* I muſt tranſcribe one half of this holy Book, if I would ſhew the Grandeur, the Variety, and the Juſtneſs of his Ideas, or the Pomp and Beauty of his Expreſſion: I muſt copy out a good part of the Writings of DAVID and ISAIAH, if I would repreſent the poetical Excellencies of their Thoughts and Style: Nor is the Language of the leſſer Prophets, eſpecially in ſome Paragraphs, much inferior to theſe.

NOW while they paint human Nature in its various Forms and Circumſtances, if their Deſigning be ſo juſt and noble, their Diſpoſition ſo artful, and their Colouring ſo bright, beyond the moſt famed human Writers, how much more muſt their Deſcriptions of God and Heaven exceed all that is poſſible to be ſaid by a meaner Tongue? When they ſpeak of the Dwelling-place of GOD, *He inhabits Eternity, and ſits upon the Throne of his Holineſs, in the midſt of Light inacceſſible.* When his Holineſs is mentioned, *The Heavens are not clean in his Sight, he charges his Angels with Folly: He looks to the Moon, and it ſhineth not, and the Stars are not pure before his Eyes: He is a jealous God, and a conſuming Fire.* If we ſpeak of Strength, *Behold, he is ſtrong: He removes the Mountains, and they know it not, He overturns them in his Anger: He ſhakes the Earth from her Place, and her Pillars tremble: He makes a Path thro' the mighty Waters, he diſcovers the Foundations of the World: The Pillars of Heaven are aſtoniſhed at his Reproof.* And after all, *Theſe are but a Portion of his Ways:*

Ways: The Thunder of his Power who can underſtand? His Sovereignty, his Knowledge, and his Wiſdom, are revealed to us in Language vaſtly ſuperior to all the poetical Accounts of Heathen Divinity. *Let the Potſherds ſtrive with the Potſherds of the Earth; but ſhall the Clay ſay to him that faſhioneth it, What makeſt thou? He bids the Heavens drop down from above, and let the Skies pour down Righteouſneſs. He commands the Sun, and it riſeth not, and he ſealeth up the Stars. It is he that ſaith to the Deep, Be dry, and he drieth up the Rivers. Woe to them that ſeek deep to hide their Counſel from the Lord; his Eyes are upon all their Ways, he underſtands their Thoughts afar off. Hell is naked before him, and Deſtruction hath no Covering. He calls out all the Stars by their Names, he fruſtrateth the Tokens of the Liars, and makes the Diviners mad; He turns wiſe Men backward, and their Knowledge becomes fooliſh.* His tranſcendent Eminence above all things is moſt nobly repreſented, when he *ſits upon the Circle of the Earth, and the Inhabitants thereof are as Graſhoppers: All Nations before him are as the Drop of a Bucket, and as the ſmall Duſt of the Ballance: He takes up the Iſles as a very little thing;* Lebanon, *with all her Beaſts, is not ſufficient for a Sacrifice to this God,* nor are all her Trees *ſufficient for the Burning.* This GOD, before whom *the whole Creation is as nothing, yea, leſs than nothing, and Vanity. To which* of all the Heathen Gods *then will ye compare me, ſaith the Lord, and what ſhall I be likened to?* And to which of all the Heathen Poets ſhall we liken or compare this glorious Orator, the ſacred Deſcriber of the Godhead? The Orators of all Nations are as nothing before him, and their Words are Vanity and Emptineſs. Let us turn our Eyes now to ſome of the Holy Writings, where GOD is creating the World: How meanly do the beſt of the *Gentiles* talk and trifle upon this Subject, when brought into Compariſon with MOSES, whom LONGINUS himſelf, a *Gentile* Critic, cites as a Maſter of the Sublime Style, when

when he choſe to uſe it; *And the Lord ſaid, Let there be Light, and there was Light; Let there be Clouds and Seas, Sun and Stars, Plants and Animals, and behold they are:* He commanded, and they appear and obey: *By the Word of the Lord were the Heavens made, and all the Hoſt of them by the Breath of his Mouth*: This is working like a GOD, with infinite Eaſe and Omnipotence. His Wonders of Providence for the Terror and Ruin of His Adverſaries, and for the Succour of His Saints, is ſet before our Eyes in the Scripture with equal Magnificence, and as becomes Divinity. When *he ariſes out of his Place, the Earth trembles, the Foundations of the Hills are ſhaken becauſe he is wroth: There goes a Smoke up out of his Noſtrils, and Fire out of his Mouth devoureth, Coals are kindled by it. He bows the Heavens, and comes down, and Darkneſs is under his Feet. The Mountains melt like Wax, and flow down at his Preſence.* If VIRGIL, HOMER, or PINDAR were to prepare an Equipage for a deſcending God, they might uſe Thunder and Lightnings too, and Clouds and Fire, to form a Chariot and Horſes for the Battle, or the Triumph; but there is none of them provides him a Flight of *Cherubs* inſtead of Horſes, or ſeats him in *Chariots of Salvation.* DAVID beholds Him riding *upon the Heaven of Heavens, by his Name* JAH: *He was mounted upon a Cherub, and did fly, he flew on Wings of the Wind*; *and* HABBAKUK *ſends the Peſtilence before him.* HOMER keeps a mighty Stir with his *Nephelegereta Zeus*, and HESIOD with his *Zeus upſibremetes.* JUPITER, that raiſes up the Clouds, and that makes a Noiſe, or thunders on high. But a Divine Poet makes the *Clouds but the Duſt of his Feet*; *and when the Higheſt gives his Voice in the Heavens, Hail-ſtones and Coals of Fire follow.* A Divine Poet *diſcovers the Channels of the Waters, and lays open the Foundations of Nature*; *at thy Rebuke, O Lord, at the Blaſt of the Breath of thy Noſtrils.* When the HOLY ONE alighted upon Mount *Sinai, his Glory covered the Heavens: He ſtood and meaſured*

the Earth: He beheld and drove aſunder the Nations, and the everlaſting Mountains were ſcattered: The perpetual Hills did bow; his Ways are everlaſting. Then the Prophet *ſaw the Tents of* Cuſhan *in Affliction, and the Curtains of the Land of* Midian *did tremble*, Hab. iii. Nor did the bleſſed Spirit which animated theſe Writers forbid them the Uſe of Viſions, Dreams, the opening of Scenes dreadful and delightful, and the Introduction of Machines upon great Occaſions: The Divine Licence in this reſpect is admirable and ſurprizing, and the Images are often too bold and dangerous for an uninſpired Writer to imitate. Mr. DENNIS has made a noble Eſſay to diſcover how much ſuperior is inſpired Poeſy to the brighteſt and beſt Deſcriptions of a mortal Pen. Perhaps, if his *Propoſal of Criticiſm* had been encouraged and purſued, the Nation might have learnt more Value for the Word of GOD, and the Wits of the Age might have been ſecured from the Danger of Deiſm; while they muſt have been forced to confeſs at leaſt the Divinity of all the poetical Books of Scripture, when they ſee a Genius running thro' them more than human.

WHO is there now will dare to aſſert, that the Doctrines of our Holy Faith will not indulge nor endure a delightful Dreſs? Shall the *French* Poet * affright us, by ſaying,

De la foy d' un Chrêtien les Myſteres terribles,
D' Ornemens egayez ne ſont point ſuſceptibles?

BUT the *French* Critick †, in his Reflections upon Eloquence, tells us, "That the Majeſty of our Religion, "the Holineſs of its Laws, the Purity of its Morals, "the Height of its Myſteries, and the Importance of "every Subject that belongs to it requires a Grandeur, "a Nobleneſs, a Majeſty, and Elevation of Style ſuited

* Boileau. † Rapin.

" to the Theme: Sparkling Images and magnificent
" Expreſſions muſt be uſed, and are beſt borrowed
" from Scripture: Let the Preacher, that aims at Elo-
" quence, read the Prophets inceſſantly, for their Writ-
" ings are an abundant Source of all the Riches and Or-
" naments of Speech." And, in my Opinion, this is far better Counſel than HORACE gives us, when he ſays,

——— *Vos exemplaria Græca*
Nocturnâ verſate Manu, verſate diurnâ.

As in the Conduct of my Studies with regard to Divinity, I have reaſon to repent of nothing more than that I have not peruſed the Bible with more frequency; ſo if I were to ſet up for a Poet, with a Deſign to exceed all the modern Writers, I would follow the Advice of RAPIN, and read the Prophets Night and Day. I am ſure, the Compoſures of the following Book would have been filled with much greater Senſe, and appeared with much more agreeable Ornaments, had I derived a larger Portion from the Holy Scriptures.

BESIDES, we may fetch a further Anſwer to Monſ. BOILEAU's Objection, from other Poets of his own Country. What a noble Uſe have RACINE and CORNEILLE made of Chriſtian Subjects, in ſome of their beſt Tragedies? What a Variety of Divine Scenes are diſplayed, and pious Paſſions awakened in thoſe Poems! The Martyrdom of POLYEUCTE, how doth it reign over our Love and Pity, and at the ſame time animate our Zeal and Devotion! May I here be permitted the Liberty to return my Thanks to that fair and ingenious Hand* that directed me to ſuch Entertainments in a foreign Language, which I had long wiſhed for, and ſought in vain in our own. Yet I muſt confeſs, that the DAVIDEIS, and the two ARTHURS, have ſo far anſwered BOILEAU's Objection, in *Engliſh*, as that the Obſtacle

* *Philomela.*

of attempting Chriſtian Poeſy are broken down, and the vain Pretence of its being impracticable, is experimentally confuted †.

IT is true indeed, the Chriſtian Myſteries have not ſuch need of gay Trappings as beautified, or rather compoſed, the Heathen Superſtition. But this ſtill makes for the greater Eaſe and ſurer Succeſs of the Poet. The Wonders of our Religion, in a plain Narration and a ſimple Dreſs, have a native Grandeur, a Dignity, and a Beauty in them, though they do not utterly diſdain all Methods of Ornament. The Book of the *Revelations* ſeems to be a Prophecy in the Form of an *Opera*, or a Dramatic Poem, where Divine Art illuſtrates the Subject with many charming Glories; but ſtill it muſt be acknowledged, that the naked Themes of Chriſtianity have ſomething brighter and bolder in them, ſomething more ſurprizing and celeſtial than all the Adventures of Gods and Heroes, all the dazling Images of falſe Luſtre that form and garniſh a Heathen Song: Here the very Argument would give wonderful Aids to the Muſe, and the heavenly Theme would ſo relieve a dull Hour, and a languiſhing Genius, that when the Muſe nods, the Senſe would burn and ſparkle upon the Reader, and keep him feelingly awake.

WITH how much leſs Toil and Expence might a DRYDEN, an OTWAY, a CONGREVE, or a DENNIS, furniſh out a Chriſtian Poem, than a modern Play? There is nothing amongſt all the ancient Fables, or later Romances, that have two ſuch Extremes united in them, as the Eternal GOD becoming an Infant of Days; the Poſſeſſor of the Palace of Heaven laid to

† Sir *Richard Blackmore*, in his admirable Preface to his laſt Poem entitled *Alfred*, has more copiouſly refuted all *Boileau*'s Arguments on this Subject, and that with great Juſtice and Elegance 1723. I am perſuaded that many Perſons who deſpiſe the Poem would acknowledge the juſt Sentiments of that Preface.

ſleep in a Manger; the Holy *JESUS*, who knew no Sin, bearing the Sins of Men in his Body on the Tree; Agonies of Sorrow loading the Soul of Him who was GOD over all, bleſſed for ever; and the Sovereign of Life ſtretching his Arms on a Croſs, bleeding and expiring: The Heaven and the Hell in our Divinity are infinitely more delightful and dreadful than the childiſh Figments of a Dog with three Heads, the Buckets of the *Belides*, the Furies with ſnaky Hairs, or all the flowry Stories of *Elyſium*. And if we ſurvey the one as Themes divinely true, and the other as a Medley of Fooleries which we can never believe, the Advantage for touching the Springs of Paſſion will fall infinitely on the Side of the Chriſtian Poet; our Wonder and our Love, our Pity, Delight and Sorrow, with the long Train of Hopes and Fears, muſt needs be under the Command of an harmonious Pen, whoſe every Line makes a Part of the Readers Faith, and is the very Life or Death of his Soul.

If the trifling and incredible Tales that furniſh out a Tragedy, are ſo armed by Wit and Fancy, as to become Sovereign of the rational Powers, to triumph over all the Affections, and manage our Smiles and our Tears at Pleaſure; how wondrous a Conqueſt might be obtained over a wild World, and reduce it, at leaſt, to Sobriety, if the ſame happy Talent were employed in dreſſing the Scenes of Religion in their proper Figures of Majeſty, Sweetneſs, and Terror? The Wonders of Creating Power, of Redeeming Love, and Renewing Grace, ought not to be thus impiouſly neglected by thoſe whom Heaven has endued with a Gift ſo proper to adorn and cultivate them; an Art whoſe ſweet Inſinuations might almoſt convey Piety in reſiſting Nature, and melt the hardeſt Souls to the Love of Virtue. The Affairs of this Life, with their Reference to a Life to come, would ſhine bright in a Dramatic Deſcription; nor is there any need or any Reaſon why we ſhould always borrow the Plan or Hiſtory from the ancient

Jew

Jews, or primitive Martyrs; though ſeveral of theſe would furniſh out noble Materials for this ſort of Poeſy: But modern Scenes would be better underſtood by moſt Readers, and the Application would be much more eaſy. The Anguiſh of inward Guilt, the ſecret Stings and Racks and Scourges of Conſcience; the ſweet retiring Hours, and ſeraphical Joys of Devotion; the Victory of a reſolved Soul over a thouſand Temptations; the inimitable Love and Paſſion of a dying GOD; the awful Glories of the laſt Tribunal; the grand deciſive Sentence, from which there is no Appeal; and the conſequent Tranſports or Horrors of the two eternal Worlds; theſe things may be variouſly diſpoſed, and form many Poems. How might ſuch Performances, under a Divine Bleſſing, call back the dying Piety of the Nation to Life and Beauty? This would make Religion appear like itſelf, and confound the Blaſphemies of a profligate World, ignorant of pious Pleaſures.

But we have Reaſon to fear, that the tuneful Men of our Day have not raiſed their Ambition to ſo divine a Pitch; I ſhould rejoice to ſee more of this Celeſtial Fire kindling within them; for the Flaſhes that break out in ſome preſent and paſt Writings, betray an infernal Source. This the incomparable Mr. COWLEY, in the latter End of his Preface, and the ingenious Sir RICHARD BLACKMORE, in the Beginning of his, have ſo pathetically deſcrib'd and lamented, that I rather refer the Reader to mourn with them, than detain and tire him here. Theſe Gentlemen, in their large and laboured Works of Poeſy, have given the World happy Examples of what they wiſh and encourage in Proſe; the One in a rich Variety of Thought and Fancy, the Other in all the ſhining Colours of profuſe and florid Diction.

If ſhorter Sonnets were compoſed on ſublime Subjects, ſuch as the *Pſalms* of DAVID, and the holy Tranſports in erſperſed in the other Sacred Writings, or ſuch as the moral Odes of HORACE, and the ancient *Lyricks*;

I perſuade myſelf, that the *Chriſtian* Preacher would find abundant Aid from the Poet, in his Deſign to diffuſe Virtue, and allure Souls to GOD. If the Heart were firſt inflamed from Heaven, and the Muſe were not left alone to form the Devotion, and purſue a cold Scent, but only called in as an Aſſiſtant to the Worſhip, then the Song would end where the Inſpiration ceaſes; the whole Compoſure would be of a Piece, all meridian Light and meridian Fervour; and the ſame pious Flame would be propagated, and kept glowing in the Heart of him that reads. Some of the ſhorter Odes of the two Poets now mentioned, and a few of the Reverend Mr. NORRIS's Eſſays in Verſe, are convincing Inſtances of the Succeſs of this Propoſal.

IT is my Opinion, alſo, that the free and unconfined Numbers of PINDAR or the noble Meaſures of MILTON without Rhime, would beſt maintain the Dignity of the Theme, as well as give a Looſe to the devout Soul, nor check the Raptures of her Faith and Love. Tho' in my feeble Attempts of this kind, I have too often fettered my Thoughts in the narrow Metre of our Pſalm-Tranſlators; I have contracted and cramped the Senſe, or rendered it obſcure and feeble, by the too ſpeedy and regular Returns of Rhime.

IF my Friends expect any Reaſon of the following Compoſures, and of the firſt or ſecond Publication, I entreat them to accept of this Account.

THE *Title* aſſures them that Poeſy is not the Buſineſs of my Life; and if I ſeized thoſe Hours of Leiſure, wherein my Soul was in a more ſprightly Frame, to entertain them or my ſelf with a Divine or Moral Song, I hope I ſhall find an eaſy Pardon.

IN the *Firſt Book* are many Odes which were written to aſſiſt the Meditations and Worſhip of vulgar Chriſtians, and with a Deſign to be publiſhed in the Volume of *Hymns*, which have now paſſed a Second Impreſſion; but upon the Review, I found ſome Expreſſions that were not ſuited to the plaineſt Capacity, and the Metaphors

phors are too bold to pleaſe the weaker Chriſtian, therefore I have allotted them a Place here.

AMONGST the Songs that are dedicated to *Divine Love*, I think I may be bold to aſſert, that I never compoſed one Line of them with any other Deſign than what they are applied to here; and I have endeavoured to ſecure them all from being perverted and debaſed to wanton Paſſions, by ſeveral Lines in them that can never be applied to a meaner Love. Are not the nobleſt Inſtances of the Grace of Chriſt repreſented under the Figure of a Conjugal State, and deſcribed in one of the ſweeteſt Odes, and the ſofteſt Paſtoral that ever was written? I appeal to SOLOMON, * in his *Song*, and his Father DAVID, in *Pſal.* xiv. if DAVID was the Author: And I am well aſſured, that I have never indulged an equal Licence: It was dangerous to imitate the Sacred Writers too nearly, in ſo nice an Affair.

THE *Poems ſacred to Virtue*, &c. were formed when the Frame and Humour of my Soul was juſt ſuited to the Subject of my Verſe: The Image of my Heart is painted in them; and if they meet with a Reader whoſe Soul is akin to mine, perhaps they may agreeably entertain him. The Dulneſs of the Fancy, and Coarſeneſs of Expreſſion, will diſappear; the Sameneſs of the Humour will create a Pleaſure, and inſenſibly overcome and conceal the Defects of the Muſe. Young Gentlemen and Ladies, whoſe Genius and Education have given them a Reliſh of Oratory and Verſe, may be tempted to ſeek Satisfaction among the dangerous Diverſions of the Stage, and impure Sonnets, if there be no Proviſion of a ſafer kind made to pleaſe them. While I have attempted to gratify innocent Fancy in this reſpect, I have not forgotten to allure the Heart to Virtue, and to raiſe it to a Diſdain of brutal Pleaſures. The fre-

* *Solomon's Song* was much more in uſe among Preachers and Writers of Divinity when theſe Poems were written than it is now. 1736.

quent Interpoſition of a devout Thought may awaken the Mind to a ſerious Senſe of GOD, Religion, and Eternity. The ſame Duty that might be deſpiſed in a Sermon, when propoſed to their Reaſon, may here, perhaps, ſeize the lower Faculties with Surprize, Delight, and Devotion at once; and thus, by Degrees, draw the ſuperior Powers of the Mind to Piety. Amongſt the infinite Numbers of Mankind, there is not more Difference in their outward Shape and Features, than in their Temper and inward Inclination. Some are more eaſily ſuſceptive of Religion in a grave Diſcourſe and ſedate Reaſoning. Some are beſt frighted from Sin and Ruin by Terror, Threatning and Amazement; their Fear is the propereſt Paſſion to which we can addreſs ourſelves, and begin the Divine Work: Others can feel no Motive ſo powerful as that which applies itſelf to their Ingenuity, and their poliſh'd Imagination. Now I thought it lawful to take hold of any Handle of the Soul, to lead it away betimes from vicious Pleaſures; and if I could but make up a Compoſition of Virtue and Delight, ſuited to the Taſte of well bred Youth, and a refin'd Education, I had ſome Hope to allure and raiſe them thereby above the vile Temptations of degenerate Nature, and Cuſtom, that is yet more degenerate. When I have felt a ſlight Inclination to Satyr or Burleſque, I thought it proper to ſuppreſs it. The grinning and the growling Muſe are not hard to be obtained; but I would diſdain their Aſſiſtance, where a manly Invitation to Virtue, and a friendly Smile may be ſucceſsfully employ'd. Could I perſuade any Man by a kinder Method, I ſhould never think it proper to ſcold or laugh at him.

PERHAPS there are ſome moroſe Readers, that ſtand ready to condemn every Line that's written upon the Theme of *Love*; but have we not the Cares and the Felicities of that ſort of ſocial Life repreſented to us in the ſacred Writings? Some Expreſſions are there uſed with a Deſign to give a mortifying Influence to our

softeſt

ſofteſt Affections; others again brighten the Character of that State, and allure virtuous Souls to purſue the divine Advantage of it, the mutual Aſſiſtance in the way to Salvation. Are not the cxxviith and cxxviiith *Pſalms* indited on this very Subject? Shall it be lawful for the Preſs and the Pulpit to treat of it with a becoming Solemnity in Proſe, and muſt the Mention of the ſame thing in Poeſy be pronounc'd for ever unlawful? Is it utterly unworthy of a ſerious Character to write on this Argument, becauſe it has been unhappily polluted by ſome ſcurrilous Pens? Why may I not be permitted to obviate a common and a growing Miſchief, while a thouſand vile Poems of the amorous kind ſwarm abroad, and give a vicious Taint to the unwary Reader? I would tell the World that I have endeavoured to recover this Argument out of the Hands of impure Writers, and to make it appear, that Virtue and Love are not ſuch Strangers as they are repreſented. The bliſsful Intimacy of Souls in that State will afford ſufficient Furniture for the graveſt Entertainment in Verſe; ſo that it need not be everlaſtingly dreſs'd up in Ridicule, nor aſſumed only to furniſh out the lewd Sonnets of the Times. May ſome happier Genius promote the ſame Service that I propos'd, and by ſuperior Senſe, and ſweeter Sound, render what I have written contemptible and uſeleſs.

THE *Imitations* of that nobleſt *Latin* Poet of modern Ages, CASIMIRE SARBIEWSKI of *Poland*, would need no Excuſe, did they but ariſe to the Beauty of the Original. I have often taken the Freedom to add ten or twenty Lines, or to leave out as many, that I might ſuit my Song more to my own Deſign, or becauſe I ſaw it impoſſible to preſent the Force, the Fineneſs, and the Fire of his Expreſſion in our Language. There are a few Copies wherein I borrow'd ſome Hints from the ſame Author without the Mention of his Name in the Title. Methinks I can allow ſo ſuperior a Genius now and then to be laviſh in his Imagination, and to indulge

ſome Excurſions beyond the Limits of ſedate Judgment: The Riches and Glory of his Verſe make Atonement in abundance. I wiſh ſome *Engliſh* Pen would import more of his Treaſures, and bleſs our Nation.

THE *Inſcriptions* to particular Friends are warranted and defended by the Practice of almoſt all the *Lyric* Writers. They frequently convey'd the rigid Rules of Morality to the Mind in the ſofter Method of Applauſe. Suſtain'd by their Example, a Man will not eaſily be overwhelmed by the heavieſt Cenſures of the unthinking and unknowing; eſpecially when there is a Shadow of this Practice in the Divine *Pſalmiſt*, while he inſcribes to ASAPH or JEDUTHUN his Songs that were made for the Harp, or (which is all one) his *Lyric* Odes, tho' they are addreſs'd to GOD himſelf.

IN the *Poems of Heroic Meaſure*, I have attempted in Rhime the ſame Variety of Cadence, Comma and Period, which Blank Verſe glories in as its peculiar Elegance and Ornament. It degrades the Excellency of the beſt Verſification when the Lines run on by Couplets, twenty together, juſt in the ſame Pace, and with the ſame Pauſes. It ſpoils the nobleſt Pleaſure of the Sound: The Reader is tired with the tedious Uniformity, or charm'd to ſleep with the unmanly Softneſs of the Numbers, and the perpetual Chime of even Cadences.

IN the *Eſſays without Rhime*, I have not ſet up MILTON for a perfect Pattern; tho' he ſhall be for ever honour'd as our Deliverer from the Bondage. His Works contain admirable and unequall'd Inſtances of bright and beautiful Diction, as well as Majeſty and Sereneneſs of Thought. There are ſeveral Epiſodes in his longer Works, that ſtand in ſupreme Dignity without a Rival; yet all that vaſt Reverence with which I read his *Paradiſe loſt*, cannot perſuade me to be charm'd with every Page of it. The Length of his Periods, and ſometimes of his Parentheſes, runs me out of Breath: Some of his Numbers ſeem too harſh and uneaſy. I could never believe that Roughneſs and Obſcurity added

any

any thing to the true Grandeur of a Poem: Nor will I ever affect Archaiſms, Exoticiſms, and a quaint Uncouthneſs of Speech in order to become perfectly *Miltonian*. 'Tis my Opinion that Blank Verſe may be written with all due Elevation of Thought in a modern Stile, without borrowing any thing from CHAUCER's Tales, or running back ſo far as the Days of COLIN *the Shepherd*, and the Reign of the *Fairy Queen*. The Odneſs of an antique Sound gives but a falſe Pleaſure to the Ear, and abuſes the true Reliſh, even when it works Delight. There were ſome ſuch Judges of Poeſy among the old *Romans*, and MARTIAL ingeniouſly laughs at one of them, that was pleaſed even to Aſtoniſhment with obſolete Words and Figures.

Attonituſque legis terrai frugiferai.

So the ill drawn Poſtures and Diſtortions of Shape that we meet with in *Chineſe* Pictures charm a fickly Fancy by their very Aukwardneſs; ſo a diſtemper'd Appetite will chew Coals and Sand, and pronounce it guſtful.

IN the *Pindarics* I have generally conform'd my Lines to the ſhorter Size of the Ancients, and avoided to imitate the exceſſive Lengths to which ſome modern Writers have ſtretch'd their Sentences, and eſpecially the concluding Verſe. In theſe the Ear is the trueſt Judge; nor was it made to be enſlaved to any preciſe Model of elder or later times.

AFTER all, I muſt petition my Reader to lay aſide the ſour and ſullen Air of Criticiſm, and to aſſume the Friend. Let him chuſe ſuch Copies to read at particular Hours, when the Temper of his Mind is ſuited to the Song. Let him come with a Deſire to be entertain'd and pleas'd, rather than to ſeek his own Diſguſt and Averſion, which will not be hard to find. I am not ſo vain as to think there are no Faults, nor ſo blind as to eſpy none: Tho' I hope the Multitude of Alterations in this ſecond Edition are not without Amendment.

ment. There is ſo large a Difference between this and the former, in the change of Titles, Lines, and whole Poems, as well as in the various Tranſpoſitions, that 'twould be uſeleſs and endleſs, and all Confuſion, for any Reader to compare them throughout. The Additions alſo make up almoſt half the Book, and ſome of theſe have need of as many Alterations as the former. Many a Line needs the File to poliſh the Roughneſs of it, and many a Thought wants richer Language to adorn and make it ſhine. Wide Defects and equal Superfluities may be found, eſpecially in the larger Pieces; but I have at preſent neither Inclination nor Leiſure to correct, and I hope I never ſhall. 'Tis one of the biggeſt Satisfactions I take in giving this Volume to the World, that I expect to be for ever free from the Temptation of making or mending Poems again *. So that my Friends may be perfectly ſecure againſt this Impreſſion's growing waſte upon their Hands, and uſeleſs as the former has done. Let Minds that are better furniſhed for ſuch Performances purſue theſe Studies, if they are convinced that Poeſy can be made ſerviceable to Religion and Virtue. As for my ſelf, I almoſt bluſh to think that I have read ſo little, and written ſo much. The following Years of my Life ſhall be more entirely devoted to the immediate and direct Labours of my Station, excepting thoſe Hours that may be employ'd in finiſhing my Imitation of the *Pſalms of* DAVID, in Chriſtian Language, which I have now promis'd the World. †

I cannot court the World to purchaſe this Book for their Pleaſure or Entertainment, by telling them that any one Copy entirely pleaſes me. The beſt of them ſinks below the Idea which I form of a Divine or Moral

* *Naturam expellas furcâ licet, uſque recurret.* Hor. Will this ſhort Note of *Horace* excuſe a Man who has reſiſted Nature many Years, but has been ſometimes overcome? 1736. Edition the 7th.

† In the Year 1719 theſe were finiſhed and printed.

Ode,

Ode. He that deals in the Myſteries of Heaven, or of the Muſes, ſhould be a Genius of no vulgar Mould: And as the Name *Vates* belongs to both; ſo the Furniture of both is compris'd in that Line of HORACE,

——*Cui Mens Divinior, atque Os*
Magna Sonaturum——

But what JUVENAL ſpake in his Age, abides true in ours: A compleat Poet or a Prophet is ſuch a one;

——*Qualem nequeo monſtrare, & ſentio tantùm.*

PERHAPS neither of theſe Characters in Perfection ſhall ever be ſeen on Earth, till the ſeventh Angel has ſounded his awful Trumpet; till the Victory be compleat over the Beaſt and his Image, when the Natives of Heaven ſhall join in Conſort with Prophets and Saints, and ſing to their golden Harps *Salvation, Honour and Glory to him that ſits upon the Throne, and to the* LAMB *for ever.*

May 14. 1709.

On Reading

Mr. *WATTS*'s Poems

Sacred to

Piety and Devotion.

Regard the Man, who, in Seraphic Lays,
And flowing Numbers, ſings his Maker's Praiſe:
He needs invoke no fabled Muſe's Art,
The heavenly Song come genuine from his Heart,
From that pure Heart, which GOD has deign'd t'inſpire
With holy Raptures, and a ſacred Fire.
Thrice happy Man! whoſe Soul, and guiltleſs Breaſt,
Are well prepar'd to lodge th' Almighty Gueſt!
'Tis HE that lends thy tow'ring Thoughts their Wing,
And tunes thy Lyre, when thou attempt'ſt to ſing:
HE to thy Soul lets in celeſtial Day,
Ev'n whilſt impriſon'd in this mortal Clay.
By Death's grim Aſpect thou art not alarm'd,
HE, for thy Sake, has Death itſelf diſarm'd;
Nor ſhall the Grave o'er thee a Vict'ry boaſt;
Her Triumph in thy Riſing ſhall be loſt,
When thou ſhalt join th' angelic Cho.rs above,
In never-ending Songs of Praiſe and Love.

EUSEBIA.

To

To Mr. *WATTS*,

On his Poems ſacred to Devotion.

I.

TO murmuring Streams, in tender Strains,
My penſive Muſe no more
Of Love's enchanting Force complains,
Along the flow'ry Shore.

II.

No more MIRTILLO's *fatal Face*
My quiet Breaſt alarms,
His Eyes, his Air, and youthful Grace,
Have loſt their uſual Charms.

III.

No gay ALEXIS *in the Grove*
Shall be my future Theme:
I burn with an immortal Love,
And ſing a purer Flame.

IV.

Seraphic Heights I ſeem to gain,
And ſacred Tranſports feel,
While, WATTS, *to thy celeſtial Strain,*
Surpriz'd, I liſten ſtill.

V.

The gliding Streams their Courſe forbear,
When I thy Lays repeat;
The bending Foreſt lends an Ear;
The Birds their Notes forget.

VI.

With ſuch a grateful Harmony
Thy Numbers ſtill prolong;
And let remoteſt Lands reply,
And eccho to thy Song.

VII.

Far as the diſtant Regions, where
The beauteous Morning ſprings,
And ſcatters Odours through the Air,
From her reſplendent Wing;

VIII.

VIII.

Unto the new-found Realms, which ſee
The latter Sun ariſe,
When, with an eaſy Progreſs, he
Rolls down the Nether Skies.

July, 1706. PHILOMELA.

To the Rev. Dr. *WATTS*, On his Divine Poems.

I.

SAY, *Smiling Muſe, what heav'nly Strain*
Forbids the Waves to roar;
Comes gently gliding o'er the Main,
And charms our liſt'ning Shore!

II.

What Angel ſtrikes the trembling Strings?
And whence the golden Sound!
Or is it WATTS—*or* GABRIEL *ſings*
From yon celeſtial Ground?

III.

'Tis Thou, Seraphick WATTS, *Thy Lyre*
Plays ſoft along the Floods;
Thy Notes, the anſw'ring Hills inſpire,
And bend the waving Woods.

IV.

The Meads, with dying Muſick fill'd,
Their ſmiling Honours ſhow,
While, whiſp'ring o'er each fragrant Field,
The tuneful Breezes blow.

V.

The Rapture ſounds in ev'ry Trace,
Ev'n the rough Rocks regale,
Freſh flow'ry Joys flame o'er the Face
Of ev'ry laughing Vale.

VI.

VI.

And Thou, my Soul, the Tranſport owne,
Fir'd with immortal Heat ;
Whilſt dancing Pulſes driving on,
About thy Body beat.

VII.

Long as the Sun ſhall rear his Head,
And chaſe the flying Glooms,
As bluſhing from his nuptial Bed
The gallant Bridegroom comes :

VIII.

Long as the duſky Ev'ning flies
And ſheds a doubtful Light,
While ſudden ruſh along the Skies
The Sable Shades of Night :

IX.

O Watts, *thy ſacred Lays ſo long*
Shall ev'ry Boſom fire ;
And ev'ry Muſe, and ev'ry Tongue
To ſpeak thy Praiſe, conſpire.

X.

When thy fair Soul ſhall on the Wings
Of ſhouting Seraphs riſe,
And with ſuperior Sweetneſs ſings
Amid thy native Skies ;

XI.

Still ſhall thy lofty Numbers flow,
Melodious and divine ;
And Choirs above, and Saints below,
A deathleſs Chorus ! join.

XII.

To our far Shores the Sound ſhall roll,
(So Philomela *ſung)*
And Eaſt to Weſt, and Pole to Pole
Th' Eternal Tune prolong.

New-England,
Boſton, March 15.
1727.

M. Byles.

To Mr. *I. WATTS*, On reading his HORÆ LYRICÆ.

HAIL, heaven born Muſe! that with celeſtial Flame,
And high ſeraphic Numbers, durſt attempt
To gain thy native Skies. No common Theme
Merits thy Thought, ſelf conſcious of a Soul
Superior, though on Earth detain'd a while;
Like ſome propitious Angel, that's deſign'd
A Reſident in this inferior Orb,
To guide the wandring Souls to heavenly Bliſs,
Thou ſeem'ſt; while thou their everlaſting Songs
Haſt ſung to mortal Ears, and down to Earth
Transfer'd the Work of Heaven; with Thought ſublime,
And high ſonorous Words, thou ſweetly ſing'ſt
To thy immortal Lyre. Amaz'd, we view
The tow'ring Height ſtupendous, while thou ſoar'ſt
Above the Reach of vulgar Eyes or Thought,
Hymning th' eternal Father; as of Old
When firſt th' Almighty from the dark Abyſs
Of everlaſting Night and ſilence call'd
The ſhining Worlds with one creating Word,
And rais'd from nothing all the heavenly Hoſts,
And with external Glories fill'd the Void,
Harmonious Seraphs tun'd their golden Harps,
And with their chearful Hallelujahs *bleſs'd*
The bounteous Author of their Happineſs;
From Orb to Orb th' alternate Muſick rang,
And from the Cryſtal Arches of the Sky
Reach'd our then glorious World, the native Seat
Of the firſt happy Pair, who join'd their Songs
To the loud Eccho's of th' Angelic Choirs,
And fill'd with bliſsful Hymns, terreſtial Heaven,
The Paradiſe of God where all Delights
Abounded, and the pure Ambroſial Air,
Fann'd by mild Zephyres, breath'd eternal Sweets,
Forbidding Death and Sorrow, and beſtow'd
Freſh heavenly Bloom, and gay immortal Youth.

Not

Not ſo, alas! the vile Apoſtate Race,
Who in mad Joys their brutal Hours employ'd,
Aſſaulting with their impious Blaſphemies
The Power ſupreme that gave 'em Life and Breath;
Incarnate Fiends! outragious they defy'd
Th' Eternal's Thunder, and Almighty Wrath
Fearleſs provok'd, which all the other Devils
Would dread to meet; remembring well the Day
When driven from pure immortal Seats above,
A Fiery Tempeſt hurl'd 'em down the Skies,
And hung upon the Rear, urging their Fall
To the dark, deep, unfathomable Gulph,
Where bound on ſulph'rous Lakes to glowing Rocks
With Adamantine Chains, they wail their Woes,
And know JEHOVAH *Great as well as Good;*
And fix'd for ever by Eternal Fate,
With Horror find his Arm Omnipotent.

Prodigious Madneſs! that the ſacred Muſe,
Firſt taught in Heaven to mount immortal Heights,
And trace the boundleſs Glories of the Sky,
Should now to every Idol baſely bow,
And curſe the Deity ſhe once ador'd,
Erecting Trophies to each ſordid Vice,
And celebrating the infernal Praiſe
Of haughty Luciſer, *the deſperate Foe*
Of God and Man, and winning every Hour
New Votaries to Hell, while all the Fiends
Hear theſe accurſed Lays, and thus outdone,
Raging they try to match the Human Race,
Redoubling all their Helliſh Blaſphemies,
And with loud Curſes rend the gloomy Vault.
Ungrateful Mortals! ah! too late you'll find
What 'tis to banter Heaven and laugh at Hell;
To dreſs up Vice in falſe deluſive Charms,
And with gay Colours paint her hideous Face,
Leading beſotted Souls thro' flow'ry Paths,
In gawdy Dreams, and vain fantaſtick Joys
To dismal Scenes of everlaſting Woe;
When the great Judge ſhall rear his awful Throne,
And raging Flame ſurround the trembling Globe,
While the loud Thunders roar from Pole to Pole,

And

And the laſt Trump awakes the ſleeping Dead;
And guilty Souls to ghaſtly Bodies driven,
Within thoſe dire eternal Priſons ſhut,
Expect their ſad inexorable Doom.
Say now, ye Men of Wit! What Turn of Thought
Will pleaſe you then! Alas, how dull and poor,
Ev'n to your ſelves will your lewd Flights appear!
How will you envy then the happy Fate
Of Idiots! and perhaps in vain you'll wiſh,
You'd been as very Fools as once you thought
Others, for the ſublimeſt Wiſdom ſcorn'd;
When pointed Lightnings from the wrathful Judge
Shall ſinge your Laurels, and the Men
Who thought they flew ſo high, ſhall fall ſo low.

No more, my Muſe, of that tremendous Thought,
Reſume thy more delightful Theme, and ſing
Th' Immortal Man, that with Immortal Verſe
Rivals the Hymns of Angels, and like them
Deſpiſes mortal Criticks *idle Rules:*
While the celeſtial Flame that warms thy Soul
Inſpires us, and with holy Tranſports moves
Our labouring Minds, and nobler Scenes preſents
Than all the Pagan Poets ever ſung,
HOMER, *or* VIRGIL; *and far ſweeter Notes*
Than HORACE *ever taught his ſounding Lyre,*
And purer far, tho' MARTIAL's *ſelf might ſeem*
A modeſt Poet in our Chriſtian Days.
May thoſe forgotten and neglected lie,
No more let Men be fond of fab'lous Gods,
Nor Heathen Wit debauch one Chriſtian Line,
While with the coarſe and daubing Paint we hide
The ſhining Beauties of eternal Truth,
That in her native Dreſs appears moſt bright,
And charms the Eyes of Angels,—Oh! like thee
Let every nobler Genius tune his Voice
To Subjects worthy of their tow'ring Thoughts.
Let HEAVEN *and* ANNA *then your tuneful Art*
Improve, and conſecrate your deathleſs Lays
To Him who reigns above, and Her who rules below.

April 17, 1706.

JOSEPH STANDE

TO

Mr. WATTS,

ON HIS

DIVINE POEMS

SAY, Human Seraph, whence that charming Force,
That Flame! that Soul! which animates each Line;
And how it runs with ſuch a graceful Eaſe,
Loaded with pond'rous Senſe! Say, did not He
The lovely JESUS, *who commands thy Breaſt,*
Inſpire thee with himſelf? With JESUS *dwells,*
Knit in myſterious Bands, the Paraclete,
The Breath of GOD, *the everlaſting Source*
Of Love: And what is Love in Souls like thine,
But Air, and Incenſe to the Poet's Fire?
Should an expiring Saint whoſe ſwimming Eyes
Mingle the Images of things about him,
But hear the leaſt exalted of thy Strains,
How greedily he'd drink the Muſick in,

Thinking

Thinking his Heav'nly Convoy waited near!
So great a Streſs of powerful Harmony,
Nature unable longer to ſuſtain,
Would ſink oppreſs'd with Joy to endleſs Reſt.

Let none henceforth of Providence complain,
As if the World of Spirits lay unknown,
Fenc'd round with black impenetrable Night;
What tho' no ſhining Angel darts from thence
With Leave to publiſh Things conceal'd from Senſe,
In Language bright as theirs, we are here told,
When Life its narrow Round of Years hath roll'd,
What 'tis employs the Bleſs'd, what makes their Bliſs;
Songs ſuch as WATTS's *are, and Love like his.*

But then, dear Sir, be cautious how you uſe,
To Tranſports ſo intenſely rais'd your Muſe,
Leſt, whilſt th' ecſtatick Impulſe you obey,
The Soul leap out, and drop the duller Clay.

Sept. 4, 1706.

I NO 61

HENRY GROVE.

TO

Dr. WATTS,

On the Fifth Edition of His

HORÆ LYRICÆ.

SOvereign of Sacred Verſe; accept the Lays
Of a young Bard that dares attempt thy Praiſe.
A Muſe, the meaneſt of the vocal Throng,
New to the Bays, nor equal to the Song.
Fir'd with the growing Glories of thy Fame
Joins all her Powers to celebrate thy Name.

No vulgar Themes thy pious Muſe engage,
No Scenes of Luſt pollute thy ſacred Page.
You in Majeſtick Numbers mount the Skies,
And meet deſcending Angels as you riſe,
Whoſe juſt Applauſes charm the crowded Groves,
And ADDISON *thy tuneful Song approves.*
Soft Harmony and manly Vigour join
To form the Beauties of each ſprightly Line,
For every Grace of every Muſe is thine.
MILTON, *immortal Bard, Divinely Bright,*
Conducts his Fav'rite to the Realms of Light:
Where RAPHAEL's *Lyre charms the celeſtial Throng,*
Delighted Cherubs liſt'ning to the Song:

From

From Bliſs to Bliſs the happy Beings rove
And taſte the Sweets of Muſick and of Love.
But when the ſofter Scenes of Life you paint,
And join the beauteous Virgin to the Saint,
When you deſcribe how few the happy Pairs,
Whoſe Hearts united ſoften all their Cares,
We ſee to whom the ſweeteſt Joys belong,
And MYRA's *Beauties conſecrate your Song.*
Fain the unnumber'd Graces I would tell,
And on the pleaſing Theme for ever dwell;
But the Muſe faints, unequal to the Flight,
And hears thy Strains with Wonder and Delight.
When Tombs of Princes ſhall in Ruins lie,
And all, but Heaven-born Piety *ſhall die,*
When the laſt Trumpet wakes the ſilent Dead,
And each laſcivious Poet hides his Head,
With thee ſhall thy divine URANIA *riſe,*
Crown'd with freſh Laurels, to thy native Skies:
Great HOWE *and* GOUGE *ſhall hail thee on thy Way,*
And welcome thee to the bright Realms of Day,
Adapt thy tuneful Notes to Heavenly Strings,
And join the Lyric Ode *while ſome fair Seraph ſings*

Sic ſpirat, ſic opta

Tui amantiſſim

BRITANNICUS

HORÆ LYRICÆ.

BOOK I.

Sacred to DEVOTION and PIETY.

Worſhipping with Fear.

I.

WHO dares attempt th' Eternal Name,
With Notes of mortal Sound?
Dangers and Glories guard the Theme,
And ſpread Deſpair around.

II.

Deſtruction waits t'obey his Frown,
And Heaven attends his Smile:
A Wreath of Lightning arms his Crown,
But Love adorns it ſtill.

III.

Celeſtial King, our Spirits lie,
Trembling beneath thy Feet,
And wiſh, and caſt a longing Eye,
To reach thy lofty Seat.

IV.

When ſhall we ſee the Great Unknown,
And in thy Preſence ſtand ?
Reveal the Splendors of thy Throne,
But ſhield us with thy Hand.

V.

In thee what endleſs Wonders meet !
What various Glory ſhines !
The croſſing Rays too fiercely beat
Upon our fainting Minds.

VI.

Angels are loſt in ſweet Surprize
If thou unvail thy Grace ;
And humble Awe runs thro' the Skies,
When Wrath arrays thy Face.

VII.

When Mercy joins with Majeſty
To ſpread their Beams abroad,
Not all their faireſt Minds on high
Are Shadows of a God.

VIII.

The Works the ſtrongeſt Seraph ſings
In a too feeble Strain,
And labours hard on all his Strings
To reach thy Thoughts in vain.

IX.

Created Powers, how weak they be !
How ſhort our Praiſes fall !
So much akin to Nothing We,
And thou th' Eternal All.

Aſking Leave to ſing.

I.

YET, mighty GOD, indulge my Tongue,
Nor let thy Thunders roar,
Whilſt the young Notes and vent'rous Song
To Worlds of Glory ſoar.

II.

II.

If thou my daring Flight forbid
The Muſe folds up her Wings;
Or at thy Word her ſlender Reed
Attempts Almighty Things.

III.

Her ſlender Reed inſpir'd by Thee
Bids a new *Eden* grow,
With blooming Life on every Tree,
And ſpreads a Heav'n below.

IV.

She mocks the Trumpets loud Alarms
Fill'd with thy dreadful Breath;
And calls the Angelick Hoſts to Arms,
To give the Nations Death.

V.

But when ſhe taſtes her Saviour's Love,
And feels the Raptures ſtrong,
Scarce the divineſt Harp above
Aims at a ſweeter Song.

Divine Judgments.

I.

NOT from the Duſt my Sorrows ſpring,
Nor drop my Comforts from the lower Skies;
Let all the baneful Planets ſhed
Their mingled Curſes on my Head,
How vain their Curſes, if th' Eternal King
Look thro' the Clouds and bleſs me with his Eyes.
Creatures with all their boaſted Sway
Are but his Slaves, and muſt obey;
They wait their Orders from above,
And execute his Word, the Vengeance, or the Love.

II.

II.

'Tis by a Warrant from his Hand
The gentler Gales are bound to ſleep:
The *North* Wind bluſters, and aſſumes Command
Over the Deſert and the Deep;
Old *Boreas* with his freezing Pow'rs
Turns the Earth Iron, makes the Ocean Glaſs,
Arreſts the dancing Riv'lets as they paſs,
And chains them moveleſs to their Shores;
The grazing Ox lows to the gelid Skies,
Walks o'er the Marble Meads with withering Eyes,
Walks o'er the ſolid Lakes, ſnuffs up the Wind, and dies.

III.

Fly to the Polar World, my Song,
And mourn the Pilgrims there, (a wretched Throng)
Seiz'd and bound in rigid Chains,
A Troop of Statues on the *Ruſſian* Plains,
And Life ſtands frozen in the Purple Veins.
Atheiſt, forbear; no more blaſpheme:
God has a thouſand Terrors in his Name,
A thouſand Armies at Command,
Waiting the Signal of his Hand,
And Magazines of Froſt, and Magazines of Flame.
Dreſs thee in Steel to meet his Wrath;
His ſharp Artillery from the *North*
Shall pierce thee to the Soul, and ſhake thy mortal Frame.
Sublime on Winter's rugged Wings
He rides in Arms along the Sky,
And ſcatters Fate on Swains and Kings;
And Flocks and Herds, and Nations die;
While impious Lips, profanely bold,
Grow pale; and, quivering at his dreadful Cold,
Give their own Blaſphemies the Lie.

IV.

The Miſchiefs that infeſt the Earth,
When the hot Dog-ſtar fires the Realms on high,
Drought and Diſeaſe, and cruel Death,
Are but the Flaſhes of a wrathful Eye
From the incens'd Divinity.

In vain our Parching Palates thirſt
For vital Food in vain we cry,
And pant for vital Breath;
The verdant Fields are burnt to Duſt,
The Sun has drunk the channels dry,
And all the Air is Death.
Ye Scourges of our Maker's Rod,
'Tis at his dread Command, at his imperial Nod
You deal your various Plagues abroad.

V.

Hail, Whirlwinds, Hurricanes and Floods
That all the leafy Standards ſtrip,
And bear down with a mighty Sweep
The Riches of the Fields, and Honours of the Woods;
Storms, that ravage o'er the Deep,
And bury Millions in the Waves;
Earthquakes, that in Midnight-Sleep
Turn Cities into Heaps, and make our Beds our Graves:
While you diſpenſe your mortal Harms,
'Tis the Creator's Voice that ſounds your loud Alarms,
When Guilt with louder Cries provokes a GOD to Arms.

VI.

O for a Meſſage from above
To bear my Spirits up!
Some Pledge of my Creator's Love
To calm my Terrors and ſupport my Hope!
Let Waves and Thunders mix and roar,
Be thou my God, and the whole World is mine:
While thou art Sov'reign, I'm ſecure;
I ſhall be rich till thou art poor;
For all I fear, and all I wiſh, Heav'n, Earth and
Hell are thine.

Earth and Heaven.

I.

HAST thou not ſeen, impatient Boy?
Haſt thou not read the ſolemn Truth,

That grey Experience writes for giddy Youth
On every Mortal Joy?
Pleaſure muſt be daſh'd with Pain:
And yet with heedleſs Haſte,
The thirſty Boy repeats the Taſte,
Nor hearkens to deſpair, but tries the Bowl again.
The Rills of Pleaſure never run ſincere;
(Earth has no unpolluted Spring)
From the curs'd Soil ſome dang'rous Taint they bear;
So Roſes grow on Thorns, and Honey wears a Sting.

II.

In vain we ſeek a Heaven below the Sky;
The World has falſe, but flatt'ring Charms:
Its diſtant Joys ſhow big in our Eſteem,
But leſſen ſtill as they draw near the Eye;
In our Embrace the Viſions die,
And when we graſp the airy Forms
We loſe the pleaſing Dream.

III.

Earth, with her Scenes of gay Delight,
Is but a Landſkip rudely drawn,
With glaring Colours, and falſe Light;
Diſtance commends it to the Sight,
For Fools to gaze upon;
But bring the nauſeous Daubing nigh,
Coarſe and confus'd the hideous Figures lie,
Diſſolve the Pleaſure, and offend the Eye.

IV.

Look up, my Soul, pant tow'rd th' Eternal Hills;
Thoſe Heav'ns are fairer than they ſeem;
There Pleaſures all ſincere glide on in Cryſtal Rills,
There not a Dreg of Guilt defiles,
Nor Grief diſturbs the Stream.
That *Canaan* knows no noxious Thing,
No curſed Soil, no tainted Spring,
Nor Roſes grow on Thorns, nor Honey wears a Sting.

Felici

Felicity Above.

I.

NO, 'tis in vain to ſeek for Bliſs;
For Bliſs can ne'er be found
'Till we arrive where JESUS is,
And tread on heav'nly Ground.

II.

There's nothing round theſe painted Skies,
Or round his duſty Clod;
Nothing, my Soul, that's worth thy Joys,
Or lovely as thy GOD.

III.

'Tis Heav'n on Earth to taſte his Love,
To feel his quickning Grace;
And all the Heav'n I hope above
Is but to ſee his Face.

IV.

Why move my Years in ſlow Delay?
O GOD of Ages! why?
Let the Spheres cleave, and mark my way
To the ſuperior Sky.

V.

Dear Sov'reign, break theſe vital Strings
That bind me to my Clay;
Take me, URIEL, on thy Wings,
And ſtretch and ſoar away.

GOD'S *Dominion and Decrees.*

I.

KEEP Silence, all created Things,
And wait your Maker's Nod:
The Muſe ſtands trembling while ſhe ſings
The Honours of her GOD.

II.

Life, Death, and Hell, and Worlds unknown
Hang on his firm Decree:
He ſits on no precarious Throne,
Nor borrows Leave to Be.

III.

Th' Almighty Voice bid ancient Night
Her endleſs Realms reſign,
And lo, ten thouſand Globes of Light
In Fields of Azure ſhine.

IV.

Now Wiſdom with ſuperior Sway
Guides the vaſt moving Frame,
Whilſt all the Ranks of Being pay,
Deep Rev'rence to his Name.

V.

He ſpake; The Sun obedient ſtood,
And held the falling Day:
Old *Jordan* backward drives his Flood,
And diſappoints the Sea.

VI.

Lord of the Armies of the Sky,
He marſhals all the Stars;
Red Comets lift their Banners high,
And wide proclaim his Wars.

VII.

Chain'd to his Throne a Volume lies,
With all the Fates of Men,
With every Angel's Form and Size
Drawn by th' eternal Pen.

VIII.

His Providence unfolds the Book,
And makes his Counſels ſhine:
Each opening Leaf, and every Stroke,
Fulfils ſome deep Deſign.

IX.

Here he exalts neglected Worms
To Scepters and a Crown;

Anon

Anon the following Page he turns,
And treads the Monarch down.

X.

Not *Gabriel* aſks the Reaſon why,
Nor GOD the Reaſon gives;
Nor dares the Favourite Angel pry
Between the folded Leaves.

XI.

My GOD, I never long'd to ſee
My Fate with curious Eyes,
What gloomy Lines are writ for me,
Or what bright Scenes ſhall riſe.

XII.

In thy fair Book of Life and Grace
May I but find my Name,
Recorded in ſome humble Place
Beneath my Lord the LAMB.

Self-Conſecration.

I.

IT grieves me, LORD, it grieves me ſore,
That I have liv'd to thee no more,
And waſted half my Days;
My inward Pow'rs ſhall burn and flame
With Zeal and Paſſion for thy Name,
I would not ſpeak, but for my GOD, nor move,
but to his Praiſe.

II.

What are my Eyes but aids to ſee
The Glories of the Deity
Inſcrib'd with Beams of Light
On Flow'rs and Stars? LORD, I behold
The ſhining Azure, Green and Gold;
But when I try to read thy Name, a Dimneſs veils
my Sight.

III.

Mine Ears are rais'd when *Virgil* ſings
Sicilian Swains, or *Trogan* Kings,
And drink the Muſic in :
Why ſhould the Trumpet's brazen Voice,
Or Oaten Reed awake my Joys,
And yet my Heart ſo ſtupid lie when ſacred Hymns begin?

IV.

Change me, O God ; my Fleſh ſhall be
An Inſtrument of Song to thee,
And thou the Notes inſpire :
My tongue ſhall keep the heav'nly Chime,
My chearful Pulſe ſhall beat the Time,
And ſweet variety of Sound ſhall in thy Praiſe conſpire.

V.

The deareſt Nerve about my Heart,
Should it refuſe to bear a Part,
With my melodious Breath,
I'd tear away the vital Cord,
A bloody Victim to my LORD,
And live without the impious String, or ſhew my Zeal in Death.

The CREATOR *and Creatures.*

I.

GOD is a Name my Soul adores,
Th' ALMIGHTY THREE, th' ETERNAL ONE:
Nature and Grace with all their Pow'rs,
Confeſs the Infinite Unknown.

II.

From thy Great Self thy Being ſprings ;
Thou art thine own Original,
Made up of uncreated Things,
And Self-ſufficience bears them all.

III.

III.

Thy Voice produc'd the Seas and Spheres,
Bid the Waves roar, and Planets ſhine;
But nothing like thy Self appears,
Thro' all theſe ſpacious Works of thine.

IV.

Still reſtleſs Nature dies and grows:
From Change to Change the Creatures run;
Thy Being no Succeſſion knows,
And all thy vaſt Deſigns are one:

V.

A Glance of thine runs thro' the Globes,
Rules the bright Worlds, and moves their Frame:
Broad Sheets of Light compoſe thy Robes;
Thy Guards are form'd of living Flame.

VI.

Thrones and Dominions round thee fall,
And worſhip in ſubmiſſive Forms;
Thy Preſence ſhakes this lower Ball,
This little Dwelling-place of Worms.

VII.

How ſhall affrighted Mortals dare
To ſing thy Glory or thy Grace,
Beneath thy Feet we lie ſo far,
And ſee but Shadows of thy Face?

VIII.

Who can behold the blazing Light?
Who can approach conſuming Flame?
None but thy Wiſdom knows thy Might;
None but thy Word can ſpeak thy Name.

The Nativity of CHRIST.

I.

"SHEPARDS, rejoice, lift up your Eyes,
" And ſend your Fears away;
" News from the Region of the Skies,
" Salvation's born to day.

II.

II.

" *JESUS*, the GOD whom Angels fear,
" Comes down to dwell with you ;
" To day he makes his Entrance here,
" But not as Monarches do.

III.

" No Gold, nor purple ſwadling Bands,
" Nor Royal ſhining Things ;
" A Manger for his Cradle ſtands,
" And holds the KING of Kings.

IV.

" Go, Shepherds, where the Infant lies,
" And ſee his humble Throne ;
" With Tears of Joy in all your Eyes,
" Go, Shepherds, kiſs the SON."

V.

Thus *Gabriel* ſang, and ſtrait around
The heavenly Armies throng,
They tune their Harps to lofty Sound,
And thus conclude the Song :

VI.

" Glory to GOD that reigns above,
" Let Peace ſurround the Earth :
" Mortals ſhall know their Maker's Love,
" At their Redeemer's Birth."

VII.

LORD ! and ſhall Angels have their Songs,
And Men no Tunes to raiſe ?
O may we loſe theſe uſeleſs Tongues
When they forget to praiſe !

VIII.

Glory to GOD that reigns above,
That pitied us forlorn,
We join to ſing our Maker's Love,
For there's a Saviour born.

GOD

GOD *Glorious, and Sinners Saved.*

I.

FATHER, how wide thy Glory ſhines!
How high thy Wonders riſe!
Known thro' the Earth by thouſand Signs,
By thouſand thro' the Skies.

II.

Thoſe mighty Orbs proclaim thy Power,
Their Motions ſpeak thy Skill;
And on the Wings of every Hour,
We read thy Patience ſtill.

III.

Part of thy Name divinely ſtands
On all thy Creatures writ,
They ſhew the Labour of thine Hands,
Or Impreſs of thy Feet.

IV.

But when we view thy ſtrange Deſign
To ſave rebellious Worms,
Where Vengeance and Compaſſion join
In their divineſt Forms;

V.

Our Thoughts are loſt in reverend Awe:
We love and we adore;
The firſt Arch-Angel never ſaw
So much of GOD before.

VI.

Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a Creature gueſs
Which of the Glories brighteſt ſhone,
The Juſtice or the Grace.

VII.

When Sinners broke the Father's Laws,
The dying Son atones;
Oh the dear Myſteries of his Croſs!
The Triumph of his Groans!

VIII.

VIII.

Now the full Glories of the LAMB
Adorn the heavenly Plains;
Sweet Cherubs learn *Immanuel*'s Name,
And try their choiceſt Strains.

IX.

O may I bear ſome humble part
In that Immortal Song!
Wonder and Joys ſhall tune my Heart,
And Love command my Tongue.

The Humble Enquiry.

A *French* Sonnet imitated. 1695.

Grand Dieu, tes Jugemens, &c.

I.

GRACE rules below, and fits enthron'd above,
How few the Sparks of Wrath! how ſlow they move,
And drop and die in boundleſs Seas of Love!

II.

But me, vile Wretch! ſhould pitying Love embrace
Deep in its Ocean, Hell it ſelf would blaze,
And flaſh, and burn me thro' the boundleſs Seas.

III.

Yea, LORD, my Guilt to ſuch a Vaſtneſs grown
Seems to confine thy Choice to Wrath alone,
And calls thy Power to vindicate thy Throne.

IV.

Thine Honour bids, *Avenge thine injur'd Name,*
Thy ſlighted Loves a dreadful Glory claim,
While my moiſt Tears might but incenſe thy Flame.

V.

Should Heav'n grow black, Almighty Thunder roar,
And Vengeance blaſt me, I could plead no more,
But own thy Juſtice dying, and adore.

VI. Yet

VI.

Yet can thoſe Bolts of Death that cleave the Flood
To reach a Rebel, pierce this ſacred Shroud,
Ting'd in the vital Stream of my Redeemer's Blood.

The Penitent Pardoned.

I.

HENCE from my Soul, my Sins, depart,
Your fatal Friendſhip now I ſee;
Long have you dwelt too near my Heart,
Hence, to eternal Diſtance flee.

II.

Ye gave my dying LORD his Wound,
Yet I careſs'd your viperous Brood,
And in my Heart-ſtrings lapp'd you round,
You, the vile Murderers of my GOD.

III.

Black heavy Thoughts, like Mountains, roll
O'er my poor Breaſt, with boding Fears,
And cruſhing hard my tortur'd Soul,
Wring thro' my Eyes the briny Tears.

IV.

Forgive my Treaſons, Prince of Grace,
The bloody *Jews* were Traitors too,
Yet thou haſt pray'd for that curs'd Race,
Father, they know not what they do.

V.

Great Advocate, look down and ſee
A Wretch, whoſe ſmarting Sorrows bleed;
O plead the ſame Excuſe for me!
For, LORD, I knew not what I did.

VI.

Peace, my Complaints; Let every Groan
Be ſtill, and Silence wait his Love;
Compaſſions dwell amidſt his Throne,
And thro' his inmoſt Bowels move.

VII.

Lo, from the everlaſting Skies,
Gently, as Morning-dews diſtill,
The Dove Immortal downward flies,
With peaceful Olive in his Bill.

VIII.

How ſweet the Voice of Pardon ſounds!
Sweet the Relief to deep Diſtreſs!
I feel the Balm that heals my Wounds,
And all my Pow'rs adore the Grace.

A Hymn of Praiſe for three great Salvations.

VIZ.

1. From the Spaniſh Invaſion, 1588.
2. From the Gun-powder Plot. *Nov.* 5.
3. From Popery and Slavery by K. WILLIAM of Glorious Memory, who landed, *Nov.* 5. 1688.

Compoſed, Nov. 5, 1695.

I.

INFINITE GOD, thy Counſels ſtand
Like Mountains of Eternal Braſs,
Pillars to prop our ſinking Land,
Or guardian Rocks to break the Seas.

II.

From Pole to Pole thy Name is known,
Thee a whole Heaven of Angels praiſe;
Our labouring Tongues would reach thy Throne
With the loud Triumphs of thy Grace.

III.

III.

Part of thy Church, by thy Command,
Stands rais'd upon the *Britiſh* Iſles;
There, ſaid the LORD, *to Ages ſtand,*
Firm as the everlaſting Hills.

IV.

In vain the *Spaniſh* Ocean roar'd;
Its Billows ſwell'd againſt our Shore,
Its Billows ſunk beneath thy Word,
With all the floating War they bore.

V.

Come, ſaid the Sons of bloody *Rome*,
Let us provide new Arms from Hell:
And down they digg'd thro' Earth's dark Womb,
And ranſack'd all the burning Cell.

VI.

Old *Satan* lent them fiery Stores,
Infernal Coal, and ſulph'rous Flame,
And all that burns, and all that roars,
Outrageous Fires of dreadful Name.

VII.

Beneath the Senate and the Throne,
Engines of Helliſh Thunder lay;
There the dark Seeds of Fire were ſown,
To ſpring a bright, but diſmal Day.

VIII.

Thy Love beheld the black Deſign,
Thy Love that guards our Iſland round;
Strange! how it quench'd the fiery Mine,
And cruſh'd the Tempeſt under Ground.

The Second Part.

I.

ASSUME, my Tongue, a nobler Strain,
Sing the new Wonders of the LORD;
The Foes revive their Pow'rs again,
Again they die beneath his Sword.

II.

II.

Dark as our Thoughts our Minutes roll,
While Tyranny poſſeſs'd the Throne,
And Murderers of an *Iriſh* Soul
Ran, threatning Death, thro' every Town.

III.

The *Roman* Prieſt, and *Britiſh* Prince,
Join'd their beſt Force, and blackeſt Charms,
And the fierce Troops of neighbouring *France*,
Offer'd the Service of their Arms.

IV.

'Tis done, they cry'd, and laugh'd aloud,
The Courts of Darkneſs rang with Joy,
Th' old Serpent hiſs'd, and Hell grew proud,
While *Zion* mourn'd her Ruin nigh.

V.

But lo, the great Deliverer ſails,
Commiſſion'd from JEHOVAH's Hand,
And ſmiling Seas, and wiſhing Gales,
Convey him to the longing Land.

VI.

The happy Day, and happy Year, } *Nov.* 5. 1688.
Both in our new Salvation meet : }
The Day that quench'd the burning Snare, } *Nov.* 5.
The Year that burnt the invading Fleet. } 1588.

VII.

Now did thine Arm, O GOD of Hoſts,
Now did thine Arm, ſhine dazling bright,
The Sons of Might their Hands had loſt,
And Men of Blood forgot to fight.

VIII.

Brigades of Angels lin'd the way,
And guarded *William* to his Throne ;
There, ye celeſtial Warriors, ſtay,
And make his Palace like your own.

IX.

Then, mighty GOD, the Earth ſhall know
And learn the Worſhip of the Sky :

Angels and *Britons* join below,
To raiſe their *Hallelujahs* high.

X.

All *Hallelujah*, heavenly King;
While diſtant Lands thy Victory ſing,
And Tongues their utmoſt Powers employ,
The World's bright Roof repeats the Joy.

The Incomprehenſible.

I.

FAR in the Heav'ns my GOD retires,
My GOD, the Mark of my Deſires,
And hides his lovely Face;
When he deſcends within my View,
He charms my Reaſon to purſue,
But leaves it tir'd and fainting in th' unequal Chaſe.

II.

Or if I reach unuſual Height
Till near his Preſence brought,
There Floods of Glory check my Flight,
Cramp the bold Pinions of my Wit,
And all untune my Thought;
Plung'd in a Sea of Light I roll,
Where *Wiſdom*, *Juſtice*, *Mercy*, ſhines;
Infinite Rays in croſſing Lines
Beat thick Confuſion on my Sight, and overwhelm my Soul.

III.

Come to my Aid, ye Fellow-Minds,
And help me reach the Throne;
(What ſingle Strength, in vain deſigns,
United Force hath done;
Thus Worms may join, and graſp the Poles,
Thus Atoms fill the Sea)
But the whole Race of Creature Souls
Stretch'd to their laſt Extent of Thought, plunge and are Loſt in thee.

IV.

IV.

Great GOD, behold my Reaſon lies
Adoring; yet my Love would riſe
On Pinions not her own:
Faith ſhall direct her humble Flight,
Thro' all the trackleſs Seas of Light,
To Thee, th' Eternal Fair, the infinite Unknown.

Death and Eternity.

I.

MY Thoughts, that often mount the Skies,
Go, ſearch the World beneath,
Where Nature in all Ruin lies,
And owns her Sovereign, Death.

II.

The Tyrant, how he triumphs here!
His Trophies ſpread around!
And Heaps of Duſt and Bones appear
Thro' all the hollow Ground.

III.

Theſe Skulls, what ghaſtly Figures now!
How loathſome to the Eyes?
Theſe are the Heads we lately knew
So beauteous and ſo wiſe.

IV.

But where the Souls, thoſe deathleſs Things,
That left his dying Clay?
My Thoughts, now ſtretch out all your Wings,
And trace Eternity.

V.

O that unfathomable Sea!
Thoſe Deeps without a Shore!
Where living Waters gently play,
Or fiery Billows roar.

VI.

VI.

Thus muſt we leave the Banks of Life,
And try this doubtful Sea;
Vain are our Groans, and dying Strife,
To gain a Moment's Stay.

VII.

There we ſhall ſwim in heav'nly Bliſs,
Or ſink in flaming Waves,
While the pale Carcaſs thoughtleſs lies,
Amongſt the ſilent Graves.

VIII.

Some hearty Friend ſhall drop his Tear
On our dry Bones, and ſay,
"Theſe once were ſtrong, as mine appear,
"And mine muſt be as they."

IX.

Thus ſhall our mould'ring Members teach
What now our Senſes learn:
For Duſt and Aſhes loudeſt preach
Man's infinite Concern.

A Sight of Heaven in Sickneſs.

I.

OFT have I ſat in ſecret Sighs,
To feel my Fleſh decay,
Then groan'd aloud with frighted Eyes,
To view the tott'ring Clay.

II.

But I forbid my Sorrows now,
Nor dares the Fleſh complain;
Diſeaſes bring their Profit too;
The Joy o'ercomes the Pain.

III.

Henry Carter Junr

III.

My chearful Soul now all the Day
Sits waiting here and ſings;
Looks thro' the Ruins of her Clay,
And practiſes her Wings.

IV.

Faith almoſt changes into Sight,
While from afar ſhe ſpies,
Her fair Inheritance, in Light
Above created Skies.

V.

Had but the Priſon-Walls been ſtrong,
And firm without a Flaw,
In Darkneſs ſhe had dwelt too long,
And leſs of Glory ſaw.

VI.

But now the everlaſting Hills
Thro' every Chink appear,
And ſomething of the Joy ſhe feels
While ſhe's a Pris'ner here.

VII.

The ſhines of Heaven ruſh ſweetly in
At all the gaping Flaws;
Viſions of endleſs Bliſs are ſeen;
And native Air ſhe draws.

VIII.

O may theſe Walls ſtand tott'ring ſtill,
The Breaches never cloſe,
If I muſt here in Darkneſs dwell,
And all this Glory loſe!

IX.

Or rather let this Fleſh decay,
The Ruins wider grow,
'Till glad to ſee th' enlarged Way,
I ſtretch my Pinions through.

The

his Book Bot in

The Univerſal Hallelujah.

Pſalm cxlviii. *Paraphras'd.*

I.

PRAISE ye the LORD with joyful Tongue,
Ye Pow'rs that guard his Throne;
JESUS the MAN ſhall lead the Song,
The GOD inſpire the Tune.

II.

Gabriel, and all th' immortal Choir
That fill the Realms above,
Sing; for he form'd you of his Fire,
And feeds you with his Love.

III.

Shine to his Praiſe, ye Chryſtal Skies,
The Floor of his Abode,
Or veil your little twinkling Eyes,
Before a brighter GOD.

IV.

Thou reſtleſs Globe of Golden Light,
Whoſe Beams create our Days,
Join with the Silver Queen of Night,
To own your borrow'd Rays.

V.

Bluſh and refund the Honours paid
To your inferior Names:
Tell the blind World, your Orbs are fed
By his o'erflowing Flames.

VI.

Winds, ye ſhall bear his Name aloud
Thro' the Ethereal Blue,
For when his Chariot is a Cloud,
He makes his Wheels of you.

VII.

Thunder and Hail, and Fires and Storms,
The Troops of his Command,

Newyorth July the 19-1760

Appear in all your dreadful Forms,
And ſpeak his awful Hand.

VIII.

Shout to the LORD, ye ſurging Seas,
In your eternal Roar;
Let Wave to Wave reſound his Praiſe,
And Shore reply to Shore:

IX.

While Monſters ſporting on the Flood,
In ſcaly Silver ſhine,
Speak terribly their Maker-GOD,
And laſh the foaming Brine.

X.

But gentler Things ſhall tune his Name,
To ſofter Notes than theſe,
Young Zephyrs breathing o'er the Stream,
Or whiſpering thro' the Trees.

XI.

Wave your tall Heads, ye lofty Pines,
To him that bid you grow,
Sweet Cluſters, bend the fruitful Vines
On every thankful Bough.

XII.

Let the ſhrill Birds his Honour raiſe,
And climb the Morning-Sky:
While groveling Beaſts attempt his Praiſe
In hoarſer Harmony.

XIII.

Thus while the meaner Creatures ſing,
Ye Mortals, take the Sound,
Eccho the Glories of your King
Thro' all the Nations round.

XIV.

Th' Eternal Name muſt fly abroad
From *Britain* to *Japan*:
And the whole Race ſhall bow to GOD
That owns the Name of Man.

The Atheiſt's Miſtake.

I.

LAUGH, ye Prophane, and ſwell and burſt
With bold Impiety:
Yet ſhall ye live for ever curs'd,
And ſeek in vain to die.

II.

The Gaſp of your expiring Breath
Conſigns your Souls to Chains,
By the laſt Agonies of Death
Sent down to fiercer Pains.

III.

Ye ſtand upon a dreadful Steep,
And all beneath is Hell;
Your weighty Guilt will ſink you deep,
Where the old Serpent fell.

IV.

When Iron Slumbers bind your Fleſh,
With ſtrange Surprize you'll find
Immortal Vigour ſpring afreſh,
And Tortures wake the Mind!

V.

Then you'll confeſs the frightful Names
Of Plagues you ſcorn'd before,
No more ſhall look like idle Dreams,
Like fooliſh Tales no more.

VI.

Then ſhall ye curſe that fatal Day,
(With Flames upon your Tongues)
When you exchang'd your Souls away
For Vanity and Songs.

VII.

Behold the Saints rejoice to die,
For Heav'n ſhines round their Heads;
And Angel Guards prepar'd to fly,
Attend their fainting Beds.

VIII.

Their longing Spirits part, and riſe
To their celeſtial Seat;
Above theſe ruinable Skies
They make their laſt Retreat.

IX.

Hence, ye Prophane, I hate your Ways,
I walk with pious Souls;
There's a wide Difference in our Race,
And diſtant are our Goals.

The Law given at Sinai.

I.

ARM thee with Thunder, heavenly Muſe,
And keep th' expecting World in Awe;
Oft haſt thou ſung in gentler Mood
The melting Mercies of thy GOD;
Now give thy fierceſt Fires a Looſe,
And ſound his dreadful Law:
To *Iſrael* firſt the Words were ſpoke,
To *Iſrael* freed from *Egypt*'s Yoke,
Inhuman Bondage! The hard galling Load
Over-preſs'd their feeble Souls,
Bent their Knees to ſenſeleſs Bulls,
And broke their Ties to GOD.

II.

Now had they paſs'd the *Arabian* Bay,
And march'd between the cleaving Sea;
The riſing Waves ſtood Guardians of their wond'rous Way,
But fell with moſt impetuous Force,
On the purſuing Swarms,
And bury'd *Egypt* all in Arms,
Blending in watry Death the Rider and the Horſe:
O'er

O'er ſtruggling *Pharaoh* roll'd the mighty Tide,
And ſav'd the Labours of a Pyramid.
Apis and *Ore* in vain he cries,
And all his horned Gods beſide,
He ſwallows Fate with ſwimming Eyes,
And curs'd the *Hebrews* as he dy'd.

III.

Ah! fooliſh *Iſrael*, to comply
With *Memphian* Idolatry!
And bow to Brutes, (a ſtupid Slave)
To Idols impotent to ſave!
Behold thy God, the Sovereign of the Sky,
Has wrought Salvation in the Deep,
Has bound thy Foes in Iron Sleep,
And rais'd thine Honours high;
His Grace forgives thy Follies paſt,
Behold he comes in Majeſty,
And *Sinai*'s Top proclaims his Law:
Prepare to meet thy GOD in haſte;
But keep an awful Diſtance ſtill:
Let *Moſes* round the ſacred Hill
The circling Limits draw.

IV.

Hark! The ſhrill Echoes of the Trumpet roar,
And call the trembling Armies near;
Slow and unwilling they appear,
Rails kept them from the Mount before,
Now from the Rails their Fear:
'Twas the ſame Herald, and the Trump the ſame
Which ſhall be blown by high Command,
Shall bid the Wheels of Nature ſtand,
And Heav'n's eternal Will proclaim,
That *Time ſhall be no more.*

V.

Thus while the labouring Angel ſwell'd the Sound,
And rent the Skies, and ſhook the Ground,
Up roſe th' Almighty: round his Sapphire Seat
Adoring Thrones in Order fell;

The leſſer Powers at diſtance dwell,
And caſt their Glories down ſucceſſive at his Feet:
Gabriel the Great prepares his way,
Lift up your Heads, Eternal Doors, he cries;
Th' Eternal Doors his Word obey,
Open and ſhoot Celeſtial Day
Upon the lower Skies.
Heav'ns mighty Pillars bow'd their Head,
As their Creator bid,
And down JEHOVAH rode from the ſuperior Sphere,
A thouſand Guards before and Myriads in the Rear.

VI.

His Chariot was a pitchy Cloud,
The Wheels beſet with burning Gems;
The Winds in Harneſs with the Flames
Flew o'er th' Ethereal Road:
Down thro' his Magazines he paſt
Of Hail, and Ice, and fleecy Snow,
Swift roll'd the Triumph, and as faſt
Did Hail, and Ice, in melted Rivers flow.
The Day was mingled with the Night,
His Feet on ſolid Darkneſs trod,
His radiant Eyes proclaim'd the GOD,
And ſcatter'd dreadful Light;
He breath'd, and Sulphur ran, a fiery Stream:
He ſpoke, and (tho' with unknown Speed he came)
Chid the ſlow Tempeſt, and the lagging Flame.

VII.

Sinai receiv'd his glorious Flight,
With Axle red, and glowing Wheel
Did the winged Chariot light,
And riſing Smoke obſcur'd the burning Hill.
Lo, it mounts in curling Waves,
Lo, the gloomy Pride out braves
The ſtately Pyramids of Fire
The Pyramids to Heav'n aſpire,
And mix with Stars, but ſee their gloomy Offspring higher.

So

So have you ſeen ungrateful Ivy grow
Round the tall Oak that ſix ſcore Years has ſtood,
And proudly ſhoot a Leaf or two
Above its kind Supporter's utmoſt Bough,
And glory there to ſtand the loftieſt of the Wood.

VIII.

Forbear, young Muſe, forbear;
The flow'ry Things that Poets ſay,
The little Arts of *Simile*
Are vain and uſeleſs here;
Nor ſhall the burning Hills of Old
With *Sinai* be compar'd,
Nor all that lying *Greece* has told,
Or learned *Rome* has heard;
Ætna ſhall be nam'd no more,
Ætna, the Torch of *Sicily*,
Not half ſo high
Her Lightnings fly,
Not half ſo loud her Thunders roar
Croſs the *Sicanian* Sea, to fright th' *Italian* Shore.
Behold the ſacred Hill: Its trembling Spire
Quakes at the Terrors of the Fire,
While all below its verdent Feet
Stagger and reel under th' Almighty Weight:
Preſs'd with a greater than feign'd *Atlas*' Load
Deep groan'd the Mount; it never bore
Infinity before,
It bow'd, and ſhook beneath the Burden of a God.

IX.

Freſh Horror ſeize the Camp, Deſpair,
And dying Groans, torment the Air,
And Shrieks, and Swoons, and Deaths were there;
The bellowing Thunder, and the Lightnings Blaze
Spread thro' the Hoſt a wild Amaze;
Darkneſs on every Soul, and pale was every Face:
Confus'd and diſmal were the Cries,
Let Moſes *ſpeak, or* Iſrael *dies*:

Moſes the ſpreading Terror feels,
No more the Man of God conceals
His Shivering and Surprize:
Yet, with recovering Mind, commands,
Silence, and deep Attention, thro' the *Hebrew* Bands.

X.

Hark! from the Center of the Flame,
All arm'd and feather'd with the ſame,
Majeſtick Sounds break thro' the ſmoaky Cloud:
Sent from the All-creating Tongue,
A Flight of Cherubs guard the Words along,
And bear their fiery Law to the retreating Crowd.

XI.

"I am the LORD: 'Tis I proclaim
"That glorious and that fearful Name,
"THY GOD AND KING: 'Twas I, that broke
"Thy Bondage, and th' *Egyptian* Yoke;
"Mine is the Right to ſpeak my Will,
"And Thine the Duty to fulfil.
"Adore no GOD beſide Me, to provoke mine Eyes;
"Nor worſhip Me in Shapes and Forms that Men deviſe;
"With Rev'rence uſe my Name, nor turn my Words to Jeſt;
"Obſerve my Sabbath well, nor dare prophane my Reſt;
"Honour, and due Obedience, to thy Parents give;
"Nor ſpill the guiltleſs Blood, nor let the Guilty live:
"Preſerve thy Body chaſte, and flee th' unlawful Bed;
"Nor ſteal thy Neighbour's Gold, his Garment, or his Bread;
"Forbear to blaſt his Name with Falſhood or Deceit
"Nor let thy Wiſhes looſe upon his large Eſtate.

Remember your Creator, &c. Eccleſ. xii.

I.

CHILDREN, to your Creator GOD,
Your early Honours pay,
While Vanity and youthful Blood
Would tempt your Thoughts aſtray.

II.

The Memory of his mighty Name,
Demands your firſt Regard,
Nor dare indulge a meaner Flame,
'Till you have lov'd the LORD.

III.

Be wiſe, and make his Favour ſure,
Before the mournful Days,
When Youth and Mirth are known no more,
And Life and Strength decays.

IV.

No more the Bleſſings of a Feaſt
Shall reliſh on the Tongue,
The heavy Ear forgets the Taſte
And Pleaſure of a Song.

V.

Old Age, with all her diſmal Train,
Invades your golden Years
With Sighs and Groans, and raging Pain,
And Death, that never ſpares.

VI.

What will you do when Light departs,
And leaves your withering Eyes,
Without one Beam to chear your Hearts,
From the ſuperior Skies?

VII.

How will you meet GOD's frowning Brow,
Or ſtand before his Seat,

While Nature's old Supporters bow,
Nor bear their tott'ring Weight?

VIII.

Can you expect your feeble Arms
Shall make a ſtrong Defence,
When Death, with terrible Alarms,
Summons the Priſ'ner hence?

IX.

The Silver Bands of Nature burſt,
And let the Building fall;
The Fleſh goes down to mix with Duſt,
Its vile Original.

X.

Laden with Guilt, (a heavy Load)
Uncleans'd and unforgiv'n,
The Soul returns t' an angry GOD,
To be ſhut out from Heav'n.

Sun, Moon, and Stars, praiſe ye the LORD.

I.

FAIREST of all the Lights above,
Thou Sun, whoſe Beams adorn the Spheres,
And with unweary'd Swiftneſs move,
To form the Circles of our Years;

II.

Praiſe the Creator of the Skies,
That dreſs'd thine Orb in golden Rays:
Or may the Sun forget to riſe,
If he forget his Maker's Praiſe.

III.

Thou reigning Beauty of the Night,
Fair Queen of Silence, Silver Moon,
Whoſe gentle Beams, and borrow'd Light,
Are ſofter Rivals of the Noon;

IV.

IV.

Ariſe, and to that Sov'reign Pow'r
Waxing and waning Honours pay,
Who bid thee rule the duſky Hour,
And half ſupply the abſent Day.

V.

Ye twinkling Stars, who gild the Skies
When Darkneſs has its Curtains drawn,
Who keep your Watch, with wakeful Eyes,
When Buſineſs, Cares, and Day are gone;

VI.

Proclaim the Glories of your LORD,
Diſpers'd thro' all the heav'nly Street,
Whoſe boundleſs Treaſures can afford
So rich a Pavement for his Feet.

VII.

Thou Heav'n of Heav'ns, ſupremely bright,
Fair Palace of the Court Divine,
Where, with inimitable Light,
The Godhead condeſcends to ſhine.

VIII.

Praiſe thou thy Great Inhabitant,
Who ſcatters lovely Beams of Grace
On every Angel, every Saint,
Nor veils the Luſtre of his Face.

IX.

O GOD of Glory, GOD of Love,
Thou art the Sun that makes our Days:
With all thy ſhining Works above,
Let Earth and Duſt attempt thy Praiſe.

* *

The Welcome Meſſenger.

I.

LORD, when we ſee a Saint of thine
Lie gaſping out his Breath,
With longing Eyes, and Looks Divine,
Smiling and pleas'd in Death;

II.

How we could e'en contend to lay
Our Limbs upon that Bed!
We aſk thine Envoy to convey
Our Spirits in his Stead.

III.

Our Souls are riſing on the Wing,
To venture in his Place;
For when grim Death has loſt his Sting,
He has an Angel's Face.

IV.

JESUS, then purge my Crimes away,
'Tis Guilt creates my Fears,
'Tis Guilt gives Death its fierce Array,
And all the Arms it bears.

V.

Oh! if my threatning Sins were gone,
And Death had loſt his Sting,
I could invite the Angel on,
And chide his lazy Wing.

VI.

Away theſe interpoſing Days,
And let the Lovers meet;
The Angel has a cold Embrace,
But kind, and ſoft, and Sweet.

VII.

I'd leap at once my Seventy Years,
I'd ruſh into his Arms,
And loſe my Breath, and all my Cares,
Amidſt thoſe heav'nly Charms.

VIII.

Joyful I'd lay this Body down,
And leave the lifeleſs Clay,
Without a Sigh, without a Groan,
And ſtretch and ſoar away.

Sincere

Sincere Praiſe.

I.

ALMIGHTY Maker, GOD!
How wondrous is thy Name!
Thy Glories how diffus'd abroad
Thro' the Creation's Frame!

II.

Nature in every Dreſs!
Her humble Homage pays,
And finds a thouſand Ways t' expreſs
Thine undiſſembled Praiſe.

III.

In native White and Red
The Roſe and Lilly ſtand,
And free from Pride, their Beauties ſpread,
To ſhew thy ſkilful Hand.

IV.

The Lark mounts up the Sky,
With unambitious Song,
And bears her Maker's Praiſe on high
Upon her artleſs Tongue.

V.

My Soul would riſe and ſing
To her Creator too,
Fain would my Tongue adore my King,
And pay the Worſhip due.

VI.

But Pride, that buſy Sin,
Spoils all that I perform;
Curs'd Pride, that creeps ſecurely in,
And ſwells a haughty Worm.

VII.

Thy Glories I abate,
Or praiſe thee with Deſign;

Some

Some of the Favours I forget,
Or think the Merit mine.

VIII.

The very Songs I frame,
Are faithleſs to thy Cauſe,
And ſteal the Honours of thy Name
To build their own Applauſe.

IX.

Create my Soul anew,
Elſe all my Worſhip's vain;
This wretched Heart will ne'er be true,
Until 'tis form'd again.

X.

Deſcend, Celeſtial Fire,
And ſeize me from above,
Melt me in Flames of pure Deſire,
A Sacrifice to Love.

XI.

Let Joy and Worſhip ſpend
The Remnant of my Days,
And to my GOD, my Soul, aſcend,
In ſweet Prefumes of Praiſe.

True Learning.

Partly Imitated from a *French* Sonnet of Mr. *Poiret.*

I.

HAPPY the Feet that ſhining TRUTH has led
With her own Hand to tread the Path ſhe pleaſe,
To ſee her native Luſtre round her ſpread,
Without a Vail, without a Shade,
All Beauty, and all Light, as in her ſelf ſhe is.

II.

II.

Our Senſes cheat us with the preſſing Crowds
Of painted Shapes they thruſt upon the Mind:
The Truth they ſhew lies wrap'd in ſev'nfold Shrouds,
Our Senſes caſt a Thouſand Clouds
On unenlighten'd Souls, and leave them doubly blind.

III.

I hate the Duſt that fierce Diſputers raiſe,
And loſe the Mind in a wild maze of Thought:
What empty Triflings, and what ſubtil Ways,
To fence and guard by Rule and Rote!
Our GOD will never charge us, That we knew them Not.

IV.

Touch, Heavenly WORD, O touch theſe curious Souls;
Since I have heard but one ſoft Hint from Thee,
From all the vain Opinions of the Schools
(That Pageantry of knowing Fools)
I feel my Powers releas'd, and ſtand divinely free.

V.

'Twas this Almighty WORD that all Things made,
He graſps whole Nature in his ſingle Hand;
All the Eternal Truths in him are laid,
The Ground of all Things, and their Head,
The Circle where they move, and Center where they ſtand.

VI.

Without his Aid I have no ſure Defence,
From Troops of Errors that beſiege me round;
But he that reſts his Reaſon and his Senſe
Faſt here, and never wanders hence,
Unmoveable he dwells upon unſhaken Ground.

VII.

Infinite TRUTH, the Life of my Deſires,
Come from the Sky, and join thy ſelf to me;
I'm tir'd with Hearing, and this Reading tires;
But never tir'd of telling Thee,
'Tis thy fair Face alone my Spirit burns to ſee.

VIII.

VIII.

Speak to my Soul, alone, no other Hand
Shall mark my Path out with deluſive Art:
All Nature ſilent in his Preſence ſtand,
Creatures be dumb at his Command,
And leave his ſingle Voice to whiſper to my Heart.

IX.

Retire, my Soul, within thy ſelf retire,
Away from Senſe and every outward Show:
Now let my Thoughts to loftier Themes aſpire,
My Knowledge now on Wheels of Fire
May mount and ſpread above, ſurveying all below.

X.

The Lord grows laviſh of his heav'nly Light,
And pours whole Floods on ſuch a Mind as this:
Fled from the Eyes ſhe gains a piercing Sight,
She dives into the Infinite,
And ſees unutterable Things in that unknown Abyſs.

True Wiſdom.

I.

PRonounce him bleſt, my Muſe, whom WISDOM guides
In her own Path to her own heavenly Seat;
Thro' all the Storms his Soul ſecurely glides,
Nor can the Tempeſts, nor the Tides,
That riſe and roar around, ſupplant his ſteady Feet.

II.

Earth, you may let your golden Arrows fly,
And ſeek, in vain, a Paſſage to his Breaſt,
Spread all your painted Toys to court his Eye,
He ſmiles, and ſees them vainly try
To lure his Soul aſide from her Eternal Reſt.

III.

Our head-ſtrong Luſts, like a young fiery Horſe,
Start, and flee raging in a violent Courſe;

He

He tames and breaks them, manages and rides 'em,
Checks their Career, and turns and guides 'em,
And bids his Reaſon bridle their licentious Force.

IV.

Lord of himſelf, he rules his wildeſt Thoughts,
And boldly acts, what calmly he deſign'd,
Whilſt he looks down and pities human Faults;
Nor can he think, nor can he find
A Plague like reigning Paſſions, and a ſubject Mind.

V.

But oh! 'tis mighty Toil to reach this Height,
To vanquiſh Self is a laborious Art;
What manly Courage to ſuſtain the Fight
To bear the noble Pain, and part
With thoſe dear charming Tempters rooted in the Heart!

VI.

'Tis hard to ſtand when all the Paſſions move,
Hard to awake the Eye that Paſſion blinds,
To rend and tear out this unhappy Love,
That clings ſo cloſe about our Minds,
And where th' enchanted Soul ſo ſweet a Poiſon finds.

VII.

Hard: but it may be done. Come, Heavenly Fire,
Come to my Breaſt, and with one powerful Ray
Melt off my Luſts, my Fetters: I can bear
A while to be a Tenant here,
But not be chain'd and priſon'd in a Cage of Clay.

VIII.

Heav'n is my Home and I muſt uſe my Wings;
Sublime above the Globe my Flight aſpires:
I have a Soul was made to pity Kings,
And all their little glitt'ring Things;
I have a Soul was made for infinite Deſires.

IX.

Loos'd from the Earth, my Heart is upward flown;
Farewel, my Friends, and all that once was mine;
Now, ſhould you fix my Feet on *Cæſar*'s Throne,

Crown

Crown me, and call the World my own,
The Gold that binds my Brows could ne'er my Soul confine.

X.

I am the LORD's, and *JESUS* is my Love;
He, the dear GOD, ſhall fill my vaſt Deſire.
My Fleſh below; yet I can dwell above,
And nearer to my Saviour move;
There all my Soul ſhall center, all my Pow'rs conſpire.

XI.

Thus I with Angels live; thus half-divine
I ſit on high, nor mind inferior Joys:
Fill'd with his Love, I feel that GOD is mine,
His Glory is my great Deſign,
That everlaſting Project all my Thoughts employs.

A Song to Creating Wiſdom.

PART I.

I.

ETERNAL WISDOM, thee we praiſe,
Thee the Creation ſings:
With thy loud Name, Rocks, Hills, and Seas,
And Heav'ns high Palace rings.

II.

Place me on the bright Wings of Day
To travel with the Sun;
With what Amaze ſhall I ſurvey
The Wonders thou haſt done?

III.

Thy Hand how wide it ſpread the Sky!
How glorious to behold?
Ting'd with a Blue of heavenly Dye,
And ſtarr'd with ſparkling Gold.

IV.

IV.

There thou haſt bid the Globes of Light
Their endleſs Circles run ;
There the pale Planet rules the Night,
And Day obeys the Sun.

PART II.

V.

Downward I turn my wond'ring Eyes
On Clouds and Storms below,
Thoſe Under-Regions of the Skies
Thy num'rous Glories ſhow.

VI.

The noiſy Winds ſtand ready there
Thy Orders to obey,
With ſounding Wings they ſweep the Air,
To make thy Chariot Way.

VII.

There, like a Trumpet, loud and ſtrong,
Thy Thunder ſhakes our Coaſt :
While the red Lightnings wave along,
The Banners of thine Hoſt.

VIII.

On the thin Air, without a Prop,
Hang fruitful Show'rs around :
At thy Command they ſink, and drop
Their Fatneſs on the Ground.

PART III.

IX.

Now to the Earth I bend my Song,
And caſt my Eyes abroad,
Glancing the *Britiſh* Iſles along ;
Bleſt Iſles, confeſs your God.

X.

How did his wondrous Skill array
Your Fields in charming Green ;

A thouſand Herbs his Art diſplay,
A thouſand Flowers between!

XI.

Tall Oaks for future Navies grow,
Fair *Albion*'s beſt Defence,
While Corn and Vines rejoice,
Thoſe Luxuries of Senſe.

XII.

The bleating Flocks his Paſture feeds:
And Herbs of larger Size,
That bellow thro' the *Lindian* Meads,
His bounteous Hand ſupplies.

PART IV.

XIII.

We ſee the *Thames* careſs the Shores,
He guides her ſilver Flood:
While angry *Severn* ſwells and roars,
Yet hears her Ruler GOD.

XIV.

The rolling Mountains of the Deep
Obſerve his ſtrong Command;
His Breath can raiſe the Billows ſteep,
Or ſink them to the Sand.

XV.

Amidſt thy watry Kingdoms, LORD,
The finny Nations play,
And ſcaly Monſters at thy Word,
Ruſh thro' the Northern Sea.

PART V.

XVI.

Thy Glories blaze all Nature round,
And ſtrike the gazing Sight,
Thro' Skies, and Seas, and ſolid Ground,
With Terror and Delight.

XVI

XVII.

Infinite Strength, and equal Skill,
Shine thro' the Worlds abroad,
Our Souls with vaſt Amazement fill,
And ſpeak the Builder GOD.

XVIII.

But the ſweet Beauties of thy Grace
Our ſofter Paſſions move;
Pity Divine in *JESUS* Face
We ſee, adore, and love.

GOD's *Abſolute Dominion.*

I.

LORD, when my thoughtful Soul ſurveys
Fire, Air and Earth, and Stars and Seas,
I call them all thy Slaves;
Commiſſion'd by my Father's Will,
Poyſons ſhall cure, or Balms ſhall kill;
Vernal Sons, or *Zephyr*'s Breath,
May burn or blaſt the Plants to Death
That ſharp *December* ſaves;
What can Winds or Planets boaſt
But a precarious Pow'r?
The Sun is all in Darkneſs loſt,
Froſt ſhall be Fire, and Fire be Froſt,
When he appoints the Hour.

II.

Lo, the *Norwegians* near the Polar Sky
Chafe their frozen Limbs with Snow,
Their frozen Limbs awake and glow,
The vital Flame touch'd with a ſtrange Supply
Rekindles, for the GOD of Life is nigh;
He bids the vital Flood in wonted Circles flow.
Cold Steel expos'd to Northern Air,
Drinks the Meridian Fury of the Midnight *Bear*,
And burns th' unwary Stranger there.

III.

Enquire, my Soul, of ancient Fame,
Look back two thouſand Years and ſee
Th' *Aſſyrian* Prince transform'd a Brute,
For boaſting to be abſolute:
Once to his Court the GOD of *Iſrael* came.
A KING more abſolute than he.
I ſee the Furnace blaze with Rage
Sevenfold: I ſee amidſt the Flame
Three *Hebrews* of Immortal Name;
They move, they walk acroſs the burning Stage
Unhurt, and fearleſs, while the Tyrant ſtood
A Statue; Fear congeal'd his Blood:
Nor did the raging Element dare
Attempt their Garments, or their Hair;
It knew the LORD of Nature there.
Nature, compell'd by a ſuperior Cauſe,
Now breaks her own eternal Laws,
Now ſeems to break them, and obeys
Her Sov'reign King in different Ways.
Father, how bright thy Glories ſhine!
How broad thy Kingdom, how divine!
Nature, and Miracle, and Fate, and Chance are thine.

IV.

Hence from my Heart, ye Idols, flee,
Ye ſounding Names of Vanity!
No more my Lips ſhall ſacrifice
To Chance and Nature, Tales and Lies:
Creatures without a GOD can yield me no Supplies.
What is the Sun, or what the Shade,
Or Froſts, or Flames, to kill or ſave?
His Favour is my Life, his Lips pronounce me dead
And as his awful Dictates bid,
Earth is my Mother or my Grave.

Condeſcendin

Condeſcending Grace.

In Imitation of the cxivth *Pſalm.*

I.

WHEN the Eternal bows the Skies,
To viſit Earthly Things,
With Scorn divine he turns his Eyes
From Towers of haughty Kings;

II.

Rides on a Cloud diſdainful by
A *Sultan*, or a *Czar*,
Laughs at the Worms that riſe ſo high,
Or frowns 'em from afar;

III.

He bids his awful Chariot roll
Far downward from the Skies,
To viſit every humble Soul,
With Pleaſure in his Eyes.

IV.

Why ſhould the LORD that reigns above
Diſdain ſo lofty Kings?
Say LORD, and why ſuch Looks of Love
Upon ſuch worthleſs Things?

V.

Mortals, be dumb; what Creature dares
Diſpute his awful Will?
Aſk no Account of his Affairs,
But tremble, and be ſtill.

VI.

Juſt like his Nature is his Grace,
All Sovereign, and all Free;
Great GOD, how ſearchleſs are thy Ways!
How deep thy Judgments be!

The

The Infinite.

I.

SOME Seraph, lend your heavenly Tongue,
Or Harp of Golden String,
That I may raiſe a loftу Song
To our Eternal King.

II.

Thy Names, how Infinite they be!
Great EVERLASTING ONE!
Boundleſs thy Might and Majeſty,
And unconfin'd thy Throne.

III.

Thy Glories ſhine of wondrous Size,
And wondrous large thy Grace;
Immortal Day breaks from thine Eyes,
And *Gabriel* veils his Face.

IV.

Thine Eſſence is a vaſt Abyſs,
Which Angels cannot ſound,
An Ocean of Infinities
Where all our Thoughts are drown'd.

V.

The Myſteries of Creation lie
Beneath enlighten'd Minds,
Thoughts can aſcend above the Sky,
And fly before the Winds.

VI.

Reaſon may graſp the maſſy Hills,
And ſtretch from Pole to Pole,
But half thy Name our Spirit fills,
And overloads our Soul.

VII.

In vain our haughty Reaſon ſwells,
For Nothing's found in Thee
But boundleſs Unconceivables,
And vaſt Eternity.

Con-

Confeſſion and Pardon.

I.

ALAS, my aking Heart!
Here the keen Torment lies;
It racks my waking Hours with Smart,
And frights my ſlumbering Eyes.

II.

Guilt will be hid no more,
My Griefs take vent apace,
The Crimes that blot my Conſcience o'er
Fluſh Crimſon in my Face.

III.

My Sorrows, like a Flood,
Impatient of Reſtraint,
Into thy Boſom, O my GOD,
Pour out a long Complaint.

IV.

This impious Heart of mine
Could once defy the LORD,
Could ruſh with Violence on to Sin,
In Preſence of thy Sword.

V.

How often have I ſtood
A Rebel to the Skies,
The Calls, the Tenders of a GOD,
And Mercy's loudeſt Cries!

VI.

He offers all his Grace,
And all his Heaven to me;
Offers! but 'tis to ſenſeleſs Braſs,
That cannot feel nor ſee.

VII.

JESUS the Saviour ſtands
To court me from above,

And

And looks and ſpreads his wounded Hands,
And ſhews the Prints of Love.

VIII.

But I, a ſtupid Fool,
How long have I withſtood
The Bleſſings purchas'd with his Soul,
And paid for all in Blood?

IX.

The heav'nly Dove came down
And tender'd me his Wings
To mount me upward to a Crown,
And bright immortal Things.

X.

LORD, I'm aſham'd to ſay
That I refus'd thy Dove,
And ſent thy Spirit griev'd away,
To his own Realms of Love.

XI.

Not all thine heav'nly Charms,
Nor Terrors of thy Hand,
Could force me to lay down my Arms,
And bow to thy Command.

XII.

LORD, 'tis againſt thy Face
My Sins like Arrows riſe,
And yet, and yet (O matchleſs Grace!)
Thy Thunder ſilent lies.

XIII.

O ſhall I never feel
The meltings of thy Love?
Am I of ſuch Hell-harden'd Steel
That Mercy cannot move?

XIV.

Now for one powerful Glance,
Dear SAVIOUR, from thy Face!
This Rebel-Heart no more withſtands,
But ſinks beneath thy Grace.

XIV.

XV.

O'ercome by dying Love I fall,
Here at thy Croſs I lie;
And throw my Fleſh, my Soul, my All,
And weep, and love, and die.

XVI.

"Riſe, ſays the Prince of Mercy, riſe,
"With Joy and Pity in his Eyes:
"Riſe, and behold my wounded Veins,
"Here flows the Blood to waſh thy Stains."

XVII.

"See my Great Father reconcil'd:"
He ſaid. And lo, the Father ſmil'd;
The joyful Cherubs clap'd their Wings,
And ſounded Grace on all their Strings.

Young Men and Maidens, Old Men and Babes, praiſe ye the LORD, Pſal. cxlviii. 12.

I.

SONS of *Adam*, bold and young,
In the wild Mazes of whoſe Veins
A Flood of fiery Vigour reigns,
And weilds your active Limbs, with hardy Sinews ſtrung;
Fall proſtrate at the eternal Throne
Whence your precarious Pow'rs depend;
Nor ſwell as if your Lives were all your own,
But chooſe your Maker for your Friend;
His Favour is your Life, his Arm is your Support,
His Hand can ſtretch your Days, or cut your Minutes ſhort.

II.

Virgins, who roll your artful Eyes,
And ſhoot delicious Danger thence;
Swift the lovely Lightning flies,
And melts our Reaſon down to Senſe;
Boaſt not of thoſe withering Charms
That muſt yield their youthful Grace
To Age and Wrinkles, Earth and Worms;
But love the Author of your ſmiling Face;
That heavenly Bridegroom claims your blooming Hours;
O make it your perpetual Care
To pleaſe the Everlaſting Fair;
His Beauties are the Sun, and but the Shade is yours.

III.

Infants, whoſe different Deſtinies
Are wove with Threads of different Size;
But from the ſame Spring-tide of Tears,
Commence your Hopes, and Joys, and Fears,
(A tedious Train!) and date your following Years:
Break your firſt Silence in his Praiſe
Who wrought your wondrous Frame;
With Sounds of tendereſt Accent raiſe
Young Honours to his Name;
And conſecrate your early Days
To know the Pow'r ſupreme.

IV.

Ye Heads of venerable Age,
Juſt marching off the mortal Stage,
Fathers, whoſe vital Threads are ſpun
As long as e'er the Glaſs of Life would run,
Adore the Hand that led your Way
Thro' flow'ry Fields a fair long Summer's Day;
Gaſp out your Soul in Praiſes to the Sovereign Pow'r
That ſet your Weſt ſo diſtant from your dawning Hour.

Flying

Flying Fowl, and Creeping Things, praiſe ye the LORD, Pſ. cxlviii. 10.

I.

SWEET Flocks, whoſe ſoft enamel'd Wing
Swift and gently cleaves the Sky;
Whoſe charming Notes addreſs the Spring
With an artleſs Harmony.
Lovely Minſtrels of the Field,
Who in leafy Shadows ſit,
And your wondrous Structures build,
Awake your tuneful Voices with the dawning Light;
To Nature's GOD your firſt Devotions pay,
E'er you ſalute the riſing Day,
'Tis he calls up the Sun, and gives him every Ray.

II.

Serpents, who o'er the Meadows ſlide,
And wear upon your ſhining Back
Num'rous Ranks of gaudy Pride,
Which thouſand mingling Colours make;
Let the fierce Glances of your Eyes
Rebate their baleful Fire:
In harmleſs Play twiſt and unfold
The Volumes of your ſcaly Gold:
That rich Embroidery of your gay Attire,
Proclaims your Maker kind and wiſe.

III.

Inſects and Mites, of mean Degree,
That ſwarm in Myriads o'er the Land,
Moulded by Wiſdom's artful Hand,
And curl'd and painted with a various Die;
In your innumerable Forms
Praiſe him that wears th' Ethereal Crown,
And bend his lofty Counſels down
To deſpicable Worms.

The Compariſon and Complaint.

I.

INFINITE Power, Eternal LORD,
How Sovereign is thy Hand!
All Nature roſe t' obey thy Word,
And moves at thy Command.

II.

With ſteady Courſe thy ſhining Sun
Keeps his appointed Way;
And all the Hours obedient run
The Circle of the Day.

III.

But ah! how wide my Spirit flies,
And wanders from her GOD!
My Soul forgets the heavenly Prize,
And treads the downward-Road.

IV.

The raging Fire, and ſtormy Sea,
Perform thine awful Will,
And every Beaſt and every Tree,
Thy great Deſigns fulfil:

V.

While my wild Paſſions rage within,
Nor thy Commands obey;
And Fleſh and Senſe, enſlav'd to Sin,
Draw my beſt Thoughts away.

VI.

Shall Creatures of a meaner Frame
Pay all their Dues to thee,
Creatures, that never knew thy Name,
That never lov'd like me?

VII.

Great GOD, create my Soul anew,
Conform my Heart to thine,

Melt

Melt down my Will, and let it flow,
And take the Mould Divine.

VIII.

Seize my whole Frame into thy Hand;
Here all my Pow'rs I bring;
Manage the Wheels by thy Command,
And govern every Spring.

IX.

Then ſhall my Feet no more depart,
Nor wandring-Senſes rove;
Devotion ſhall be all my Heart,
And all my Paſſions Love.

X.

Than not the Sun ſhall more than I
His Maker's Law perform,
Nor travel ſwifter thro' the Sky,
Nor with a Zeal ſo warm.

* *

GOD *Supreme and Self-ſufficient.*

I.

WHAT is our GOD, or what his Name?
Nor Men can learn, nor Angels teach;
He dwells conceal'd in radiant Flame,
Where neither Eyes nor Thoughts can reach.

II.

The Spacious Worlds of heav'nly Light,
Compar'd with him, how ſhort they fall?
They are too dark, and He too bright.
Nothing are they, and GOD is All.

III.

He ſpoke the wondrous [illegible] ador'd;
Creation roſe at his [illegible]EROR, ſay, how long
Whirlwinds and [illegible]e to join their Song.
Bound in the

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IV.

There reſts the Earth, there roll the Spheres,
There Nature leans, and feels her Prop:
But his own Self-Sufficience bears
The Weight of his own Glories up.

V.

The Tide of Creatures ebbs and flows,
Meaſuring their Changes by the Moon:
No Ebb his Sea of Glory knows;
His Age is one Eternal Noon.

VI.

Then fly, my Song, an endleſs Round,
The lofty Tune let *Michael* raiſe;
All Nature dwell upon the Sound,
But we can ne'er fulfil the Praiſe.

JESUS the only Saviour.

I.

ADAM, our Father and our Head
Tranſgreſt; and Juſtice doom'd us Dead;
The fiery Law ſpeaks all Deſpair,
There's no Reprieve, nor Pardon there.

II.

Call a bright Council in the Skies;
" Seraphs the Mighty and the Wiſe,
" Say, what Expedient can you give,
" That Sin be damn'd, and Sinners live?

III.

" Speak, are you ſtrong to bear the Load,
[illegible] Vengeance of a GOD?
[illegible]ur wretched Race,
[illegible] Place?

[illegible]nd:
There's

There's not a glorious Mind above
Has half the Strength, or half the Love.

V.

But, O unutterable Grace!
Th' Eternal SON takes *Adam*'s Place;
Down to our World the Saviour flies,
Stretches his naked Arms, and dies.

VI.

Juſtice was pleas'd to bruiſe the GOD,
And pay its Wrongs with heavenly Blood;
What unknown Racks and Pangs he bore!
Then roſe: The Law could aſk no more.

VII.

Amazing Work! look down, ye Skies,
Wonder and gaze with all your Eyes;
Ye heavenly Thrones, ſtoop from above,
And bow to this myſterious Love.

VIII.

See, how they bend! See, how they look!
Long they had read th' Eternal Book,
And ſtudied dark Decrees in vain,
The Croſs and *Calvary* makes them plain.

IX.

Now they are ſtruck with deep Amaze,
Each with his Wings conceals his Face;
Nor clap their ſounding Plumes and cry,
The Wiſdom of a DEITY!

X.

Low they adore th' Incarnate Son,
And ſing the Glories he hath won;
Sing how he broke our Iron Chains,
How deep he ſunk, how high he reigns.

XI.

Triumph and reign, victorious LORD,
By all thy flaming Hoſts ador'd;
And ſay, dear CONQUEROR, ſay, how long
E'er we ſhall riſe to join their Song.

XII.

Lo, from afar the promis'd Day
Shines with a well diſtinguiſh'd Ray;
But my wing'd Paſſion hardly bears
Theſe Lengths of ſlow delaying Years.

XIII.

Send down a Chariot from above,
With fiery Wheels, and pav'd with Love;
Raiſe me beyond the Ethereal Blue,
To ſing and love as Angels do.

Looking upward.

I.

THE Heavens invite mine Eye,
The Stars ſalute me round;
Father, I bluſh, I mourn to lie
Thus Groveling on the Ground.

II.

My warmer Spirits move,
And make Attempts to fly;
I wiſh aloud for Wings of Love
To raiſe me ſwift and high.

III.

Beyond thoſe Cryſtal Vaults,
And all their ſparkling Balls;
They're but the Porches to thy Courts,
And Paintings on thy Walls.

IV.

Vain World, farewel to you;
Heaven is my native Air:
I bid my Friends a ſhort Adieu,
Impatient to be there.

V.

I feel my Powers releaſt
From their old fleſhy Clod;
Fair Guardian, bear me up in haſte
And ſet me near my GOD.

CHRIST

CHRIST *Dying, Riſing, and Reigning.*

I.

HE dies! the heav'nly Lover dies!
The Tidings ſtrike a doleful Sound
On my poor Heart ſtrings: deep he lies
In the cold Caverns of the Ground.

II.

Come, Saints, and drop a Tear or two,
On the dear Boſom of your GOD,
He ſhed a thouſand Drops for you,
A thouſand Drops of richer Blood.

III.

Here's Love and Grief beyond degree,
The LORD of Glory dies for Men!
But lo, what ſudden Joys I ſee!
JESUS the dead revives again.

IV.

The riſing GOD forſakes the Tomb,
Up to his Father's Court he flies;
Cherubic Legions guard him home,
And ſhout him welcome to the Skies.

V.

Break off your Tears, ye Saints, and tell
How high our Great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how he ſpoil'd the Hoſts of Hell,
And led the Monſter Death in Chains.

VI.

Say, *Live for ever, wondrous King!*
Born to Redeem, and ſtrong to ſave!
Then aſk the Monſter, *Where's his Sting?*
And where's thy Victory, boaſting Grave?

The GOD *of Thunder.*

I.

O THE Immenſe, the Amazing Height,
The boundleſs Grandeur of our GOD,
Who treads the Worlds beneath his Feet,
And ſways the Nations with his Nod;

II.

He ſpeaks; and lo, all Nature ſhakes,
Heav'n's everlaſting Pillars bow;
He rends the Clouds with hideous Cracks,
And ſhoots his fiery Arrows through.

III.

Well, let the Nations ſtart and fly
At the blue Lightning's horrid Glare,
Atheiſts and Emperors ſhrink and die,
When Flame and Noiſe torment the Air.

IV.

Let Noiſe and Flame confound the Skies,
And drown the ſpacious Realms below,
Yet will we ſing the Thunderer's Praiſe,
And ſend our loud *Hoſannas* through.

V.

Celeſtial King, thy blazing Power,
Kindles our Hearts to flaming Joys,
We ſhout to hear thy Thunders roar,
And echo to our Father's Voice.

VI.

Thus ſhall the GOD our Saviour come,
And Lightnings round his Chariot play,
Ye Lightnings, fly to make him room,
Ye glorious Storms, prepare his Way.

The

The Day of Judgment.

An ODE.

Attempted in *Engliſh* Sapphick.

I.

WHEN the fierce *North* Wind with his airy Forces
Rears up the *Baltick* to a foaming Fury;
And the red Lightning, with a Storm of Hail comes
Ruſhing amain down,

II.

How the poor Sailors ſtand amaz'd and tremble!
While the hoarſe Thunder, like a bloody Trumpet,
Roars a loud Onſet to the gaping Waters
Quick to devour them.

III.

Such ſhall the Noiſe be, and the wild Diſorder,
(If Things Eternal may be like theſe Earthly)
Such the dire Terror when the great Archangel
Shakes the Creation;

IV.

Tears the ſtrong Pillars of the Vault of Heaven,
Breaks up old Marble, the Repoſe of Princes;
See the Graves open, and the Bones ariſing,
Flames all around them!

V.

Hark, the ſhrill Outcries of the guilty Wretches!
Lively bright Horror, and amazing Anguiſh,
Stare thro' their Eye-lids, while the living Worm lies
Gnawing within them.

VI.

Thou, like old Vultures, prey upon their Heart-ſtrings,
And the ſmart twinges, when the Eye beholds the
Lofty Judge frowning, and a Flood of Vengeance
Rolling afore him.

VII.

VII.

Hopeleſs Immortals ! how they ſcream and ſhiver
While Devils puſh them to the Pit wide-yawning
Hideous and gloomy to receive them headlong
Down to the Centre.

VIII.

Stop here, my Fancy : (all away, ye horrid
Doleful Ideas,) come, ariſe to *JESUS*,
How he ſits God-like ! and the Saints around him
Thron'd, yet adoring !

IX

O may I ſit there when he comes Triumphant,
Dooming the Nations ! then aſcend to Glory,
While our *Hoſannas* all along the Paſſage
Shout the Redeemer.

The Song of Angels above.

EARTH has detain'd me Priſoner long,
And I'm groan weary now :
My Heart, my Hand, my Ear, my Tongue,
There's nothing here for you.

II.

Tir'd in my Thoughts I ſtretch me down,
And upward glance mine Eyes.
Upward (my Father) to thy Throne,
And to my native Skies.

III.

There the dear MAN my Saviour ſits,
The GOD, how bright he ſhines !
And ſcatters infinite Delights
On all the happy Minds.

IV.

Seraphs with elevated Strains
Circle the Throne around,

And move and charm the ſtarry Plains
With an Immortal Sound.

V.

JESUS the LORD their Harps employs,
JESUS my Love they ſing,
JESUS the Name of both our Joys
Sound ſweet from every String.

VI.

Hark, how beyond the narrow Bounds
Of Time and Space they run,
And ſpeak in moſt Majeſtick Sounds,
The Godhead of the SON.

VII.

How on the Father's Breaſt he lay,
The Darling of his Soul,
Infinite Years before the Day
Or Heavens began to roll.

VIII.

And now they ſink the lofty Tone,
And gentler Notes they play,
And bring th' Eternal Godhead down
To dwell in humble Clay.

IX.

O ſacred Beauties of the MAN!
(The GOD reſides within)
His Fleſh all pure, without a Stain,
His Soul without a Sin.

X.

Then, how he look'd, and how he ſmil'd,
What wondrous Things he ſaid!
Sweet Cherubs, ſtay, dwell here a while,
And tell what *JESUS* did.

XI.

At his Command the Blind awake,
And feel the gladſom Rays;
He bids the Dumb attempt to ſpeak,
They try their Tongues in Praiſe.

XII.

He ſhed a thouſand Bleſſings round
Where-e'er he turn'd his Eye;
He ſpoke, and at the Sovereign Sound
The helliſh Legions fly.

XIII.

Thus while with unambitious Strife
Th' Ethereal Minſtrels rove
Thro' all the Labours of his Life,
And Wonders of his Love.

XIV.

In the full Choir a broken String
Groans with a ſtrange Surprize;
The reſt in Silence mourn their King,
That bleeds, and loves, and dies.

XV.

Seraph and Saint, with drooping Wings,
Ceaſe their harmonious Breath;
No blooming Trees, nor bubbling Springs,
While *JESUS* ſleeps in Death.

XVI.

Then all at once to living Strains
They ſummon every Chord,
Break up the Tomb, and burſt his Chains,
And ſhew their riſing LORD.

XVII.

Around the flaming Army throngs
To guard him to the Skies,
With loud *Hoſanna's* on their Tongues,
And Triumph in their Eyes.

XVIII.

In awful State the conquering GOD
Aſcends his ſhining Throne,
While tuneful Angels ſound abroad
The Vict'ries he has won.

XIX.

Now let me riſe, and join their Song,
And be an Angel too;

My

My Heart, my Hand, my Ear, my Tongue,
Here's joyful Work for you.

XX.

I would begin the Muſick here,
And ſo my Soul ſhould riſe:
Oh for ſome heavenly Notes to bear
My Spirit to the Skies!

XXI.

There, ye that love my Saviour, ſit,
There I would fain have place,
Amongſt your Thrones, or at your Feet,
So I might ſee his Face.

XXII.

I am confin'd to Earth no more,
But mount in haſte above,
To bleſs the GOD that I adore,
And ſing the MAN I love.

Fire, Air, Earth and Sea, praiſe ye the LORD.

I.

EARTH, thou great Footſtool of our GOD
Who reigns on high; thou fruitful Source
Of all our Rayment, Life and Food;
Our Houſe, our Parent, and our Nurſe;
Mighty Stage of mortal Scenes,
Dreſt with ſtrong and gay Machines,
Hung with golden Lamps around;
(And flowry Carpets ſpread the Ground)
Thou bulky Globe, prodigious Maſs,
That hangs unpillar'd in an empty Space!
While thy unweildy Weight reſts on the feeble Air,
Bleſs that Almighty Word that fix'd and holds thee there.

II.

II.

Fire, thou ſwift Herald of his Face,
Whoſe glorious Rage, at his Command,
Levels a Palace with the Sand,
Blending the lofty Spires in Ruin with the Baſe:
Ye heav'nly Flames, that ſinge the Air,
Artillery of a jealous GOD,
Bright Arrows that his ſounding Quivers bear
To ſcatter Deaths abroad;
Lightnings, adore the ſovereign Arm that flings
His Vengeance, and your Fires, upon the Heads of Kings.

III.

Thou vital Element, the *Air*,
Whoſe boundleſs Magazines of Breath
Our fainting Flame of Life repair,
And ſave the Bubble *Man* from the cold Arms of Death:
And ye, whoſe vital Moiſture yields
Life's purple Stream a freſh Supply;
Sweet *Waters* wandring thro' the flow'ry Fields,
Or dropping from the Sky;
Confeſs the Pow'r whoſe all-ſufficient Name
Nor needs your Aid to build, or to ſupport our Frame.

IV.

Now the rude Air, with noiſy Force,
Beats up and ſwells the angry Sea,
They join to make our Lives a Prey,
And ſweep the Sailors Hopes away,
Vain Hopes, to reach their Kindred on the Shores!
Lo, the wild Seas and ſurging Waves
Gape hideous in a thouſand Graves:
Be ſtill, ye Floods, and know your Bounds of Sand,
Ye Storms, adore your Maſter's Hand;
The Winds are in his Fiſt, the Waves at his Command.

V.

From the Eternal Emptineſs
His fruitful Word by ſecret Springs
Drew the whole Harmony of Things
That form this noble Univerſe:

Old

Old Nothing knew his pow'rful Hand,
Scarce had he ſpoke his full Command,
Fire, Air, and Earth, and Sea heard the creating Call,
And leap'd from empty Nothing to this beauteous All;
And ſtill they dance, and ſtill obey
The Orders they receiv'd the great Creation-Day.

The Farewel.

I.

DEAD be my Heart to all below,
To mortal Joys and mortal Cares;
To ſenſual Bliſs that charms us ſo
Be dark, my Eyes, and deaf, my Ears.

II.

Here I renounce my carnal Taſte
Of the fair Fruit that Sinners prize:
Their Paradiſe ſhall never waſte
One Thought of mine, but to deſpiſe.

III.

All earthly Joys are over-weigh'd
With Mountains of vexatious Care;
And where's the Sweet that is not laid
A Bait to ſome deſtructive Snare?

IV.

Be gone for ever, Mortal Things!
Thou mighty Mole-Hill, Earth, Farewel!
Angels aſpire on lofty Wings,
And leave the Globe for Ants to dwell.

V.

Come Heaven, and fill my vaſt Deſires,
My Soul purſues the ſovereign Good:
She was all made of heavenly Fires,
Nor can ſhe live on meaner Food.

GOD

GOD *only known to himſelf.*

I.

STAND and adore! how glorious He
That dwells in bright Eternity!
We gaze, and we confound our Sight
Plung'd in th' Abyſs of dazzling Light.

II.

Thou Sacred ONE, Almighty THREE,
Great Everlaſting MYSTERY,
What lofty Numbers ſhall we frame
Equal to thy tremendous Name?

III.

Seraphs, the neareſt to the Throne,
Begin and ſpeak the Great UNKNOWN:
Attempt the Song, wind up your Strings,
To Notes untry'd, and boundleſs Things.

IV.

You, whoſe capacious Pow'rs ſurvey
Largely beyond our Eyes of Clay:
Yet what a narrow Portion too
Is ſeen, or known, or thought by you?

V.

How flat your higheſt Praiſes fall
Below th' immenſe ORIGINAL!
Weak Creatures we, that ſtrive in vain
To reach an uncreated Strain;

VI.

Great GOD, forgive our feeble Lays,
Sound out thine own eternal Praiſe;
A Song, ſo vaſt, a Theme ſo high,
Calls for the Voice that tun'd the Sky.

Pardon

Pardon and Sanctification.

I.

MY Crimes awake; and hideous Fear
Diſtracts my reſtleſs Mind,
Guilt meets my Eyes with horrid Glare,
And Hell purſues behind.

II.

Almighty Vengeance frowns on high,
And Flames array the Throne;
While Thunder murmurs round the Sky,
Impatient to be gone.

III.

Where ſhall I hide this noxious Head;
Can Rocks or Mountains ſave?
Or ſhall I wrap me in the Shade
Of Midnight and the Grave?

IV

Is there no Shelter from the Eye
Of a revenging God?
JESUS, to thy dear Wounds I fly,
Bedew me with thy Blood.

V.

Thoſe Guardian Drops my Soul ſecure,
And waſh away my Sin;
Eternal Juſtice frowns no more,
And Conſcience ſmiles within.

VI.

I bleſs that wondrous Purple Stream
That whitens every Stain;
Yet is my Soul but half redeem'd,
If Sin the Tyrant reign.

VII.

LORD, blaſt his Empire with thy Breath,
That curſed Throne muſt fall;
Ye flattering Plagues, that work my Death,
Fly, for I hate you all.

Sovereignty and Grace.

I.

THE LORD! how fearful is his Name?
How wide is his Command?
Nature with all her moving Frame,
Reſts on his mighty Hand.

II.

Immortal Glory forms his Throne,
And Light his awful Robe;
Whilſt with a Smile, or with a Frown,
He manages the Globe.

III.

A Word of his Almighty Breath
Can ſwell or ſink the Seas;
Build the vaſt Empires of the Earth,
Or break them as he pleaſe.

IV.

Adoring Angels round him fall
In all their ſhining Forms,
His ſovereign Eye looks thro' them all,
And pities mortal Worms.

V.

His Bowels, to our worthleſs Race,
In ſweet Compaſſion move;
He cloaths his Looks with ſofteſt Grace,
And takes his Title, Love.

VI.

Now let the LORD, for ever reign,
And ſway us as he will,
Sick, or in Health, in Eaſe, or Pain,
We are his Favourites ſtill.

VII.

No more ſhall peeviſh Paſſion riſe,
The Tongue no more complain;
'Tis ſovereign Love that lends our Joys,
And Love reſumes again.

The Law and Goſpel.

I.

" CURST be the Man, for ever curſt,
" That doth one wilful Sin commit;
" Death and Damnation for the Firſt,
" Without Relief and Infinite.

II.

Thus *Sinai* roars; and round the Earth
Thunder, and Fire, and Vengeance flings;
But *JESUS*, thy dear gaſping Breath,
And *Calvary*, ſay gentler Things.

III.

" Pardon, and Grace, and boundleſs Love,
" Streaming along a SAVIOUR's Blood,
" And Life, and Joys, and Crowns above,
" Dear purchas'd by a bleeding GOD.

IV.

Hark, how he prays, (the charming Sound
Dwells on his dying Lips) FORGIVE;
And every Groan, and gaping Wound,
Cries, " Father, let the Rebels live.

V.

Go, you that reſt upon the Law,
And toil, and ſeek Salvation there,
Look to the Flames that *Moſes* ſaw,
And ſhrink, and tremble, and deſpair.

VI.

But I'll retire beneath the Croſs,
SAVIOUR, at thy dear Feet I lie;
And the keen Sword that Juſtice draws,
Flaming and red, ſhall paſs me by.

Seeking a divine Calm in a reſtleſs World.

O Mens, quæ ſtabili fata Regis vice, &c.
Caſimire *Book* III. *Od.*28.

I.

ETERNAL Mind, who rul'ſt the Fates
Of dying Realms, and riſing States,
With one unchang'd Decree,
While we admire thy vaſt Affairs,
Say, Can our little trifling Cares
Afford a Smile to thee?

II.

Thou ſcattereſt Honours, Crowns and Gold;
We fly to ſeize, and fight to hold
The Bubbles and the Oar:
So Emmets ſtruggle for a Grain;
So Boys their petty Wars maintain
For Shells upon the Shore.

III.

Here a vain Man his Scepter breaks,
The next a broken Scepter takes,
And Warriors win and looſe;
This rolling World will never ſtand,
Plunder'd and ſnatch'd from Hand to Hand,
As Power decays or grows.

IV.

Earth's but an Atom: Greedy Swords
Carve it amongſt a thouſand Lords,
And yet they can't agree:
Let greedy Swords ſtill fight and ſlay,
I can be poor; but, LORD, I pray
To ſit and ſmile with thee.

Happy

Happy Frailty.

" HOW meanly dwells th' Immortal Mind!
" How vile theſe bodies are!
" Why was a Clod of Earth deſign'd
" T' encloſe a heavenly Star?

II.

" Weak Cottage where our Souls reſide!
" This Fleſh a tott'ring Wall;
" With frightful Breaches gaping wide
" The Building Bends to fall.

III.

" All round it Storms of Trouble blow,
" And Waves of Sorrow roll;
" Cold Waves and Winter Storms beat through,
" And pain the Tenant Soul.

IV.

" Alas! how frail our State!" ſaid I;
And thus went mourning on,
Till ſudden from the cleaving Sky
A Gleam of Glory ſhone.

V.

My Soul all felt the Glory come,
And breath'd her native Air;
Then ſhe remember'd Heaven her Home,
And ſhe a Priſoner here.

VI.

Straight ſhe began to change her Key,
And joyful in her Pains,
She ſung the Frailty of her Clay
In pleaſurable Strains.

VII.

" How weak the Pris'n is where I dwell!
" Fleſh but a tottering Wall,
" The Breaches chearfully foretel,
" The Houſe muſt ſhortly fall.

VIII.

VIII.

" No more, my Friends, ſhall I complain,
" Tho' all my Heart-ſtrings ake ;
" Welcome Diſeaſe, and every Pain,
" That makes the Cottage ſhake.

IX.

" Now let the Tempeſt blow all round.
" Now ſwell the Surges high,
" And beat this Houſe of Bondage down,
" To let the Stranger fly.

X.

" I have a Manſion built above
" By the Eternal Hand ;
" And ſhould the Earth's old Baſis move
" My Heav'nly Houſe muſt ſtand.

XI.

" Yes, for 'tis there my Saviour reigns,
" (I long to ſee the GOD)
" And his immortal Strength ſuſtains
" The Courts that coſt him Blood.

XII.

Hark, from on high my Saviour calls :
" I come, my LORD, my LOVE :"
Devotion breaks the Priſon-Walls,
And ſpeeds my laſt Remove.

Launching into Eternity.

IT was a brave Attempt ! adventurous He,
Who in the firſt Ship broke the unknown Sea :
And leaving his dear native Shores behind,
Truſted his Life to the licentious Wind.
I ſee the ſurging Brine : the Tempeſt raves :
He on a Pine-Plank rides acroſs the Waves ;
Exulting on the Edge of thouſand gaping Graves :

He

He ſteers the winged Boat, and ſhifts the Sails,
Conquers the Flood, and manages the Gales.
Such is the Soul that leaves this mortal Land
Fearleſs when the great Maſter gives Command.
Death is the Storm: She ſmiles to hear it roar,
And bids the Tempeſt waft her from the Shore:
Then with a ſkilful Helm ſhe ſweeps the Seas,
And manages the raging Storm with Eaſe;
(*Her Faith can govern Death*) ſhe ſpreads her Wings
Wide to the Wind, and as ſhe ſails ſhe ſings,
And loſes by Degrees the ſight of mortal Things.
As the Shores leſſen, ſo her Joys ariſe,
The Waves roll gentler, and the Tempeſt dies,
Now vaſt Eternity fills all her Sight,
She floats on the broad Deep with infinite Delight,
The Seas for ever calm, the Skies for ever bright.

A Proſpect of the Reſurrection.

I.

HOW long ſhall Death the Tyrant reign:
And triumph o'er the Juſt,
While the rich Blood of Martyrs ſlain
Lies mingled with the Duſt?

II.

When ſhall the tedious Night be gone?
When will our LORD appear?
Our fond Deſires would pray him down,
Our Love embrace him here.

III.

Let Faith ariſe and climb the Hills,
And from afar deſcry
How diſtant are his Chariot-Wheels,
And tell how faſt they fly.

IV.

Lo, I behold the ſcatt'ring Shades,
The Dawn of Heav'n appears,
The ſweet immortal Morning ſpreads
Its Bluſhes round the Spheres.

V.

I ſee the LORD of Glory come,
And flaming Guards around:
The Skies divide to make him Room,
The Trumpet ſhakes the Ground.

VI.

I hear the Voice, *Ye dead ariſe*,
And lo, the Graves obey,
And waking Saints with joyful Eyes
Salute th' expected Day.

VII.

They leave the Duſt, and on the Wing
Riſe to the middle Air,
In ſhining Garments meet their King,
And low adore him there.

VIII.

O may my humble Spirit ſtand
Amongſt them cloth'd in white!
The meaneſt Place at his Right Hand
Is infinite Delight.

IX.

How will our Joy and Wonder riſe,
When our returning King
Shall bear us homeward thro' the Skies
On Love's triumphant Wing!

Ad Dominum noſtrum & Servatorem. *JESUM CHRISTUM.*

ODA.

I.

TE, grande Numen, Corporis Incola,
Te, magna magni Progenies Patris,
Nomen verendum noſtri *JESU*
Vox, Citharæ, Calami ſonabunt.

II.

Aptentur auro grandiſonæ fides,
CHRISTI Triumphos incipe Barbite,
Fractoſque terrores *Averni*,
Victum *Erebum*, domitamque Mortem.

III.

Immenſa vaſtos ſæcula circulos
Volvêre, blando dum Patris in ſinû
Toto fruebatur *JEHOVAH*
Gaudia mille bibens *JESUS*;

IV.

Donec ſuperno vidit ab Æthere
Adam cadentem, Tartara hiantia,
Unâque mergendos ruinâ
Heu nimium miſeros Nepotes:

V.

Vidit minaces Vindicis Angeli
Ignes & Enſem, Telaque Sanguine
Tigenda noſtro, dum rapinæ
Spe fremuere *Erebæa* Monſtra.

VI.

Commota ſacras Viſcera protinus
Senſêre flammas, Omnipotens furor
Ebullit, Immenſique Amoris
Æthereum calet Igne Pectus.

VII.

" Non tota prorſus Gens Hominum dabit
" Hoſti Triumphos: Quid Patris & Labor
" Dulciſque Imago? num peribunt
" Funditus? O prius Aſtra cæcis

VIII.

" Mergantur Undis, & redeat Chaos:
" Aut ipſe diſperdam *Satanæ* dolos,
" Aut ipſe diſperdar, & iſti
" Sceptra dabo moderanda dextræ.

IX.

" Teſtor paternum Numen, & hoc Caput
" Æquale teſtor, dixit; & Ætheris
Inclinat ingens culmen, alto
Deſiliitque ruens Olympo.

X.

Mortale corpus impiger induit
Artuſque noſtros, heu tenues nimis
Nimiſque viles! Vindicique
Corda dedit fodienda Ferro.

XI.

Vitamque Morti; Proh dolor! O graves
Tonandis Iræ! O Lex ſatis aſpera!
Merceſque Peccati ſevera
Adamici, vetitique fructus

XII.

Non Pœna lenis! Quò ruis impotens!
Quò Muſa! largas fundere lachrymas,
Buſtique Divini triumphos
Sacrilego temerare fletu?

XIII.

Sepone queſtus, læta DEUM cane
Majore Chordâ. Pſalle ſonoriùs
Ut ferreas Mortis cavernas
Et rigidam penetravit Aulam.

XIV.

Senſêre Numen Regna feralia,
Mugit Barathrum, contremuit Chaos,

Dirùm

Dirùm fremebat Rex *Gehennæ*,
Perque ſuum tremebundus Orcum.

XV.

Latè refugit. " Nil agis Impie,
" Mergat vel imis te *Phlegethon* vadis,
" Hoc findet undas Fulmen, inquit,
Et patrios jaculatus ignes

XVI.

Trajecit hoſtem. Nigra ſilentia
Umbræque flammas Æthereas pavent
Dudum peroſæ, ex quo coruſco
Præcipites cecidere Cœlo.

XVII.

Immane rugit jam Tonitru ; fragor
Latè ruinam mandat : ab infimis
Lectæque deſignata Genti
Tartara disjiciuntur antris.

XVIII.

Heîc ſtrata paſſim Vincula, & heîc jacent
Unci cruenti, Tormina Mentium
Inviſa ; ploratuque vaſto
Spicula Mors ſibi adempta plangit.

XIX.

En, ut refurgit Victor ab ultimo
Ditis [illegible], curribus aureis
Aſtricta raptans Monſtra noctis
Perdomitumque *Erebi* Tyrannum.

XX.

Quanta Angelorum gaudia jubilant
Victor paternum dum repetit polum ?
En qualis ardet, dum beati
Limina ſcandit Ovans Olympi !

XXI.

Io triumphe plectra Seraphica,
Io triumphe Grex Hominum ſonet,
Dum læta quaquaverſus ambos
Aſtra repercutiunt Triumphos.

Sui-

Sui-ipſius Increpatio.

EPIGRAMMA.

CORPORE cur hæres, *Wattſi?* cur Incola Terræ?
Quid cupis indignum, Mens habitare lutum?
Te Caro mille malis premit; hinc juvenes gravat artus
Languor, & hinc vegetus crimina ſanguis alit.
Cura, Amor, Ira, Dolor mentem malè diſtrahit; Aucepa
Undique adeſt *Satanas* retia ſæva ſtruens.
Suſpice ut Æthereum ſignant tibi nutibus Aſtra
Tramitem, & Aula vocat parta Cruore DEI.
Te manet *Uriel* dux; & tibi ſubjicit alas
Stellatas Seraphîn officioſa cohors.
Te Superûm Chorus optat amans, te invitat *JESUS*,
" Huc ades & noſtro tempora conde ſinû.
Verè amat ille Lutum quem nec Dolor aut *Satan* arcet
Inde, nec alliciunt Angelus, Aſtra, Deus.

Excitatio Cordis Cælum verſus.

1694.

HEU quot ſêcla teris carcere Corporis,
Wattſi? quid refugis Limen & Exitum?
Nec Mens Æthereum Culmen, & Atria
Magni Patris anhelitat;
Corpus vile creat mille Moleſtias,
Circum Corda volant & Dolor, & Metus,
Peccatumque malis durius omnibus
Cæcas Inſidias ſtruit.
Non hoc grata tibi Gaudia de ſolo
Surgunt: CHRISTUS abeſt, deliciæ tuæ,
Longè CHRISTUS abeſt, inter & Angelos
Et picta aſtra perambulans.

Cæli

* *Cæli* ſumma *petas*, nec jaculabitur.
Iracunda tonans *fulmina*: Te DEUS
Hortatur; *Vacuum* tende per *Aera*
Pennas nunc homini datas.

* *Vide* Horat. Lib. I. Od. 3.

Breathing toward the heavenly Country.

Caſimire, Book I. Od 19. imitated.

Urit me Patriæ Decor, &c.

THE Beauty of my native Land
Immortal Love inſpires;
I burn, I burn with ſtrong Deſires,
And ſigh, and wait the high Command.
There glides the Moon her ſhining Way,
And ſhoots my Heart thro' with a Silver Ray,
Upward my Heart aſpires:
A thouſand Lamps of golden Light
Hung high, in vaulted Azure, charm my Sight,
And wink and beckon with their amorous Fires,
O ye fair Glories of my heavenly Home,
Bright Centinels who guard my Father's Court,
Where all the happy Minds reſort,
When will my Father's Chariot come?
Muſt ye for ever walk the Ethereal Round,
For ever ſee the Mourner lie
An Exile of the Sky,
A Priſoner of the Ground?
Deſcend ſome ſhining Servants from on high,
Build me a haſty Tomb;

A graſſy Turf will raiſe my Head;
The neighbouring Lillies dreſs my Bed;
And ſhed a cheap Perfume.
Here I put off the Chains of Death,
My Soul too long has worn:
Friends, I forbid one groaning Breath,
Or Tear to wet my Urn;
Raphael, behold me all undreſt,
Here gently lay this Fleſh to reſt;
Then mount, and lead the Path unknown,
Swift I purſue thee, flaming Guide, on Pinions of my own.

Caſimiri *Epigramma* 100.

In Sanctum *Ardalionem* qui ex Mimo Chriſtianus factus Martyrium paſſus eſt.

ARDALIO *ſacros deridet carmine Ritus,*
Feſtaque non æquâ voce Theatra quatit,
Audiit Omnipotens; " *Non eſt opus, inquit, hiulco*
" *Fulmine; tam facilem, Gracia, vince Virum.*
Deſerit illa Polos, & deſerit iſte Theatrum,
Et terreti ſacrum volvit in Enſe Caput.
" *Sic, ſic, inquit, abit noſtræ Comœdia Vitæ;*
" *Terra vale, Cœlum plaude, Tyranne feri.*

Engliſhed.

On Saint Ardalio, *who from a Stage-Player became a Chriſtian, and ſuffered Martyrdom.*

I.

ARDALIO jeers, and in his Comic Strains
The Myſteries of our bleeding GOD profanes
While his loud Laughter ſhakes the painted Scenes.

II.

II.

Heaven heard, and ſtrait around the ſmoaking Throne
The kindling Lightning in thick Flaſhes ſhone,
And vengeful Thunder murmur'd to be gone.

III.

Mercy ſtood near, and with a ſmiling Brow
Calm'd the loud Thunder; " There's no need of you;
" Grace ſhall deſcend, and the weak Man ſubdue.

IV.

Grace leaves the Skies, and he the Stage forſakes,
He bows his Head down to the Martyring Ax,
And as he bows, this gentle Farewel ſpeaks;

V.

" So goes the Comedy of Life away;
" Vain Earth, adieu; Heaven will applaud to Day;
" Strike Courteous Tyrant, and conclude the Play.

* *

When the Proteſtant Church at Montpelier *was demoliſhed by the* French *King's Order, the Proteſtants laid Stones up in their Burying-place, whereon a Jeſuit made a Latin Epigram.*

Engliſhed thus:

A *Hug'not* Church, once at *Montpelier* built,
Stood and proclaim'd their Madneſs and their Guilt;
Too long it ſtood beneath Heav'n's angry Frown,
Worthy when riſing to be thunder'd down.
Lewis, at laſt, th' Avenger of the Skies,
Commands, and level with the Ground it lies:
The Stones diſpers'd their wretched Offspring come,
Gather, and heap them on their Father's Tomb,

Thus the curs'd Houſe falls on the Builder's Head:
And tho' beneath the Ground their Bones are laid,
Yet the juſt Vengeance ſtill purſues the guilty Dead.

The Anſwer by a French *Proteſtant.*

Engliſhed thus:

A *Chriſtian* Church once at *Montpelier* ſtood,
And nobly ſpoke the Builder's Zeal for GOD.
It ſtood the Envy of the fierce Dragoon,
But not deſerv'd to be deſtroy'd ſo ſoon:
Yet *Lewis* the wild Tyrant of the Age,
Tears down the Walls, a Victim to his Rage.
Young faithful Hands pile up the ſacred Stones
(Dear Monument!) o'er their dead Fathers Bones;
The Stones ſhall move when the dead Fathers riſe,
Start up before the pale Deſtroyer's Eyes,
And teſtify his Madneſs to th' avenging Skies.

Two happy Rivals, Devotion and the Muſe.

I.

WILD as the Lightning, various as the Moon,
Roves my *Pindaric* Song:
Here ſhe glows like burning Noon
In fierceſt Flames, and here ſhe plays
Gentle as Star-beams on the Midnight Seas;
Now in a ſmiling Angel's Form,

Anon

Anon ſhe rides upon the Storm,
Loud as the noiſy Thunder as a Deluge ſtrong.
Are my Thoughts and Wiſhes free,
And know no Number nor Degree?
Such is the Muſe: Lo ſhe diſdains
The Links and Chains,
Meaſures and Rules of vulgar Strains,
And o'er the Laws of Harmony a Sovereign Queen ſhe reigns.

II.

If ſhe roves
By Streams or Groves
Tuning her Pleaſures or her Pains,
My Paſſion keeps her ſtill in Sight,
My Paſſion holds an equal Flight
Thro' Love's or Nature's wide Campaigns.
If with bold Attempt ſhe ſings
Of the biggeſt mortal Things,
Tottering Thrones and Nations ſlain;
Or breaks the Fleets of warring Kings,
While Thunders roar
From Shore to Shore,
My Soul ſits faſt upon her Wings,
And ſweeps the crimſon Surge or ſcours the purple Plain;
Still I attend her as ſhe flies,
Round the broad Globe, and all beneath the Skies.

III.

But when from the Meridian Star
Long Streaks of Glory ſhine,
And Heaven invites her from afar,
She takes the Hint ſhe knows the Sign,
The Muſe aſcends her heavenly Carr,
And climbs the ſteepy Path and means the Throne divine.
Then ſhe leaves my flutt'ring Mind
Clogg'd with Clay, and unrefin'd,
Lengths of Diſtance far behind;

Virtue

Virtue lags with heavy Wheel;
Faith has Wings but cannot riſe,
Cannot riſe,——Swift and high
As the winged Numbers fly,
And faint Devotion panting lies
Half way th' Ethereal Hill.

IV.

O why is Piety ſo weak,
And yet the Muſe ſo ſtrong?
When ſhall theſe hateful Fetters break
That have confin'd me long?
Inward a glowing Heat I feel,
A Spark of heav'nly Day;
But earthly Vapours damp my Zeal,
And heavy Fleſh drags me the downward Way.
Faint are the Efforts of my Will,
And mortal Paſſion charms my Soul aſtray.
Shine, thou ſweet Hour of dear Releaſe,
Shine from the Sky,
And call me high
To mingle with the Choirs of Glory and of Bliſs.
Devotion there begins the Flight,
Awakes the Song, and guides the Way;
There Love and Zeal divine and bright
Trace out new Regions in the World of Light,
And ſcarce the boldeſt Muſe can follow or obey.

V.

I'm in a Dream, and fancy reigns,
She ſpreads her gay deluſive Scenes;
Or is the Viſion true?
Behold *Religion* on her Throne,
In awful State deſcending down,
And her Dominions vaſt and bright within my ſpacious View.
She ſmiles, and with a courteous Hand
She beckons me away;
I feel mine airy Powers looſe from the cumb'rous Clay,
And with a joyful haſte obey

Religion's

Religion's high Command.
What Lengths and Heights and Depths unknown!
Broad Fields with blooming Glory ſown,
And Seas, and Skies, and Stars her own,
In an unmeaſur'd Sphere!
What Heavens of Joy, and Light ſerene,
Which nor the rolling Sun has ſeen,
Where nor the roving Muſe has been
That greater Traveller!

VI.

A long Farewel to all below,
Farewel to all that Senſe can ſhow,
To golden Scenes, and flow'ry Fields,
To all the Worlds that Fancy builds,
And all that Poets know.
Now the ſwift Tranſports of the Mind
Leave the fluttering Muſe behind,
A thouſand looſe *Pindaric* Plumes fly ſcatt'ring down the Wind,
Amongſt the Clouds I loſe my Breath,
The Rapture grows too ſtrong:
The feeble Pow'rs that Nature gave
Faint and drop downward to the Grave;
Receive their Fall, thou Treaſurer of Death;
I will no more demand my Tongue,
Till the groſs Organ well refin'd
Can trace the boundleſs Flights of an unfetter'd Mind,
And raiſe an equal Song.

The following Poems of this Book are peculiarly dedicated to DIVINE LOVE *.

The Hazard of loving the Creatures.

I.

WHERE-E'ER my flatt'ring Paſſions rove
I find a lurking Snare;
'Tis dangerous to let looſe our Love
Beneath th' Eternal Fair.

II.

Souls whom the Tye of Friendſhip binds,
And Partners of our Blood,
Seize a large Portion of our Minds,
And leave the leſs for GOD.

III.

Nature has ſoft but powerful Bands,
And Reaſon ſhe controuls;
While Children with their little Hands
Hang cloſeſt to our Souls.

IV.

Thoughtleſs they act th' old Serpent's Part;
What tempting Things they be!
LORD, how they twine about our Heart,
And draw it off from thee!

* *Different Ages have their different Airs and Faſhions of Writing. It was much more the Faſhion of the Age, when theſe Poems were written, to treat of Divine Subjects in the Style of* SOLOMON'S SONG *than it is at this Day,* which will afford ſome Apology for the Writer, in his youngeſt Years.

V.

V.

Our haſty Wills ruſh blindly on
  Where riſing Paſſion rolls,
And thus we make our Fetters ſtrong
  To bind our ſlaviſh Souls.

VI.

Dear Sovereign, break theſe Fetters off,
  And ſet our Spirits free;
God in himſelf is Bliſs enough,
  For we have all in Thee.

Deſiring to love CHRIST.

I.

COME, let me love: or is thy Mind
  Harden'd to Stone, or froze to Ice?
I ſee the bleſſed Fair One bend
And ſtoop t' embrace me from the Skies!

II.

O! 'tis a Thought would melt a Rock,
And make a Heart of Iron move,
That thoſe ſweet Lips, that heavenly Look,
Should ſeek and wiſh a mortal Love!

III.

I was a Traitor doom'd to Fire,
Bound to ſuſtain Eternal Pains;
He flew on Wings of ſtrong Deſire,
Aſſum'd my Guilt, and took my Chains.

IV.

Infinite Grace! Almighty Charms!
Stand in Amaze, ye whirling Skies,
JESUS the GOD, with naked Arms,
Hangs on a Croſs of Love, and dies.

V.

Did Pity ever ſtoop ſo low,
Dreſs'd in Divinity and Blood?

Was

Was ever Rebel courted ſo
In Groans of an expiring GOD?

VI.

Again he lives; and ſpreads his Hands,
Hands that were nail'd to tort'ring Smart;
By theſe dear Wounds, ſays he, and ſtands
And prays to claſp me to his Heart.

VII.

Sure I muſt love; or are my Ears
Still deaf, nor will my Paſſion move?
Then let me melt this Heart to Tears;
This Heart ſhall yield to Death or Love.

The Heart given away.

I.

IF there are Paſſions in my Soul,
(And Paſſions ſure there be)
Now they are all at thy Controul,
My *JESUS*, all for Thee.

II.

If Love, that pleaſing Power, can reſt
In Hearts ſo hard as mine,
Come, gentle Saviour, to my Breaſt,
For all my Love is thine.

III.

Let the gay World with treacherous Art,
Allure my Eyes in vain:
I have convey'd away my Heart,
Ne'er to return again.

IV.

I feel my warmeſt Paſſions dead
To all that Earth can boaſt;
This Soul of mine was never made
For Vanity and Duſt.

V.

Now I can fix my Thoughts above,
Amidſt their flatt'ring Charms,
Till the dear LORD that hath my Love
Shall call me to his Arms.

VI.

So *Gabriel*, at his King's Command,
From yon Celeſtial Hill,
Walks downward to our worthleſs Land,
His Soul points upward ſtill.

VII.

He glides along my mortal Things,
Without a Thought of Love,
Fulfils his Taſk, and ſpreads his Wings
To reach the Realms above.

Meditation in a Grove.

I.

SWEET Muſe, deſcend and bleſs the Shade,
And bleſs the Evening Grove;
Buſineſs, and Noiſe, and Day are fled,
And every Care, but Love.

II.

But hence, ye wanton young and Fair,
Mine is a purer Flame;
No *Phillis* ſhall infect the Air,
With her unhallowed Name.

III.

JESUS has all my Powers poſſeſt,
My Hopes, my Fears, my Joys:
He, the dear Sovereign of my Breaſt,
Shall ſtill command my Voice.

IV.

Some of the faireſt Choirs above,
Shall flock around my Song,
With Joy to hear the Name they love
Sound from a mortal Tongue.

V.

V.

His Charms ſhall make my Numbers flow,
And hold the falling Floods,
While Silence ſits on every Bough,
And bends the liſt'ning Woods.

VI.

I'll carve our Paſſion on the Bark,
And every wounded Tree
Shall drop and bear ſome myſtic Mark
That *JESUS* dy'd for me.

VII.

The Swains ſhall wonder when they read,
Inſcrib'd on all the Grove,
That Heaven itſelf came down, and bled
To win a Mortal's Love.

The Faireſt and the Only Beloved.

I.

HONOUR to that diviner Ray
That firſt allur'd my Eyes away
From every mortal Fair;
All the gay Things that held my Sight
Seem but the twinkling Sparks of Night,
And languiſhing in doubtful Light
Die at the Morning-Star.

II.

Whatever ſpeaks the Godhead great,
And fit to be ador'd,
Whatever makes the Creature ſweet,
And worthy of my Paſſion, meet
Harmonious in my LORD.
A thouſand Graces ever riſe
And bloom upon his Face;
A thouſand Arrows from his Eyes

Shoot

Shoot through my Heart with dear Surprize,
And guard around the Place.

III.

All Nature's Art ſhall never cure
The heavenly Pains I found,
And 'tis beyond all Beauty's Power
To make another Wound:
Earthly Beauties grow and fade;
Nature heals the Wounds ſhe made,
But charms ſo much divine
Hold a long Empire of the Heart;
What Heaven has join'd ſhall never part,
And *JESUS* muſt be mine.

IV.

In vain the envious Shades of Night,
Or Flatteries of the Day
Would veil his Image from my Sight,
Or tempt my Soul away;
JESUS is all my waking Theme,
His lovely Form meets every Dream
And knows not to depart:
The Paſſion reigns
Thro' all my Veins,
And floating round the crimſon Stream,
Still finds him at my Heart.

V.

Dwell there, forever dwell, my Love;
Here I confine my Senſe;
Nor dare my wildeſt Wiſhes rove
Nor ſtir a Thought from thence.
Amidſt thy Glories and thy Grace
Let all my Remnant-Minutes paſs;
Grant, thou EVERLASTING FAIR,
Grant my Soul a Manſion there:
My Soul aſpires to ſee thy Face
Tho' Life ſhould for the Viſion pay;
So Rivers run to meet the Sea,
And loſe their Nature in th' Embrace.

VI. Thou

VI.

Thou art my Ocean, thou my GOD;
In Thee the Paſſions of the Mind
With Joys and Freedom unconfin'd
Exult, and ſpread their Powers abroad.
Not, all the glittering Things on high
Can make my Heaven, if thou remove;
I ſhall be tir'd and long to die;
Life is a Pain without thy Love;
Who could ever bear to be
Curſt with Immortality
Among the Stars, but far from Thee?

Mutual Love ſtronger than Death.

I.

NOT the rich World of Minds above
Can pay the mighty Debt of Love
I owe to CHRIST my GOD:
With Pangs which none but he could feel
He bought my guilty Soul from Hell:
Not the firſt Seraph's Tongue can tell
The Value of his Blood.

II.

Kindly he ſeiz'd me in his Arms,
From the falſe World's pernicious Charms
With Force divinely ſweet.
Had I ten thouſand Lives my own,
At his Demand,
With chearful Hand,
I'd pay the Vital Treaſure down
In hourly Tributes at his Feet.

III.

But, SAVIOUR, let me taſte thy Grace
With every fleeting Breath?
And thro' the Heaven of Pleaſure paſs
To the cold Arms of Death;

Then I could loſe ſucceſſive Souls
  Faſt as the Minutes fly;
So Billow after Billow rolls
  To kiſs the Shore, and die.

The Subſtance of the following Copy, and many of the Lines were ſent me by an eſteemed Friend, Mr. W. Nokes, *with a Deſire that I would form them into a Pindaric Ode; but I retain'd his Meaſures, leſt I ſhould too much alter his Senſe.*

A Sight of CHRIST.

ANGELS of Light, your GOD and KING ſurround
With noble Songs; in his exalted Fleſh
He claims your Worſhip; while his Saints on Earth,
Bleſs their REDEEMER-GOD with humble Tongues.
Angels with lofty Honours crown his Head;
We bowing at his Feet, by Faith, may feel
His diſtant Influence, and confeſs his Love.
  Once I beheld his Face, when Beams divine
Broke from his Eye-lids, and unuſual Light
Wrapt me at once in Glory and Surprize.
My joyful Heart high leaping in my Breaſt
With Tranſport cry'd, *This is the* CHRIST *of* GOD;
Then threw my Arms around in ſweet Embrace,
And claſp'd, and bow'd adoring low, till I was loſt in him.
  While he appears, no other Charms can hold
Or draw my Soul, aſham'd of former Things,
Which no Remembrance now deſerve or Name,
Tho' with Contempt; beſt in Oblivion hid.
  But the bright Shine and preſence ſoon withdrew;
I ſought him whom I love, but found him not;

I felt his Abſence; and with ſtrongeſt Cries
Proclaim'd, *Where JESUS is not, all is vain.*
Whether I hold him with a full Delight,
Or ſeek him panting with extreme Deſire,
'Tis he alone can pleaſe my wond'ring Soul;
To hold or ſeek him is my only Choice.
If he refrain on me to caſt his Eye
Down from his Palace, nor my longing Soul
With upward Look can ſpy my deareſt LORD
Thro' his blue Pavement, I'll behold him ſtill
With ſweet Reflection on the peaceful Croſs,
All in his Blood and Anguiſh groaning deep,
Gaſping and dying there ———
This Sight I ne'er can loſe, by it I live:
A quick'ning Virtue from his Death inſpir'd
Is Life and Breath to me; his Fleſh my Food;
His vital Blood I drink, and hence my Strength.

I live, I'm ſtrong, and now Eternal Life
Beats quick within my Breaſt, my vigorous Mind
Spurns the dull Earth, and on her fiery Wings
Reaches the Mount of Purpoſes Divine,
Counſels of Peace betwixt th' Almighty Three
Conceiv'd at once, and ſign'd without Debate,
In perfect Union of th' Eternal Mind.
With vaſt Amaze I ſee the unfathom'd Thoughts,
Infinite Schemes, and infinite Deſigns
Of GOD's own Heart, in which he ever reſts.
Eternity lies open to my View;
Here the Beginning and the End of all
I can diſcover; *CHRIST* the End of all,
And *CHRIST* the great Beginning; he my Head,
My GOD, my Glory, and my All in All.

O that the Day, the joyful Day were come,
When the firſt *Adam* from his ancient Duſt
Crown'd with new Honours ſhall revive, and ſee
JESUS his Son and Lord; while ſhouting Saints
Surround

Surround their King, and GOD's Eternal Son
Shines in the midſt, but with ſuperior Beams,
And like himſelf; then the myſterious Word
Long hid behind the Letter ſhall appear
All Spirit and Life, and in the fulleſt Light
Stand forth to publick View; and there diſcloſe
His Father's ſacred Works, and wondrous Ways:
Then Wiſdom, Righteouſneſs and Grace divine,
Thro' all the infinite Tranſactions paſt,
Inwrought and ſhining, ſhall with double Blaze
Strike our aſtoniſh'd Eyes, and ever reign
Admir'd and glorious in triumphant Light.

Death, and the Tempter, and the Man of Sin
Now at the Bar arraign'd, in Judgment caſt,
Shall vex the Saints no more: but perfect Love
And loudeſt Praiſes perfect Joy create,
While ever-circling Years maintain the bliſsful State.

Love on a Croſs, and a Throne.

I.

NOW let my Faith grow ſtrong, and riſe,
And view my LORD in all his Love;
Look back to hear his dying Cries,
Then mount and ſee his Throne above.

II.

See where he languiſh'd on the Croſs;
Beneath my Sins he groan'd and dy'd;
See where he ſits to plead my Cauſe
By his Almighty Father's Side.

III.

If I behold his bleeding Heart,
There Love in Floods of Sorrow reigns,
He triumphs o'er the killing Smart,
And buys my Pleaſure with his Pains.

IV.

IV.

Or if I climb th' Eternal Hills
Where the dear CONQUEROR ſits enthron'd,
Still in his Heart Compaſſion dwells,
Near the Memorials of his Wound.

V.

How ſhall a pardon'd Rebel ſhow
How much I love my dying GOD?
LORD, here I baniſh every Foe,
I hate the Sins that coſt thy Blood.

VI.

I hold no more Commerce with Hell,
My deareſt Luſts ſhall all depart;
But let thine Image ever dwell
Stampt as a Seal upon my Heart.

A Preparatory Thought for the Lord's-Supper.

In Imitation of *Iſai.* lxiii. 1, 2, 3.

I.

WHAT heavenly MAN, or lovely GOD,
Comes marching downward from the Skies,
Array'd in Garments roll'd in Blood,
With Joy and Pity in his Eyes?

II.

The LORD! the SAVIOUR! yes, 'tis he,
I know him by the Smiles he wears;
Dear glorious MAN that dy'd for me,
Drench'd deep in Agonies and Tears!

III.

Lo, he reveals his ſhining Breaſt;
I own thoſe Wounds, and I adore:

Lo

Lo, he prepares a Royal Feaſt,
Sweet Fruit of the ſharp Pangs he bore!

IV.

Whence flow theſe Favours ſo divine?
Lord! why ſo laviſh of thy Blood?
Why for ſuch Earthly Souls as mine,
This Heav'nly Fleſh, this ſacred Food?

V.

'Twas his own Love that made him bleed,
That nail'd him to the curſed Tree;
'Twas his own Love this Table ſpread
For ſuch unworthy Worms as we.

VI.

Then let us taſte the Saviour's Love,
Come, Faith, and feed upon the LORD:
With glad Conſent our Lips ſhall move
And ſweet *Hoſannas* crown the Board.

Converſe with CHRIST.

I.

I'M tir'd with Viſits, Modes and Forms,
And Flatteries paid to Fellow-Worms,
Their Converſation cloys;
Their vain Amours and empty Stuff:
But I can ne'er enjoy enough
Of thy dear Company, my Lord, thou Life of all my Joys.

II.

When he begins to tell his Love,
Through every Vein my Paſſions move,
The Captives of his Tongue:
In Midnight Shades on froſty Ground
I could attend the pleaſing Sound,
Nor ſhould I feel *December* cold, nor think the Darkneſs long.

III.

There, while I hear my SAVIOUR GOD
Count o'er the Sins (a heavy load)
He bore upon the Tree,
Inward I bluſh with ſecret Shame,
And weep, and love, and bleſs the Name
That knew nor Guilt nor Grief his own, but bare it all for me.

IV.

Next he deſcribes the Thorns he wore,
And talks his bloody Paſſion o'er,
Till I am drown'd in Tears:
Yet with the Sympathetic Smart
There's a ſtrange Joy beats round my Heart;
The curſed Tree has Bleſſings in't, my ſweeteſt Balm it bears.

V.

I hear the glorious Sufferer tell,
How on his Croſs he vanquiſh'd Hell,
And all the Powers beneath:
Tranſported and inſpir'd, my Tongue
Attempts his Triumphs in a Song;
How has the Serpent loſt his Sting, and where's thy Victory, Death?

VI.

But when he ſhews his Hands and Heart,
With thoſe dear Prints of dying Smart,
He ſets my Soul on fire:
Not the beloved *John* could reſt
With more Delight upon that Breaſt,
Nor *Thomas* pry into thoſe Wounds with more intenſe Deſire.

VII.

Kindly he opens me his Ear,
And bids me pour my Sorrow there,
And tell him all my Pains:
Thus while I eaſe my burden'd Heart,

In

In every Woe he bears a Part,
His Arms embrace me, and his Hand my drooping
Head ſuſtains.

VIII.

Fly from my Thoughts, all human Things,
And ſporting Swains, and fighting Kings,
And Tales of wanton Love:
My Soul diſdains that little Snare
The Tangles of *Amira*'s Hair;
Thine Arms, my GOD, are ſweeter Bands, nor can
my Heart remove.

Grace ſhining and Nature fainting. Sol. Song i. 3, & ii. 5. & vi. 5.

I.

TELL me, faireſt of thy Kind,
Tell me, SHEPHERD, all divine,
Where this fainting Head reclin'd
May relieve ſuch Cares as mine:
SHEPHERD, lead me to thy Grove;
If burning Noon infect the Sky
The ſick'ning Sheep to Covert fly,
The Sheep not half ſo faint as I,
Thus overcome with Love.

II.

Say, thou dear SOVEREIGN of my Breaſt,
Where doſt thou lead thy Flock to reſt:
Why ſhould I appear like one
Wild and wandring all alone,
Unbeloved and unknown?
O my Great REDEEMER, ſay,
Shall I turn my Feet aſtray!
Will *JESUS* bear to ſee me rove,
To ſee me ſeek another Love?

III.

Ne'er had I known his deareſt Name,
Ne'er had I felt this inward Flame,
Had not his Heart-ſtrings firſt began the tender Sound:
Nor can I bear the Thought, that He
Shou'd leave the Sky,
Shou'd bleed and die,
Should love a Wretch ſo vile as me
Without Returns of Paſſion for his dying Wound.

IV.

His Eyes are Glory mix'd with Grace;
In his Delightful awful Face
Sits Majeſty and Gentleneſs.
So tender is my bleeding Heart
That with a frown he kills;
His Abſence is perpetual Smart,
Nor is my Soul refin'd enough
To bear the Beamings of his Love,
And feel his warmer Smiles.
Where ſhall I reſt this drooping Head?
I love, I love the Sun, and yet I want the Shade.

V.

My ſinking Spirits feebly ſtrive
T' endure the Extaſy;
Beneath theſe Rays I cannot live,
And yet without them die.
None knows the Pleaſure and the Pain
That all my inward Powers ſuſtain
But ſuch as feel a Saviour's Love, and love the God again.

VI.

Oh why ſhould Beauty heavenly bright
Stoop to charm a Mortal's Sight,
And torture with the ſweet Exceſs of Light?
Our Hearts, alas! how frail their Make!
With their own Weight of Joy they break,
Oh why is Love ſo ſtrong, and Nature's ſelf ſo weak!

VII.

VII.

Turn, turn away thine Eyes,
Aſcend the Azure Hills, and ſhine
Amongſt the happy Tenants of the Skies,
They can ſuſtain a Viſion ſo divine.
O turn thy lovely Glories from me,
The Joys are too intenſe, the Glories overcome me.

VIII.

Dear LORD, forgive my raſh Complaint,
And love me ſtill
Againſt my froward Will;
Unvail thy Beauties, tho' I faint.
Send the great Herald from the Sky,
And at the Trumpet's awful Roar
This feeble State of Things ſhall fly,
And Pain and Pleaſure mix no more:
Then ſhall I gaze with ſtrengthned Sight
On Glories infinitely bright,
My Heart ſhall all be Love, my *JESUS* all Delight.

* *

Love to CHRIST *preſent or abſent.*

I.

OF all the Joys we Mortals know,
JESUS, thy Love exceeds the reſt;
Love, the beſt Bleſſing here below,
And neareſt Image of the bleſt.

II.

Sweet are my Thoughts, and ſoft my Cares,
When the Celeſtial Flame I feel;
In all my Hopes, and all my Fears,
There's ſomething kind and pleaſing ſtill.

III.

While I am held in his Embrace
There's not a Thought attempts to rove;
Each Smile he wears upon his Face
Fixes, and charms, and fires my Love.

IV.

He ſpeaks, and ſtrait immortal Joys
Run thro' my Ears, and reach my Heart;
My Soul all melts at that dear Voice,
And Pleaſure ſhoots thro' every Part.

V.

If he withdraw a Moment's ſpace,
He leaves a ſacred Pledge behind;
Here in this Breaſt his Image ſtays,
The Grief and Comfort of my Mind.

VI.

While of his Abſence I complain,
And long, and weep as Lovers do,
There's a ſtrange Pleaſure in the Pain,
And Tears have their own Sweetneſs too.

VII.

When round his Courts by Day I rove,
Or aſk the Watchmen of the Night
For ſome kind Tidings of my Love,
His very Name creates Delight.

VIII.

JESUS, my GOD; yet rather come;
Mine Eyes would dwell upon thy Face;
'Tis beſt to ſee my LORD at home,
And feel the Preſence of his Grace.

The Abſence of CHRIST.

I.

COME, lead me to ſome lofty Shade
Where Turtles moan their Loves;
Tall Shadows were for Lovers made;
And Grief becomes the Groves.

II.

'Tis no mean Beauty of the Ground
That has inſlav'd mine Eyes;

I faint beneath a nobler Wound,
Nor love below the Skies.

III.

JESUS, the Spring of all that's bright,
The Everlaſting Fair,
Heaven's Ornament, and Heaven's Delight,
Is my Eternal Care.

IV.

But, ah! how far above this Grove
Does the bright Charmer dwell?
Abſence, thou keeneſt Wound to Love,
That ſharpeſt Pain, I feel.

V.

Penſive I climb the ſacred Hills,
And near him vent my Woes;
Yet his ſweet Face he ſtill conceals,
Yet ſtill my Paſſion grows.

VI.

I murmur to the hollow Vale,
I tell the Rocks my Flame,
And bleſs the Eccho in her Cell
That beſt repeats her Name.

VII.

My Paſſion breathes perpetual Sighs,
Till pitying Winds ſhall hear,
And gently bear them up the Skies,
And gently wound his Ear.

Deſiring his Deſcent to Earth.

I.

JESUS, I love. Come, deareſt Name,
Come and poſſeſs this Heart of mine;
I love, tho' 'tis a fainter Flame,
And infinitely leſs than thine.

II.

O if my LORD would leave the Skies,
Dreſt in the Rays of mildeſt Grace,
My Soul ſhould haſten to my Eyes
To meet the Pleaſures of his Face.

III.

How would I feaſt on all his Charms,
Then round his lovely Feet entwine!
Worſhip and Love in all their Forms
Shou'd pay him Honour moſt divine.

IV.

In vain the Tempter's flatt'ring Tongue,
The World in vain ſhould bid me move;
In vain; for I ſhould gaze ſo long
Till I were all transform'd to Love.

V.

Then (mighty GOD) I'd ſing and ſay,
"What empty Names are Crowns and Kings!
"Amongſt 'em give theſe Worlds away,
"Theſe little deſpicable Things.

VI.

I would not aſk to climb the Sky,
Nor envy Angels their Abode,
I have a Heav'n as bright and high
In the bleſt Viſion of my GOD.

Aſcending to him in Heaven.

I.

'TIS pure Delight without Alloy
JESUS, to hear thy Name,
My Spirit leaps with inward Joy,
I feel the ſacred Flame.

II.

My Paſſions hold a pleaſing Reign
While Love inſpires my Breaſt,

Love

Love the divineſt of the Train,
The Sovereign of the reſt.

III.

This is the Grace muſt live and ſing,
When Faith and Fear ſhall ceaſe,
Muſt ſound from every joyful String
Thro' the ſweet Groves of Bliſs.

IV.

Let Life immortal ſeize my Clay;
Let Love refine my Blood;
Her Flames can bear my Soul away,
Can bring me near my GOD.

V.

Swift I aſcend the heavenly Place,
And haſten to my Home.
I leap to meet thy kind Embrace,
I come, O LORD, I come.

VI.

Sink down, ye ſeparating Hills,
Let Guilt and Death remove,
'Tis Love that drives my Chariot-Wheels,
And Death muſt yield to Love.

The Preſence of GOD *worth dying for: Or, The Death of* Moſes.

I.

LORD, 'tis an Infinite Delight,
To ſee thy lovely Face,
To dwell whole Ages in thy Sight
And feel thy vital Rays.

II.

This *Gabriel* knows; and ſings thy Name
With Rapture on his Tongue;

Moſes the Saint enjoys the fame,
And Heaven repeats the Song.

III.

While the bright Nation ſounds thy Praiſe
From each eternal Hill,
Sweet Odours of exhaling Grace
The happy Region fill.

IV.

Thy Love, a Sea without a Shore,
Spreads Life and Joy abroad:
O 'tis a Heaven worth dying for
To ſee a ſmiling GOD!

V.

Shew me thy Face, and I'll away
From all inferior Things;
Speak, LORD, and here I quit my Clay,
And ſtretch my airy Wings.

VI.

Sweet was the Journey to the Sky
The wondrous Prophet try'd;
Climb up the Mount, ſays GOD, *and die*;
The Prophet climb'd and dy'd.

VII.

Softly his fainting Head he lay
Upon his Maker's Breaſt,
His Maker kiſs'd his Soul away,
And laid his Fleſh to reſt.

VIII.

In GOD's own Arms he left the Breath,
That GOD's own Spirit gave;
His was the nobleſt Road to Death,
And his the ſweeteſt Grave.

Long for his Return.

I.

O 'TWAS a mournful parting Day!
Farewel, my Spouſe, he ſaid; (How

(How tedious, LORD, is thy Delay !
How long my LOVE hath ſtaid !)

II.

Farewel ; at once he left the Ground,
And climb'd his Father's Sky :
LORD, I would tempt thy Chariot down,
Or leap to thee on high.

III.

Round the Creation wild I rove,
And ſearch the Globe in vain ;
There's nothing here that's worth my Love
Till thou return again.

IV.

My Paſſions fly to ſeek their KING,
And ſend their Groans abroad,
They beat the Air with heavy Wing,
And mourn an abſent GOD :

V.

With inward Pain my Heart-ſtrings ſound,
My Soul diſſolves away ;
Dear SOVEREIGN, whirl the Seaſons round,
And bring the promis'd Day.

Hope in Darkneſs.

1694.

I.

YET, Gracious GOD,
Yet will I ſeek thy ſmiling Face ;
What tho' a ſhort Eclipſe his Beauties ſhrowd
And bar the Influence of his Rays,
'Tis but a Morning Vapour, or a Summer-Cloud :
He is my Sun tho' he refuſe to ſhine,
Tho' for a Moment he depart
I dwell for ever on his Heart,
For ever he on mine.

Early

Early before the Light ariſe
I'll ſpring a Thought away to GOD;
The Paſſion of my Heart and Eyes
Shall ſhout a thouſand Groans and Sighs,
A thouſand Glances ſtrike the Skies,
The Floor of his Abode.

II.

Dear SOVEREIGN, hear thy Servant pray,
Send the blue Heavens, Eternal King,
Downward thy chearful Graces bring;
Or ſhall I breathe in vain and pant my Hours away?
Break, glorious BRIGHTNESS, thro' the gloomy Veil,
Look how the Armies of Deſpair
Aloft their ſooty Banners rear
Round my poor captive Soul, and dare
Pronounce me Priſoner of Hell.
But Thou, my SUN, and Thou, my SHIELD,
Wilt ſave me in the bloody Field;
Break, glorious BRIGHTNESS, ſhoot one glimm'ring Ray,
One Glance of thine creates a Day,
And drives the Troops of Hell away.

III.

Happy the Times, but ah! the Times are gone
When wond'rous Power and radiant Grace
Round the tall Arches of the Temple ſhone,
And mingled their victorious Rays:
Sin, with its ghaſtly Train,
Fled to the Deeps of Death again,
And ſmiling Triumph ſat on every Face:
Our Spirits raptur'd with the Sight
Were all Devotion, all Delight,
And loud *Hoſannas* ſounded the Redeemer's Praiſe.
Here could I ſay,
(And point the Place whereon I ſtood)
Here I enjoy'd a Viſit half the Day
From my deſcending GOD:
I was regal'd with heavenly Fare,
With Fruit and Manna from above;

Divinely

Divinely ſweet the Bleſſings were
While mine *Emanuel* was there :
And o'er my Head
The Conqueror ſpread
The Banner of his Love.

IV.

Then why my Heart ſunk down ſo low ?
Why do my Eyes diſſolve and flow,
And hopeleſs Nature mourn ?
Review, my Soul, thoſe pleaſing Days,
Read his unalterable Grace
Thro' the Diſpleaſure of his Face,
And wait a kind Return.
A Father's Love may raiſe a Frown
To chide the Child, or prove the Son,
But Love will ne'er deſtroy ;
The Hour of Darkneſs is but ſhort,
Faith be thy Life, and Patience thy Support,
The Morning brings the Joy.

Come, Lord JESUS.

I.

WHEN ſhall thy lovely Face be ſeen ?
When ſhall our Eyes behold our GOD ?
What Lengths of Diſtance lie between,
And Hills of Guilt ? a heavy Load !

II.

Our Months are Ages of Delay,
And ſlowly every Minute wears :
Fly, winged Time, and roll away
Theſe tedious Rounds of ſluggiſh Years.

III.

Ye heavenly Gates, looſe all your Chains,
Let the eternal Pillars bow ;
Bleſt SAVIOUR, cleave the ſtarry Plains,
And make the Cryſtal Mountains fly.

IV.

IV.

Hark, how thy Saints unite their Cries,
And pray and wait the general Doom;
Come, Thou, THE SOUL OF ALL OUR JOYS,
Thou, THE DESIRE OF NATIONS, come.

V.

Put thy bright Robes of Triumph on,
And bleſs our Eyes, and bleſs our Ears,
Thou abſent LOVE, thou dear UNKNOWN,
Thou FAIREST OF TEN THOUSAND FAIRS.

VI.

Our Heart-ſtrings groan with deep Complaint,
Our Fleſh lies panting, LORD, for thee,
And every Limb, and every Joint,
Stretches for Immortality.

VII.

Our Spirits ſhake their eager Wings,
And burn to meet thy flying Throne;
We riſe away from mortal Things
T' attend thy ſhining Chariot down.

VIII.

Now let our chearful Eyes ſurvey
The blazing Earth and melting Hills,
And ſmile to ſee the Lightnings play,
And flaſh along before thy Wheels.

IX.

O for a Shout of violent Joys,
To join the Trumpet's thund'ring Sound!
The Angel Herald ſhakes the Skies,
Awakes the Graves, and tears the Ground.

X.

Ye ſlumb'ring Saints, a heavenly Hoſt
Stands waiting at your gaping Tombs;
Let every ſacred ſleeping Duſt
Leap into Life, for *JESUS* comes.

XI.

JESUS, the GOD of Might and Love,
New-moulds our Limbs of cumb'rous Clay;

Quick

Quick as Seraphick Flames we move,
Active and young, and fair as they.

XII.

Our airy Feet with unknown Flight
Swift as the Motions of Deſire
Run up the Hills of Heavenly Light,
And leave the weltring World in Fire.

Bewailing my own Inconſtancy.

I.

I Love the LORD; but ah! how far
My Thoughts from the dear Object are!
This wanton Heart how wide it roves!
And Fancy meets a thouſand Loves.

II.

If my Soul burn to ſee my GOD
I tread the Courts of his Abode,
But Troops of Rivals throng the Place
And tempt me off before his Face.

III.

Would I enjoy my LORD alone,
I bid my Paſſions all be gone,
All but my Love; and charge my Will
To bar the Door and guard it ſtill.

IV.

But Cares or Trifles make or find
Still new Avenues to the Mind,
Till I with Grief and Wonder ſee
Huge Crowds betwixt my LORD and me.

V.

Oft I am told the Muſe will prove
A Friend to Piety and Love;
Strait I begin ſome ſacred Song,
And take my SAVIOUR on my Tongue.

VI.

Strangely I loſe his lovely Face
To hold the empty Sounds in Chaſe;
At beſt the Chimes divide my Heart,
And the Muſe ſhares the larger Part.

VII.

Falſe Confident; and falſer Breaſt!
Fickle and fond of every Gueſt:
Each airy Image as it flies
Here finds Admittance thro' my Eyes.

VIII.

This fooliſh Heart can leave her GOD,
And Shadows tempt her Thoughts abroad:
How ſhall I fix this wandring Mind,
Or throw my Fetters on the Wind?

IX.

Look gently down, ALMIGHTY GRACE,
Priſon me round in thine Embrace;
Pity the Soul that would be thine,
And let thy Power my Love confine.

X.

Say, when ſhall that bright Moment be
That I ſhall live alone for thee,
My Heart no Foreign Lords adore,
And the wild Muſe prove falſe no more?

Forſaken, yet Hoping.

I.

HAPPY the Hours, the Golden Days
When I could call my *JESUS* mine;
And ſit and view his ſmiling Face,
And melt in Pleaſures all Divine.

II. Near

II.

Near to my Heart, within my Arms
He lay, till Sin defil'd my Breaſt,
Till broken Vows, and earthly Charms
Tir'd and provok'd my Heavenly Gueſt.

III.

And now He's gone (O mighty Woe)
Gone from my Soul, and hides his Love !
Curſe on you, Sins, that griev'd Him ſo,
Ye Sins, that forc'd him to remove.

IV.

Break, break, my Heart, complain, my Tongue,
Hither, my Friends, your Sorrows bring :
Angels, aſſiſt my doleful Song,
If you have e'er a mourning String.

V.

But, ah ! your Joys are ever high,
Ever his lovely Face you ſee,
While my poor Spirits pant and die,
And groan for thee, my God, for thee.

VI.

Yet let my Hope look thro' my Tears
And ſpy afar his rolling Throne ;
His Chariot thro' the cleaving Spheres
Shall bring the bright BELOVED down.

VII.

Swift as a Roe flies o'er the Hills
My Soul ſprings out to meet him high,
Then the dear CONQUEROR turns his Wheels,
And climbs the Manſions of the Sky.

VIII.

There ſmiling Joy for ever reigns,
No more the Turtle leaves the Dove ;
Farewell to Jealouſies, and Pains,
And all the Ills of abſent Love.

The CONCLUSION.

God exalted above all Praiſe.

I.

ETERNAL Power! whoſe high Abode
Becomes the Grandeur of a GOD;
Infinite Lengths beyond the Bounds
Where Stars revolve their little Rounds.

II.

The loweſt Step about thy Seat
Riſes too high for *Gabriel's* Feet,
In vain the tall Arch-Angel tries
To reach thine Height with wondring Eyes.

III.

Thy dazling Beauties whilſt he ſings
He hides his Face behind his Wings;
And Ranks of ſhining Thrones around
Fall worſhipping, and ſpread the Ground.

IV.

LORD, what ſhall Earth and Aſhes do?
We would adore our Maker too;
From Sin and Duſt to thee we cry
The GREAT, *the* HOLY, *and the* HIGH.

V.

Earth from afar has heard thy Fame,
And Worms have learnt to liſp thy Name;
But, O, the Glories of thy Mind
Leave all our ſoaring Thoughts behind.

VI.

GOD is in Heaven, and Men below;
Be ſhort, our Tunes; our Words, be few;
A ſacred Reverence checks our Songs,
And Praiſe ſits ſilent on our Tongues.

The End of the Firſt BOOK.

Tibi ſilet Laus, O Deus, Pſal. 65. 1.

HORÆ

HORÆ LYRICÆ.

BOOK II.

Sacred to VIRTUE, HONOUR and FRIENDSHIP.

TO

Her MAJESTY.

QUEEN of the *Northern* World whoſe gentle Sway
Commands our Love, and charms our Hearts t' obey,
Forgive the Nation's Groan when *WILLIAM* dy'd:
Lo, at thy Feet in all the loyal Pride
Of blooming Joy, three happy Realms appear,
And *WILLIAM*'s Urn almoſt without a Tear
Stands; nor complains: while from thy gracious Tongue
Peace flows in Silver Streams amidſt the Throng.
Amazing Balm, that on thoſe Lips was found
To ſooth the Torment of that mortal Wound,
And calm the wild Affright! the Terror dies,
The bleeding Wound cements, the Danger flies,
And *Albion* ſhouts thine Honours as her Joys ariſe.

The

The *German* Eagle feels her Guardian dead,
Not her own Thunder can ſecure her Head;
Her trembling Eaglets haſten from afar,
And *Belgia*'s Lion dreads the *Gallick* War:
All hide behind thy Shield. Remoter Lands
Whoſe Lives lay truſted in *Naſſovian* Hands
Transfer their Souls, and live; ſecure they play
In thy mild Rays, and love the growing Day.

Thy beamy Wing at once defends and warms
Fainting Religion, whilſt in various Forms
Fair Piety ſhines thro' the *Britiſh* Iſles:
Here at thy Side, and in thy kindeſt Smiles *
Blazing in ornamental Gold ſhe ſtands
To bleſs thy Councils, and aſſiſt thy Hands,
And Crowds wait round her to receive Commands.
There at a humble Diſtance from the Throne †
Beauteous ſhe lies; her Luſtre all her own,
Ungarniſh'd; yet not bluſhing, nor afraid,
Nor knows Suſpicion, nor affects the Shade:
Chearful and pleas'd ſhe not preſumes to ſhare
In thy Parental Gifts, but owns thy Guardian Care.
For thee, dear Sovereign, endleſs Vows ariſe,
And Zeal with earthly Wing ſalutes the Skies
To gain thy Safety: Here a ſolemn Form *
Of ancient Words keeps the Devotion warm,
And guides, but bounds our Wiſhes: There the Mind †
Feels its own Fire, and kindles unconfin'd
With bolder Hopes: Yet ſtill beyond our Vows
Thy lovely Glories riſe, thy ſpreading Terror grows.

PRINCESS, the World already owns thy Name:
Go, mount the Chariot of immortal Fame,
Nor die to be renown'd: Fame's loudeſt Breath
Too dear is purchas'd by an Angel's Death.

Y

* *The eſtabliſh'd Church of* England.
† *The Proteſtant Diſſenters.*

The

The Vengeance of thy Rod, with general Joy,
Shall ſcourge Rebellion and the Rival-Boy *:
Thy ſounding Arms his *Gallic* Patron hears
And ſpeeds his Flight; nor overtakes his Fears,
Till hard Deſpair wring from the Tyrant's Soul
The Iron Tears out. Let thy Frown controul
Our angry Jars at home, till Wrath ſubmit
Her impious Banners to thy ſacred Feet.
Mad Zeal, and Frenzy, with their murderous Train,
Flee theſe ſweet Realms in thine auſpicious Reign,
Envy expire in Rage, and Treaſon bite the Chain.

Let no black Scenes affright fair *Albion*'s Stage:
Thy Thread of Life prolong our golden Age,
Long bleſs the Earth, and late aſcend thy Throne
Ethereal; (not thy Deeds are there unknown,
Nor there unſung; for by thine awful Hands
Heaven rules the Waves, and thunders o'er the Lands,
Creates inferior Kings † & gives 'em their Command.)
Legions attend thee at the radiant Gates;
For thee thy Siſter-Seraph bleſt *MARIA* waits.

But oh! the parting Stroke! ſome heavenly Power
Chear thy ſad *Britons* in the gloomy Hour;
Some new propitious Star appear on high
The faireſt Glory of the *Weſtern* Sky,
And *ANNA* be its Name; with gentle Sway
To check the Planets of malignant Ray,
Sooth the Rude *North* Wind, and the rugged *Bear*,
Calm riſing Wars, heal the contagious Air,
And reign with peaceful Influence to the *Southern* Sphere.

* *The Pretender.*

† She made *Charles* the Emperor's ſecond Son King of *Spain*, who is now Emperor of *Germany*.

Note,

Note, *This Poem was written in the Year* 1705, *in that honourable Part of the Reign of our late* QUEEN, *when ſhe had broke the* French *Power at* Blenheim, *aſſerted the right of* CHARLES *the preſent Emperor to the Crown of* Spain, *exerted her Zeal for the* Proteſtant Succeſſion, *and promiſed* inviolably to maintain the Toleration *to the Proteſtant Diſſenters. Thus ſhe appear'd the chief* Support of the Reformation, *and the* Patroneſs of the Liberties of *Europe.*

The latter Part of her Reign was of a different Colour, and was by no means attended with the Accompliſhment of thoſe glorious Hopes which we had conceived. Now the Muſe cannot ſatisfy her ſelf to publiſh this new Edition without acknowledging the Miſtake of her former Preſages; and while ſhe does the World this Juſtice, ſhe does herſelf the Honour of a voluntary Retractation.

Auguſt 1. 1721.

PALINODIA.

BRITONS, forgive the forward Muſe
That dar'd Prophetic Seals to looſe,
(Unskill'd in Fate's Eternal Book,)
And the deep Characters miſtook.

GEORGE is the Name, that glorious Star;
Ye ſaw his Splendors beaming far;
Saw in the *Eaſt* your Joys ariſe,
When *ANNA* ſunk in *Weſtern* Skies,
Streaking the Heavens with Crimſon Gloom,
Emblems of Tyranny and *Rome*,
Portending Blood and Night to come.
'Twas *GEORGE* diffus'd a vital Ray,
And gave the dying Nations Day:
His Influence ſooths the *Ruſſian Bear*,
Calms riſing Wars, and heals the Air;

Join'd

Join'd with the Sun his Beams are hurl'd
To ſcatter Bleſſings round the World,
Fulfil whate'er the Muſe has ſpoke,
And crown the Work that *ANNE* forſook.
Aug. 1. 1721.

TO

JOHN LOCK, Eſq;

Retir'd from Buſineſs.

I.

ANGELS are made of heavenly Things,
And Light and Love our Souls compoſe,
Their Bliſs within their Boſom ſprings,
Within their Boſom flows.
But narrow Minds ſtill make Pretence
To ſearch the Coaſts of Fleſh and Senſe,
And fetch diviner Pleaſures thence.
Men are akin to Ethereal Forms,
But they belie their nobler Birth,
Debaſe their Honour down to Earth,
And claim a Share with Worms.

II.

He that has Treaſures of his own
May leave the Cottage or the Throne,
May quit the Globe, and dwell alone
Within his ſpacious Mind.
LOCK hath a Soul wide as the Sea,
Calm as the Night, bright as the Day,
There may his vaſt *Ideas* play,
Nor feel a Thought confin'd.

To

TO

JOHN SHUTE, Esq;

(Now Lord *BARRINGTON*)

On Mr. LOCKE's *dangerous Sickneſs, ſome Time after he had retir'd to ſtudy the Scriptures.*

June, 1704.

I.

AND muſt the Man of wondrous Mind
(Now his rich Thoughts are juſt refin'd)
Forſake our longing Eyes?
Reaſon at length ſubmits to wear
The Wings of *Faith*; and lo, they rear
Her Chariot high, and nobly bear
Her Prophet to the Skies.

II.

Go, Friend, and wait the Prophet's Flight,
Watch if his Mantle chance to light
And ſeize it for thy own;
SHUTE is the darling of his Years,
Young *SHUTE* his better Likeneſs bears,
All but his Wrinkles and his Hairs
Are copy'd in his Son.

III.

Thus when our Follies or our Fau'ts
Call for the Pity of thy Thoughts,
Thy Pen ſhall make us wiſe:
The Sallies of whoſe youthful Wit
Could pierce the *Britiſh* Fogs with Light,
Place our true * *Intereſt* in our Sight,
And open half our Eyes.

To

* *The Intereſt of* England, *written by* J. S. *Eſq;*

TO

Mr. *WILLIAM NOKES.*

Friendſhip.

I. 1702.

FRIEN-DSHIP, thou Charmer of the Mind,
Thou ſweet deluding Ill,
The brighteſt Minute, Mortals find,
And ſharpeſt Hour we feel.

II.

Fate has divided all our Shares
Of Pleaſure and of Pain;
In Love the Comforts and the Cares
Are mix'd and join'd again.

III.

But whilſt in Floods our Sorrow rolls,
And Drops of Joy are few,
This dear Delight of mingling Souls
Serves but to ſwell our Woe.

IV.

Oh! why ſhould bliſs depart in haſte,
And Friendſhip ſtay to moan?
Why the fond Paſſion cling ſo faſt,
When every Joy is gone?

V.

Yet never let our Hearts divide,
Nor Death diſſolve the Chain:
For Love and Joy were once ally'd,
And muſt be join'd again.

TO

NATHANAEL GOULD, Eſq;

NOW

Sir *NATHANAEL GOULD.*

I. 1704.

'TIS not by Splendour, or by State,
Exalted Mien, or lofty Gait,

My Muſe takes Meaſure of a King?
If Wealth, or Height, or Bulk will do,
She calls each Mountain of *Peru*
A more Majeſtic Thing.
Frown on me, Friend, if e'er I boaſt
O'er Fellow Minds enſlav'd in Clay,
Or ſwell when I ſhall have engroſt
A larger Heap of ſhining Duſt,
And wear a bigger Load of Earth than they.
Let the vain World ſalute me loud,
My Thoughts look inward, and forget
The ſounding Names of *High* and *Great*,
The Flatteries of the Crowd.

II.

When *GOULD* commands his Ships to run
And ſearch the Traffick of the Sea,
His Fleet o'ertakes the falling Day,
And bears the *Weſtern* Mines away,
Or richer Spices from the riſing Sun;
While the glad Tenants of the Shore
Shout, and pronounce him Senator,*
Yet ſtill the Man's the ſame:
For well the happy Merchant knows
The Soul with Treaſure never grows,
Nor ſwells with airy Fame.

III.

But truſt me, *GOULD*, tis lawful Pride
To riſe above the mean Controul
Of Fleſh and Senſe, to which we're ty'd;
This is Ambition that becomes a Soul.
We ſteer our Courſe up thro' the Skies;
Farewel this barren Land:
We ken the heavenly Shore with longing Eyes,
There the dear Wealth of Spirits lies,
And beckoning Angels ſtand.

* *Member of Parliament for a Port in* Suſſex.

TO

TO

Dr. *THOMAS GIBSON.*

The Life of Souls.

1704.

I.

SWIFT as the Sun revolves the Day
We haſten to the Dead,
Slaves to the Wind we puff away,
And to the Ground we tread.
'Tis Air that lends us Life, when firſt
The vital Bellows heave :
Our Fleſh we borrow of the Duſt ;
And when a Mother's Care has nurſt
The Babe to manly Size, we muſt
With Uſury pay the Grave.

II.

Rich Juleps drawn from precious Oar
Still tend the dying Flame :
And Plants, and Roots, of barbarous Name,
Torn from the *Indian* Shore.
Thus we ſupport our tott'ring Fleſh,
Our Cheeks reſume the Roſe afreſh,
When Bark and Steel play well their Game
To ſave our ſinking Breath,
And *GIBSON*, with his awful Power,
Reſcues the poor precarious Hour
From the Demands of Death.

III.

But Art and Nature, Pow'rs and Charms,
And Drugs, and Recipe's, and Forms,
Yield us, at laſt, to greedy Worms
A deſpicable Prey ;

I'd have a Life to call my own
That ſhall depend on Heaven alone;
Nor Air, nor Earth, nor Sea,
Mix their baſe Eſſences with mine,
Nor claim Dominion ſo divine
To give me leave to Be.

IV.

Sure there's a Mind within, that reigns
O'er the dull Current of my Veins;
I feel the inward Pulſe beat high
With vig'rous Immortality.
Let Earth reſume the Fleſh it gave,
And Breath diſſolve amongſt the Winds;
GIBSON, the Things that fear a Grave,
That I can loſe, or you can ſave,
Are not akin to Minds.

V.

We claim Acquaintance with the Skies,
Upward our Spirits hourly riſe,
And there our Thoughts employ:
When Heaven ſhall ſign our Grand Releaſe,
We are no Strangers to the Place,
The Buſineſs, or the Joy.

Falſe Greatneſs.

I.

MYLO, forbear to call him bleſt
That only boaſts a large Eſtate,
Should all the Treaſures of the *Weſt*
Meet, and conſpire to make him Great.
I know thy better Thoughts, I know
Thy Reaſon can't deſcend ſo low.
Let a broad Stream with golden Sands
Thro' all his Meadows roll,
He's but a Wretch, with all his Lands,
That wears a narrow Soul.

II.

He ſwells amidſt his wealthy Store,
And proudly poizing what he weighs,
In his own Scale he fondly lays
Huge Heaps of ſhining Oar.
He ſpreads the Balance wide to hold
His Manors and his Farms,
And cheats the Beam with Loads of Gold
He hugs between his Arms.
So might the Plough-Boy climb a Tree,
When *Cræſus* mounts his Throne,
And both ſtand up, and ſmile to ſee
How long their Shadow's grown.
Alas! how vain their Fancies be
To think that Shape their own!

III.

Thus mingled ſtill with Wealth and State,
Cræſus himſelf can never know;
His true Dimenſions and his Weight
Are far inferior to their Show.
Were I ſo tall to reach the Pole,
Or graſp the Ocean with my Span,
I muſt be meaſur'd by my Soul:
The Mind's the Standard of the Man.

* *

TO

SARISSA.

An EPISTLE.

BEAR up, *SARISSA*, thro' the ruffling Storms
Of a vain vexing World: Tread down the Cares
Thoſe ragged Thorns that lie acroſs the Road,
Nor ſpend a Tear upon them. Truſt the Muſe,
She ſings experienc'd Truth: This briny Dew,
This Rain of Eyes will make the Briars grow.

We travel thro' a Deſart, and our Feet
Have meaſur'd a fair Space, have left behind
A thouſand Dangers, and a thouſand Snares
Well ſcap'd. Adieu, ye Horrors of the Dark,
Ye finiſh'd Labours, and ye tedious Toils
Of Days and Hours: The Twinge of real Smart,
And the falſe Terrors of ill boding Dreams
Vaniſh together, be alike forgot,
For ever blended in one common Grave.

Farewel, ye waxing and ye waning Moons,
That we have watch'd behind the flying Clouds
On Night's dark Hill, or ſetting or aſcending,
Or in meridian Height: Then Silence reign'd
O'er half the World; then ye beheld our Tears,
Ye witneſs'd our Complaints, our Kindred Groans,
(Sad Harmony!) while with your beamy Horns
Or richer Orb ye ſilver'd o'er the Green
Where trod our Feet, and lent a feeble Light
To Mourners. Now ye have fulfil'd your Round,
Thoſe Hours are fled, farewel. Months that are gone
Are gone for ever, and have borne away
Each his own Load. Our Woes and Sorrows paſt,
Mountainous Woes, ſtill leſſen as they fly
Far off. So Billows in a ſtormy Sea,
Wave after Wave (a long Succeſſion) roll
Beyond the Ken of Sight: The Sailors ſafe
Look for a ſtern till they have loſt the Storm,
And ſhout their boiſterous Joys. A gentler Muſe
Sings thy dear Safety, and commands thy Cares
To dark Oblivion; bury'd deep in Night
Loſe them, *SARISSA*, and aſſiſt my Song.

Awake thy Voice, ſing how the ſlender Line
Of Fate's immortal *NOW* divides the Paſt
From all the Future, with eternal Bars
Forbidding a Return. The paſt Temptations
No more ſhall vex us; every Grief we feel
Shortens

Shortens the deſtin'd Number ; every Pulſe
Beats a ſharp Moment of the Pain away,
And the laſt Stroke will come. By ſwift Degrees
Time ſweeps us off, and we ſhall ſoon arrive
At Life's ſweet Period : O celeſtial Point
That ends this mortal Story !

But if a Glimpſe of Light with flatt'ring Ray
Break thro' the Clouds of Life, or wandring Fire
Amidſt the Shades invite your doubtful Feet,
Beware the dancing Meteor ; faithleſs Guide,
That leads the loneſome Pilgrim wide aſtray
To Bogs and Fens, and Pits and certain Death !
Should vicious Pleaſure take an Angel-Form
And at a Diſtance riſe, by ſlow Degrees,
Treacherous, to wind her ſelf into your Heart,
Stand firm aloof ; nor let the gaudy Phantom
Too long allure your Gaze : the juſt Delight
That Heaven indulges lawful, muſt obey
Superior Powers ; nor tempt your Thoughts too far
In Slavery to Senſe, nor ſwell your Hope
To dang'rous ſize : If it approach your Feet
And court your Hand, forbid th' intruding Joy
To ſit too near your Heart : Still may our Souls
Claim Kindred with the Skies, nor mix with Duſt
Our better born Affections ; leave the Globe
A Neſt for Worms, and haſten to our Home.

O there are Gardens of th' immortal Kind
That crown the heavenly *Eden*'s riſing Hills
With Beauty and with Sweets ; no lurking Miſchief
Dwells in the Fruit, nor Serpent twines the Boughs ;
The Branches bend laden with Life and Bliſs
Ripe for the Taſte, but 'tis a ſteep Aſcent :
Hold faſt the † Golden Chain let down from Heav'n,
'Twill help your Feet and Wings ; I feel its Force

† *The Goſpel.*

Draw upwards ; faſten'd to the Pearly Gate
It guides the way unerring : Happy Clue
Thro' this dark Wild ! 'Twas Wiſdom's nobleſt Work,
All join'd by Power Divine, and every Link is Love.

TO
Mr. *T. BRADBURY.*
Paradiſe.

I. 1708.

YOUNG as I am I quit the Stage,
Nor will I know th' Applauſes of the Age ;
Farewel to growing Fame. I leave below
A Life not half worn out with Cares,
Or Agonies, or Years ;
I leave my Country all in Tears,
But Heaven demands me upward, and I dare to go.
Amongſt Ye, Friends, divide and ſhare
The Remnant of my Days,
If ye have Patience, and can bear
A long Fatigue of Life, and drudge thro' all the Race.

II.

Hark, my fair Guardian chides my ſtay,
And waves his Golden Rod :
" Angel, I come ; lead on the way :
And now by ſwift Degrees
I ſail aloft thro' Azure Seas,
Now tread the milky Road :
Farewel, ye Planets, in your Spheres ;
And as the Stars are loſt, a brighter Sky appears.
In haſte for Paradiſe
I ſtretch the Pinions of a bolder Thought ;
Scarce had I will'd, but I was paſt
Deſarts of trackleſs Light and all th' Ethereal Waſte,
And to the ſacred Borders bro't ; There

There on the Wing a Guard of Cherubs lies,
Each waves a keen Flame as he flies,
And well defends the Walls from Sieges and Surprize.

III.

With pleaſing Rev'rence I behold
The Pearly Portals wide unfold:
Enter, my Soul, and view th' amazing Scenes;
Sit faſt upon the flying Muſe,
And let thy roving Wonder looſe
O'er all th' Empyreal Plains.
Noon ſtands Eternal here: here may thy Sight
Drink in the Rays of Primogenial Light;
Here breathe Immortal Air:
Joy muſt beat high in ev'ry Vein,
Pleaſure thro' all thy Boſom reign;
The Laws forbid the Stranger, Pain,
And baniſh every Care.

IV.

See how the bubbling Springs of Love
Beneath the Throne ariſe;
The Streams in Cryſtal Channels move,
Around the golden Streets they rove,
And bleſs the Manſions of the upper Skies.
There a fair Grove of Knowledge grows,
Nor Sin nor Death infects the Fruit;
Young Life hangs freſh on all the Boughs,
And ſprings from ev'ry Root;
Here may thy greedy Senſes feaſt
While Extaſy and Health attends on every Taſte.
With the fair Proſpect charm'd I ſtood:
Fearleſs I feed on the delicious Fare,
And drink profuſe Salvation from the Silver Flood,
Nor can Exceſs be there.

V.

In ſacred Order rang'd along
Saints new releas'd by Death
Join the bold Seraph's warbling Breath,
And aid th' Immortal Song.

Each has a Voice that tunes his Strings
To mighty Sounds, and mighty Things,
Things of everlaſting Weight,
Sounds, like the ſofter Viol, ſweet,
And, like the Trumpet, ſtrong.
Divine Attention held my Soul,
I was all Ear!
Thro' all my Pow'rs the heavenly Accents roll.
I long'd and wiſh'd my *BRADBURY* there;
"Could he but hear theſe Notes, I ſaid,
"His tuneful Soul wou'd never bear
"The dull unwinding of Life's tedious Thread,
"But burſt the vital Chords to reach the happy Dead.

VI.

And now my Tongue prepares to join
The Harmony, and with a noble Aim
Attempts th' unutterable Name,
But faints, confounded by the Notes Divine:
Again my Soul th' unequal Honour ſought,
Again her utmoſt Force ſhe brought,
And bow'd beneath the Burden of th' unweildy Tho't.
Thrice I eſſay'd, and fainted thrice;
Th' Immortal Labour ſtrain'd my feeble Frame,
Broke the bright Viſion, and diſſolv'd the Dream;
I ſunk at once and loſt the Skies:
In vain I ſought the Scenes of Light
Rolling abroad my longing Eyes,
For all around 'em ſtood my Curtains and the Night.

Strict Religion very rare.

I.

I'M borne aloft, and leave the Crowd,
I ſail upon a Morning Cloud
Skirted with dawning Gold;
Mine Eyes beneath the opening Day

Command

Command the Globe with wide Survey,
Where Ants in buſy Millions play,
And tug and heave the Mould.

II.

" Are theſe the Things (my Paſſion cry'd)
" That we call Men ? Are theſe ally'd
" To the fair Worlds of Light ?
" They have ras'd out their Maker's Name,
" Grav'n on their Minds with pointed Flame
" In Strokes divinely bright.

III.

" Wretches ! they hate their native Skies ;
" If an Ethereal Thought ariſe,
" Or Spark of Vertue ſhine,
" With cruel Force they damp its Plumes,
" Choke the young Fire with ſenſual Fumes,
" With Buſineſs, Luſt or Wine.

IV.

" Lo ! how they throng with panting Breath
" The broad deſcending Road
" That leads unerring down to Death,
" Nor miſs the dark Abode.
Thus while I drop a Tear or two
On the wild Herd, a noble few
Dare to ſtray upward, and purſue
Th' unbeaten Way to God.

V.

I meet *Myrtillo* mounting high,
I knew his candid Soul afar ;
Here *Dorylus* and *Thyrſis* fly
Each like a riſing Star.
Charin I ſaw and *Fidea* there,
I ſaw them help each others Flight,
And bleſs them as they go ;
They ſoar beyond my lab'ring Sight,
And leave their Loads of mortal Care
But not their Love below.
On Heav'n their Home they fix their Eyes
The Temple of their GOD ;

With

With Morning Incenſe up they riſe
Sublime, and thro' the lower Skies
Spread the Perfumes abroad.

VI.

Acroſs the Road a Seraph flew,
" Mark (ſaid he) that happy Pair,
" Marriage helps Devotion there:
" When kindred Minds their GOD purſue
" They break with double Vigour thro'
" The dull incumbent Air.
Charm'd with the Pleaſure and Surprize
My Soul adores and ſings,
" Bleſt be the Pow'r that ſprings their Flight,
" That ſtreaks their Path with heavenly Light,
" That turns their Love to Sacrifice,
" And joins their Zeal for Wings.

TO

Mr. C. and S. FLEETWOOD.

I.

FLEETWOODS, young generous Pair,
Deſpiſe the Joys that Fools purſue;
Bubbles are light and brittle too,
Born of the Water and the Air.
Try'd by a Standard bold and juſt
Honour and Gold and Paint and Duſt;
How vile the laſt is and as vain the firſt?
Things that the Crowd call great and brave,
With me how low their Value's brought?
Titles and Names, and Life and Breath,
Slaves to the Wind and born for Death;
The Soul's the only Thing we have
Worth an important Thought.

II.

II.

The Soul! 'tis of th' immortal kind,
Not form'd of Fire, or Earth, or Wind, (hind.
Out-lives the mouldring Corps, and leaves the Globe be-
In Limbs of Clay tho' ſhe appears,
Array'd in roſy Skin, and deck'd with Ears and Eyes,
The Fleſh is but the Soul's Diſguiſe,
There's nothing in her Frame kin to the Dreſs ſhe wears:
From all the Laws of Matter free,
From all we feel, and all we ſee,
She ſtands eternally diſtinct, and muſt for ever be.

III.

Riſe then, my Thoughts, on high,
Soar beyond all that's made to die;
Lo! on an awful Throne
Sits the Creator and the Judge of Souls,
Whirling the Planets round the Poles,
Winds off our Threads of Life, and brings our Periods on.
Swift the Approach, and ſolemn is the Day,
When this immortal Mind
Stript of the Body's coarſe Array
To endleſs Pain, or endleſs Joy
Muſt be at once conſign'd.

IV.

Think of the Sands run down to waſte,
We poſſeſs none of all the Paſt,
None but the preſent is our own;
Grace is not plac'd within our Power,
'Tis but one ſhort, one ſhining Hour,
Bright and declining as a ſetting Sun,
See the white Minutes wing'd with haſte;
The NOW that flies may be the laſt;
Seize the Salvation e'er 'tis paſt,
Nor mourn the Bleſſing gone:
A Thought's Delay is Ruin here,
A cloſing Eye, a gaſping Breath
Shuts up the golden Scene in Death,
And drowns you in Deſpair.

TO

TO

WILLIAM BLACKBOURN, Eſq;

Caſimir. Lib. II. Od. 2. imitated.

Quæ tegit canas modo Bruma valles, &c.

I.

MARK how it ſnows! how faſt the Valley fills!
And the ſweet Groves the hoary Garment wear;
Yet the warm Sun-beams bounding from the Hills
Shall melt the Vail away, and the young Green appear.

II.

But when old Age has on your Temples ſhed
Her Silver-Froſt, there's no returning Sun;
Swift flies our Autumn, ſwift our Summer's fled,
When Youth, and Love, and Spring, and golden Joys (are gone,

III.

Then Cold, and Winter, and your aged Snow,
Stick faſt upon you; not the rich Array,
Not the Green Garland, nor the roſy Bough
Shall cancel or conceal the melancholy Grey.

IV.

The Chaſe of Pleaſures is not worth the Pains,
While the bright Sands of Health run waſting down;
And Honour calls you from the ſofter Scenes,
To ſell the gaudy Hour for Ages of Renown.

V.

'Tis but one Youth, and ſhort, that Mortals have,
And one old Age diſſolves our feeble Frame;
But there's a heavenly Art t' elude the grave,
And with the Hero-Race Immortal Kindred claim.

VI.

The Man that has his Country's ſacred Tears
Bedewing his cold Hearſe, has liv'd his Day:
Thus, *BLACKBOURN*, we ſhould leave our Names our Heirs;
Old Time and waning Moons ſweep all the reſt away.

True Monarchy.

1701.

I.

THE riſing Year beheld th' imperious *Gaul*
Stretch his Dominion, while a hundred Towns
Crouch'd to the Victor: but a ſteady Soul
Stands firm on its own Baſe, and reigns as wide,
As abſolute; and ſways ten thouſand Slaves,
Luſts and wild Fancies with a ſovereign Hand.

We are a little Kingdom; but the Man
That chains his Rebel Will to Reaſon's Throne,
Forms it a large one, whilſt his Royal Mind
Makes Heaven its Council, from the Rolls above
Draws his own Statutes, and with Joy obeys.

'Tis not a Troop of well appointed Guards
Create a Monarch, not a purple Robe
Dy'd in the People's Blood not all the Crowns
Of dazzling Tiars that bend about the Head,
Tho' gilt with Sun-beams and ſet round with Stars.
A Monarch He that conquers all his Fears,
And treads upon them; when he ſtands alone,
Makes his own Camp; four Guardian Virtues wait
His nightly Slumbers, and ſecure his Dreams.
Now dawns the Light; he ranges all his Thoughts
In ſquare Battalions, bold to meet th' Attacks
Of Time and Chance, himſelf a num'rous Hoſt,
All Eye, all Ear, all wakeful as the Day,
Firm as a Rock, and moveleſs as the Centre.

In vain the Harlot, Pleaſure, ſpreads her Charms,
To lull his Thoughts in Luxury's fair Lap,
To ſenſual Eaſe (the Bane of little Kings,
Monarchs whoſe waxen Images of Souls

Are

Are moulded into Softneſs) ſtill his Mind
Wears its own Shape, nor can the heavenly Form
Stoop to be model'd by the wild Decrees
Of the mad Vulgar, that unthinking Herd.

He lives above the Crowd, nor hears the Noiſe
Of Wars and Triumphs, nor regards the Shouts
Of popular Applauſe, that empty Sound;
Nor feels the flying Arrows of Reproach,
Or Spite or Envy. In himſelf ſecure,
Wiſdom his Tower, and Conſcience is his Shield,
His Peace all inward, and his Joys his own.

Now my Ambition ſwells, my Wiſhes ſoar,
This be my Kingdom: ſit above the Globe
My riſing Soul, and dreſs thy ſelf around
And ſhine in Virtue's Armour, climb the Height
Of Wiſdom's lofty Caſtle, there reſide
Safe from the ſmiling and the frowning World.

Yet once a Day drop down a gentle Look
On the great Mole-Hill, and with pitying Eye
Survey the buſy Emmets round the Heap,
Crouding and buſtling in a thouſand Forms
Of Strife and Toil, to purchaſe Wealth and Fame,
A Bubble or a Duſt: Then call thy Thoughts
Up to thy ſelf to feed on Joys unknown,
Rich without Gold, and great without Renown.

True Courage.

HONOUR demands my Song. Forget the Ground,
My generous Muſe, and ſit amongſt the Stars!
There ſing the Soul, that, conſcious of her Birth,
Lives like a native of the vital World,
Amongſt theſe dying Clods, and bears her State

Juſt

Juſt to herſelf : how nobly ſhe maintains
Her Character, ſuperior to the Fleſh,
She weilds her Paſſions like her Limbs, and knows
The brutal Powers were only born t' obey.

This is the Man whom Storms could never make
Meanly complain ; nor can a flatt'ring Gale
Make him talk proudly : he hath no Deſire
To read his ſecret Fate ; yet unconcern'd
And calm could meet his unborn Deſtiny,
In all its charming, or its frightful Shapes.

He that unſhrinking, and without a Groan,
Bears the firſt Wound, may finiſh all the War
With meer courageous Silence, and come off
Conqueror : for the Man that well conceals
The heavy Strokes of Fate, he bears 'em well.

He, tho' th' *Atlantic* and the *Midland* Seas
With adverſe Surges meet, and riſe on high
Suſpended 'twixt the Winds, then ruſh amain
Mingled with Flames upon his ſingle Head,
And Clouds, and Stars, and Thunder, firm he ſtands,
Secure of his beſt Life ; unhurt, unmov'd ;
And drops his lower Nature, born for Death,
Then from the lofty Caſtle of his Mind
Sublime looks down, exulting, and ſurveys
The Ruins of Creation ; (*Souls alone*
Are Heirs of dying Worlds ;) a piercing Glance
Shoots upwards from between his cloſing Lids,
To reach his Birth-place, and without a Sigh
He bids his batter'd Fleſh lie gently down
Amongſt its native Rubbiſh ; whilſt the Spirit
Breathes and flies upward, an undoubted Gueſt
Of the third Heaven, th' unruinable Sky.

Thither, when Fate has brought our willing Souls,
No matter whether 'twas a ſharp Diſeaſe,
Or a ſharp Sword, that help'd the Travellers on,
And

And push'd us to our Home. Bear up my Friend
Serenely, and break thro' the stormy Brine
With steddy Prow; know, we shall once arrive
At the fair Haven of eternal Bliss
To which we ever steer; whether as Kings
Of wide Command we've spread the spacious Sea
With a broad painted Fleet, or row'd along
In a thin Cock-boat with a little Oar.

There let my narrow Plank shift me to Land
And I'll be happy: thus I'll leap ashore
Joyful and fearless on th' Immortal Coast,
Since all I leave is mortal, and it must be lost.

To the much Honoured

Mr. *THOMAS ROWE*,

The Director of my Youthful Studies.

Free Philosophy.

I.

CUSTOM, that Tyranness of Fools
That leads the Learned round the Schools
In Magic Chains of Forms and Rules!
My Genius Storms her Throne:
No more, ye Slaves, with Awe profound
Beat the dull Track, nor dance the Round;
Loose Hands, and quit th' inchanted Ground:
Knowledge invites us each alone.

II.

I hate these Shackles of the Mind
Forg'd by the haughty Wise;
Souls were not born to be confin'd,
And led, like *Sampson*, blind and bound;

But

But when his native Strength he found
He well aveng'd his Eyes.
I love thy gentle Influence, *ROWE*,
Thy gentle Influence like the Sun,
Only diſſolves the frozen Snow,
Then bids our Thoughts like Rivers flow,
And chuſe the Channels where they run.

III.

Thoughts ſhould be free as Fire or Wind:
The Pinions of a ſingle Mind
Will thro' all Nature fly:
But who can drag up to the Poles
Long fetter'd Ranks of Leaden Souls?
A Genius which no Chain controuls
Roves with Delight, or deep, or high:
Swift I ſurvey the Globe around,
Dive to the Centre thro' the ſolid Ground,
Or travel o'er the Sky.

To the Reverend

Mr. *BENONI ROWE.*

The Way of the Multitude.

I.

ROWE, if we make the Crowd our Guide
Thro' Life's uncertain Road,
Mean is the Chaſe; and wandering wide
We miſs th' immortal Good;
Yet if my Thoughts could be confin'd
To follow any Leader Mind,
I'd mark thy Steps, and tread the ſame:
Dreſt in thy Notion I'd appear
Not like a Soul of mortal Frame,
Nor with a vulgar Air.

II.

Men live at Random and by Chance,
Bright Reaſon never leads the Dance;
Whilſt in the broad and beaten Way
O'er Dales and Hills from Truth we ſtray,
To Ruin we deſcend, to Ruin we advance.
Wiſdom retires; ſhe hates the Crowd,
And with a deſcent Scorn
Aloof ſhe climbs her ſteepy Seat,
Where nor the grave nor giddy Feet,
Of the learn'd Vulgar or the Rude,
Have e'er a Paſſage worn.

III.

Meer Hazard firſt began the Track,
Where Cuſtom leads her Thouſands blind
In willing Chains and ſtrong;
There's ſcarce one bold, one noble Mind,
Dares tread the fatal Error back;
But Hand in Hand our ſelves we bind,
And drag the Age along.

IV.

Mortals, a ſavage Herd, and loud
As Billows on a noiſy Flood
In rapid Order roll:
Example makes the Miſchief good:
With jocund Heel we beat the Road,
Unheedful of the Goal.
Me let † *Ithuriel*'s friendly Wing
Snatch from the Crowd, and bear ſublime
To Wiſdom's lofty Tower,
Thence to ſurvey that wretched Thing,
Mankind; and in exalted Rhime
Bleſs the delivering Power.

† Ithuriel *is the Name of an Angel in* Milton's Paradiſe loſt.

To

To the Reverend

Mr. *JOHN HOWE.*

1704

I.

GREAT Man, permit the Muſe to climb
And ſeat her at thy Feet,
Bid her attempt a Thought ſublime,
And conſecrate her Wit.
I feel, I feel th' attractive Force
Of thy ſuperior Soul:
My Chariot flies her upward Courſe,
The Wheels divinely roll.
Now let me chide the mean Affairs
And mighty Toil of Men:
How they grow grey in trifling Cares,
Or waſte the Motions of the Spheres
Upon Delights as vain!

II.

A Puff of Honour fills the Mind,
And yellow Duſt is ſolid Good;
Thus like the Aſs of ſavage Kind,
We ſnuff the Breezes of the Wind,
Or ſteal the Serpent's Food.
Could all the Choirs
That charm the Poles
But ſtrike one doleful Sound,
'Twould be employ'd to mourn our Souls,
Souls that were fram'd of ſprightly Fires
In Floods of Folly drown'd.
Souls made of Glory ſeek a Brutal Joy;
How they diſclaim their heavenly Birth,
Melt their bright Subſtance down with droſſy Earth,
And hate to be refin'd from that impure Alloy.

III.

III.

Oft has thy Genius rous'd us hence
With elevated Song,
Bid us renounce this World of Senſe,
Bid us divide th' Immortal Prize
With the Seraphic Throng:
" Knowledge and Love makes Spirits bleſt,
" Knowledge their Food, and Love their Reſt;
But Fleſh, th' unmanageable Beaſt,
Reſiſts the Pity of thine Eyes,
And Muſic of thy Tongue.
Then let the Worms of groveling Mind
Round the ſhort Joys of earthy Kind
In reſtleſs Windings roam;
HOWE hath an ample Orb of Soul,
Where ſhining Worlds of Knowledge roll,
Where Love the Centre and the Pole
Compleats the Heaven at home.

The Diſappointment and Relief.

I.

VERTUE, permit my Fancy to impoſe
Upon my better Pow'rs:
She caſts ſweet Fallacies on half our Woes,
And gilds the gloomy Hours.
How could we bear this tedious Round
Of waning Moons, and rolling Years,
Of flaming Hopes, and chilling Fears,
If (where no ſovereign Cure appears)
No Opiates could be found.

II.

Love, the moſt cordial Stream that flows,
Is a deceitful Good:
Young *Doris* who nor Guilt nor Danger knows,
On the green Margin ſtood,

Plea'd

Pleas'd with the golden Bubbles as they roſe,
And with more golden Sands her Fancy pav'd the Flood:
Then fond to be entirely bleſt,
And tempted by a faithful Youth,
As void of Goodneſs as of Truth,
She plunges in with heedleſs Haſte,
And rears the nether Mud:
Darkneſs and nauſeous Dregs ariſe
O'er thy fair Current, Love, with large Supplies
Of Pain to teize the Heart, and Sorrow for the Eyes.
The golden Bliſs that charm'd her Sight
Is daſh'd and drown'd, and loſt:
A Spark, or glimmering Streak at moſt,
Shines here and there amidſt the Night,
Amidſt the turbid Waves, and gives a faint Delight.

III.

Recover'd from the ſad Surprize,
Doris awakes at laſt,
Grown by the Diſappointment wiſe;
And manages with Art th' unlucky Caſt;
When the lowring Frown ſhe ſpies
On her haughty Tyrant's Brow,
With humble Love ſhe meets his wrathful Eyes,
And makes her Sovereign Beauty bow;
Chearful ſhe ſmiles upon her grizly Form;
So ſhines the ſetting Sun on adverſe Skies,
And paints a Rainbow on the Storm.
Anon ſhe lets the ſullen Humour ſpend,
And with a vertuous Book, or Friend,
Beguiles th' uneaſy Hours:
Well-colouring every Croſs ſhe meets,
With Heart ſerene ſhe ſleeps and eats,
She ſpreads her Board with fancy'd Sweets,
And ſtrows her Bed with Flow'rs.

The

The Hero's School of Morality.

I.

THERON, amongſt his Travels, found,
A broken Statue on the Ground;
And ſearching onward, as he went
He trac'd a ruin'd Monument.
Mould, Moſs, and Shades had overgrown
The Sculpture of the crumbling Stone,
Yet, e'er he paſt, with much ado,
He gueſs'd, and ſpell'd out, SCI-P-I-O.

" Enough, he cry'd; I'll drudge no more
" In turning the dull *Stoicks* o'er:
" Let Pedants waſte their Hours of Eaſe
" To ſweat all Night at *Socrates*;
" And feed their Boys with Notes and Rules,
" Thoſe tedious *Recipe*'s of Schools
" To cure Ambition: I can learn
" With greater Eaſe the great Concern
" Of Mortals; how we may deſpiſe
" All the gay things below the Skies.

" Methinks a mouldring Pyramid
" Says all that the old Sages ſaid;
" For me theſe ſhatter'd Tombs contain
" More Morals than the *Vatican*.
" The Duſt of Heroes caſt abroad,
" And kick'd, and trampled in the Road,
" The Relicks of a lofty Mind
" That lately Wars and Crowns deſign'd
" Toſt for a Jeſt from Wind to Wind
" Bid me be humble, and forbear
" Tall Monuments of Fame to rear,
" They are but Caſtles in the Air.

" The

" The tow'ring Heights, and frightful Falls,
" The ruin'd Heaps, and Funerals,
" Of ſmoaking Kingdoms and their Kings,
" Tell me a thouſand mournful Things
" In melancholy Silence.——————
" ——————————————He
" That living could not bear to ſee
" An Equal, now lies torn and dead;
" Here his pale Trunk, and there his Head;
" Great *Pompey*! while I meditate,
" With ſolemn Horror, thy ſad Fate,
" Thy Carcaſs, ſcatter'd on the Shore
" Without a Name, inſtructs me more
" Than my whole Library before.

" Lie ſtill, my *Plutarch*, then, and ſleep,
" And my good *Seneca* may keep
" Your Volumes clos'd for ever too,
" I have no further Uſe for you:
" For when I feel my Virtue fail,
" And my ambitious Thoughts prevail,
" I'll take a Turn among the Tombs,
" And ſee whereto all Glory comes:
" There the vile Foot of every Clown
" Tramples the Sons of Honour down.
" Beggars with awful Aſhes ſport,
" And tread the *Cæſars* in the Dirt.

Freedom.

I. 1697.

TEMPT me no more. My Soul can ne'er comport
With the gay Slaveries of a Court:
I've an Averſion to thoſe Charms,
And hug dear Liberty in both mine Arms.

Go Vaſſal-Souls, go, cringe and wait,
And dance Attendance at *Honorio*'s Gate,
Then run in Troops before him to compoſe his State;
Move as he moves: and when he loiters, ſtand;
You're but the Shadows of a Man.
Bend when he ſpeaks; and kiſs the Ground:
Go, catch th' Impertinence of Sound:
Adore the Follies of the Great;
Wait till he ſmiles: But lo, the Idol frown'd
And drove them to their Fate.

II.

Thus baſe-born Minds: but as for Me,
I can and will be free:
Like a ſtrong Mountain, or ſome ſtately Tree,
My Soul grows firm upright,
And as I ſtand, and as I go,
It keeps my Body ſo;
No, I can never part with my Creation Right.
Let Slaves and Aſſes ſtoop and bow,
I cannot make this Iron Knee
Bend to a meaner Power than that which form'd it free.

III.

Thus my bold Harp profuſely play'd
Pindarical, then on a branchy Shade
I hung my Harp aloft, my ſelf beneath it laid.
Nature that liſten'd to my Strain,
Reſum'd the Theme, and acted it again.
Sudden roſe a whirling Wind
Swelling like *Honorio* proud,
Around the Straws, and Feathers crowd,
Types of a ſlaviſh Mind;
Upwards the ſtormy Forces riſe,
The Duſt flies up and climbs the Skies,
And as the Tempeſt fell th' obedient Vapours ſunk:
Again it roars with bellowing Sound,
The meaner Plants that grew around,
The Willow, and the Aſp, trembled and kiſs'd the (Ground:
Hard by there ſtood the Iron Trunk
Of

Of an old Oak, and all the Storm defy'd ;
In vain the Winds their Forces try'd,
In vain they roar'd ; the Iron Oak
Bow'd only to the heavenly Thunder's Stroke.

On Mr. LOCKE's *Anotations upon ſeveral Parts of the* NEW TESTAMENT, *left behind him at his Death.*

I.

THUS Reaſon learns by ſlow Degrees,
What Faith reveals ; but ſtill complains
Of Intellectual Pains,
And Darkneſs from the too exuberant Light.
The blaze of thoſe bright Myſteries
Pour'd all at once on Nature's Eyes
Offend and cloud her feeble Sight.

II.

Reaſon could ſcarce ſuſtain to ſee
Th' Almighty One, th' Eternal Three,
Or bear the Infant Deity ;
Scarce could her Pride deſcend to own
Her Maker ſtooping from his Throne,
And dreſt in Glories ſo unknown.
A ranſom'd World, a bleeding GOD,
And Heav'n appeas'd with flowing Blood,
Were Themes too painful to be underſtood.

III.

Faith, thou bright Cherub, ſpeak, and ſay
Did ever Mind of mortal Race
Coſt thee more Toil, or larger Grace,
To melt and bend it to obey.

'Twas hard to make ſo rich a Soul ſubmit,
And lay her ſhining Honours at thy ſovereign Feet.

IV.

Siſter of Faith, Fair Charity,
Shew me the wond'rous Man on high,
Tell how he ſees the God-head Three in One;
The bright Conviction fills his Eye,
His nobleſt Pow'rs in deep Proſtration lye
At the myſterious Throne.
" Forgive, he crys, Ye Saints below
" The wav'ring and the cold Aſſent
" I gave to Themes divinely true;
" Can you admit the Bleſſed to repent?
" Eternal Darkneſs vail the Lines
" Of that unhappy Book,
" Where glimmering Reaſon with falſe Luſtre ſhines,
" Where the meer Mortal Pen miſtook
" What the Celeſtial meant!

See Mr. Locke's *Annotations on* Rom. iii. 25. *and Paraphraſe on* Rom. ix. 5. *which has inclined ſome Readers to doubt whether he believed the Deity and Satisfaction of* CHRIST. *Therefore in the fourth* Stanza *I invoke* Charity, *that by her Help I may find him out in Heaven, ſince his Notes on* 2 Cor. v. ult. *and ſome other Places, give me reaſon to believe he was no* Socinian, *tho' he has darken'd the Glory of the Goſpel, and debaſed Chriſtianity, in the Book which he calls the* Reaſonableneſs *of it, and in ſome of his other Works.*

True Riches.

I AM not concern'd to know
What To-morrow Fate will do:

'Tis

'Tis enough that I can ſay,
I've poſſeſt my ſelf To-day:
Then if haply Midnight Death
Seize my Fleſh, and ſtop my Breath,
Yet To-morrow I ſhall be
Heir to the beſt Part of Me.

Glittering Stones, and golden Things,
Wealth and Honours that have Wings,
Ever fluttering to be gone
I could never call my own:
Riches that the World beſtows,
She can take, and I can loſe;
But the Treaſures that are mine
Lie afar beyond her Line.
When I view my ſpacious Soul,
And ſurvey myſelf awhole,
And enjoy my ſelf alone,
I'm a Kingdom of my own.

I've a mighty Part within
That the World hath never ſeen,
Rich as *Eden*'s happy Ground,
And with choicer Plenty crown'd.
Here on all the ſhining Boughs
Knowledge fair and uſeleſs grows;
On the ſame young flow'ry Tree
All the Seaſons you may ſee;
Notions in the Bloom of Light,
Juſt diſcloſing to the Sight;
Here are Thoughts of larger Growth,
Rip'ning into ſolid Truth;
Fruits refin'd, of noble Taſte;
Seraphs feed on ſuch Repaſt.
Here in a green and ſhady Grove,
Streams of Pleaſure mix with Love:
There beneath the ſmiling Skies
Hills of Contemplation riſe;

Now upon ſome ſhining Top
Angels light, and call me up;
I rejoice to raiſe my Feet,
Both rejoice when there we meet.

There are endleſs Beauties more
Earth hath no Reſemblance for;
Nothing like them round the Pole,
Nothing can deſcribe the Soul:
'Tis a Region half unknown,
That has Treaſures of its own,
More remote from publick View
Than the Bowels of *Peru*;
Broader 'tis, and brighter far,
Than the Golden *Indies* are;
Ships that trace the watry Stage
Cannot coaſt it in an Age;
Harts, or Horſes, ſtrong and fleet,
Had they Wings to help their Feet,
Could not run it half way o'er
In ten thouſand Days and more.

Yet the ſilly wandring Mind,
Loth to be too much confin'd,
Roves and takes her daily Tours,
Coaſting round the narrow Shores,
Narrow Shores of Fleſh and Senſe,
Picking Shells and Pebbles thence:
Or ſhe ſits at Fancy's Door,
Calling Shapes and Shadows to her,
Foreign Viſits ſtill receiving,
And t' herſelf a Stranger living.
Never, never would ſhe buy
Indian Duſt, or *Tyrian* Dye,
Never trade abroad for more,
If ſhe ſaw her native Store,
If her inward Worth were known
She might ever live alone.

The Adventurous Muſe.

I.

URANIA takes her Morning Flight
With an inimitable Wing:
Thro' riſing Deluges of dawning Light
She cleaves her wondrous Way,
She tunes immortal Anthems to the growing Day;
Nor * *Rapin* gives her Rules to fly, nor † *Purcell*
Notes to ſing.

II.

She nor inquires, nor knows, nor fears
Where lie the pointed Rocks, or where th' ingulphing
Sand,
Climbing the liquid Mountains of the Skies
She meets deſcending Angels as ſhe flies,
Nor aſks them where their Country lies,
Or where the Sea-marks ſtand.
Touch'd with an Empyreal Ray
She ſprings, unerring, upward to eternal Day,
Spreads her white Sails aloft, and ſteers,
With bold and ſafe Attempt, to the Celeſtial Land.

III.

Whilſt little Skiffs along the mortal Shores
With humble Toil in Order creep,
Coaſting in ſight of one another's Oars,
Nor venture thro' the boundleſs Deep.
Such low pretending Souls are they
Who dwell inclos'd in ſolid Orbs of Skull;
Plodding along their ſober Way,
The Snail o'rtakes them in their wildeſt Play,
While the poor Labourers ſweat to be correctly dull.

* *A* French *Critick.*
† *An* Engliſh *Maſter of Muſic.*

IV.

Give me the Chariot whoſe diviner Wheels
Mark their own Rout, and unconfin'd
Bound o'er the everlaſting Hills,
And loſe the Clouds below, and leave the Stars behind;
Give me the Muſe whoſe generous Force,
Impatient of the Reins,
Purſues an unattempted Courſe,
Breaks all the Criticks Iron Chains,
And bears to Paradiſe the raptur'd Mind.

V.

There *Milton* dwells: The Mortal ſung
Themes not preſum'd by mortal Tongue;
New Terrors, or new Glories, ſhine
In every Page, and flying Scenes Divine
Surprize the wond'ring Senſe, and draw our Souls along.
Behold his Muſe ſent out t' explore
The unapparent Deep where Waves of *Chaos* roar,
And Realms of Night unknown before.
She trac'd a glorious Path unknown,
Thro' Fields of heavenly War, and Seraphs overthrown,
Where his advent'rous Genius led:
Sovereign ſhe fram'd a Model of her own,
Nor thank'd the Living nor the Dead.
The noble Hater of degenerate Rhime
Shook off the Chains, and built his Verſe ſublime,
A Monument too high for coupled Sounds to climb.
He mourn'd the Garden loſt below;
(Earth is the Scene for tuneful Woe)
Now Bliſs beats high in all his Veins,
Now the loſt *Eden* he regains,
Keeps his own Air, and triumphs in unrival'd Strains.

VI.

Immortal Bard! Thus thy own *Raphael* ſings,
And knows no Rule but native Fire:
All Heav'n ſits ſilent, while to his ſovereign Strings
He talks unutterable Things;
With Graces infinite his untaught Fingers rove

Acroſs

Acroſs the golden Lyre:
From every Note Devotion ſprings.
Rapture, and Harmony, and Love,
O'erſpread the liſt'ning Choir.

TO

Mr. NICHOLAS CLARK.

The Complaint.

I.

'TWAS in a Vale where Oſiers grow
By murm'ring Streams we told our Woe,
And mingled all our Cares:
Friendſhip ſat pleas'd in both our Eyes,
In both the weeping Dews ariſe,
And drop alternate Tears.

II.

The vigorous Monarch of the Day
Now mounting half his Morning Way
Shone with a fainter Bright;
Still ſickning, and decaying ſtill,
Dimly he wander'd up the Hill,
With his expiring Light.

III.

In dark Eclipſe his Chariot roll'd,
The Queen of Night obſcur'd his Gold
Behind her ſable Wheels;
Nature grew ſad to loſe the Day,
The flow'ry Vales in Mourning lay,
In Mourning ſtood the Hills.

IV.

Such are our Sorrows, *CLARK*, I cry'd,
Clouds of the Brain grow black, and hide
Our dark'ned Souls behind;

In the young Morning of our Years
Diſtempering Fogs have climb'd the Spheres,
And choke the lab'ring Mind.

V.

Lo, the gay Planet rears his Head,
And overlooks the lofty Shade,
New-bright'ning all the Skies:
But ſay, dear Partner of my Moan,
When will our long Eclipſe be gone,
Or when our Suns ariſe?

VI.

In vain are potent Herbs apply'd,
Harmonious Sounds in vain have try'd
To make the Darkneſs fly:
But Drugs would raiſe the Dead as ſoon,
Or clatt'ring Braſs relieve the Moon,
When fainting in the Sky.

VII.

Some friendly Spirit from above,
Born of the Light, and nurſt with Love,
Aſſiſt our feebler Fires;
Force theſe invading Glooms away;
Souls ſhould be ſeen quite thro' their Clay,
Bright as your heav'nly Choirs.

VIII.

But if the Fogs muſt damp the Flame,
Gently kind Death, Diſſolve our Frame,
Releaſe the Priſoner-Mind:
Our Souls ſhall mount at thy Diſcharge,
To their bright Source, and ſhine at large
Nor clouded, nor confin'd.

The Afflictions of a Friend.

I. 1702.

NOW let my Cares all bury'd lie,
My Griefs for ever dumb:

Your

Your Sorrows ſwell my Heart ſo high,
They leave my own no room.

II.

Sickneſs and Pains are quite forgot,
The Spleen it ſelf is gone;
Plung'd in your Woes I feel them not,
Or feel them all in one.

III.

Infinite Grief puts Senſe to Flight,
And all the Soul invades:
So the broad Gloom of ſpreading Night
Devours the Evening Shades.

IV.

Thus am I born to be unbleſt!
This Sympathy of Woe
Drives my own Tyrants from my Breaſt
T' admit a foreign Foe.

V.

Sorrows in long Succeſſion reign;
Their Iron Rod I feel:
Friendſhip has only chang'd the Chain,
But I'm the Priſ'ner ſtill.

VI.

Why was this Life for Miſery made?
Or why drawn out ſo long?
Is there no room amongſt the dead?
Or is a Wretch too young?

VII.

Move faſter on great Nature's Wheel,
Be kind, ye rolling Powers,
Hurl my Days headlong down the Hill
With undiſtinguiſh'd Hours.

VIII.

Be duſky, all my riſing Suns,
Nor ſmile upon a Slave:
Darkneſs and Death, make haſte at once
To hide me in the Grave.

The

The Reverſe: Or, The Comforts of a Friend.

I.

THUS Nature tun'd her mournful Tongue,
Till Grace lift up her Head,
Revers'd the Sorrow and the Song,
And ſmiling, thus ſhe ſaid:

II.

Were Kindred Spirits born for Cares?
Muſt every Grief be mine?
Is there a Sympathy in Tears,
Yet Joys refuſe to join?

III.

Forbid it, Heav'n, and raiſe my Love,
And make our Joys the ſame:
So Bliſs and Friendſhip join'd above
Mix an immortal Flame.

IV.

Sorrows are loſt in vaſt Delight
That brightens all the Soul,
As Deluges of dawning Light
O'erwhelm the duſky Pole.

V.

Pleaſures in long Succeſſion reign,
And all my Powers employ:
Friendſhip but ſhifts the pleaſing Scene,
And freſh repeats the Joy.

VI.

Life has a ſoft and ſilver Thread,
Nor is it drawn too long:
Yet when my vaſter Hopes perſuade,
I'm willing to be gone.

VII.

Fly as ye pleaſe roll down the Hill,
And haſte away, my Years;

Or I can wait my Father's Will,
And dwell beneath the Spheres.

VIII.

Riſe glorious, every future Sun,
Gild all my following Days,
But make the laſt dear Moment known,
By well diſtinguiſh'd Rays.

To the Right Honourable

JOHN Lord *CUTS.*

At the Siege
of *Namur.*

The Hardy Soldier.

I.

"O Why is Man ſo thoughtleſs grown?
" Why guilty Souls in haſte to die?
" Vent'ring the Leap to Worlds unknown,
" Heedleſs to Arms and Blood they fly.

II.

" Are Lives but worth a Soldier's Pay?
" Why will ye join ſuch wide Extremes,
" And ſtake Immortal Souls, in play
" At deſperate Chance, and bloody Games?

III.

" *Valour*'s a nobler Turn of Thought,
" Whoſe pardon'd Guilt forbids her Fears:
" Calmly ſhe meets the deadly Shot
" Secure of Life above the Stars.

IV.

" But *Frenzy* dares eternal Fate,
" And ſpurr'd with Honour's airy Dreams,
" Plies to attack th' infernal Gate,
" And force a Paſſage to the Flames.

V.

Thus hov'ring o'er *NAMURIA*'s Plains,
Sung heav'nly Love in *Gabriel*'s Form:
Young *THRASO* left the moving Strains,
And vow'd to pray before the Storm.

VI.

Anon the thundering Trumpet calls;
Vows are but Wind, the Hero cries;
Then ſwears by Heav'n, and ſcales the Walls,
Drops in the Ditch, deſpairs and dies.

Burning ſeveral Poems of Ovid, Martial, Oldham, Dryden, &c.

1708.

I.

I JUDGE the Muſe of lewd Deſire;
Her Sons to Darkneſs and her Works to Fire.
In vain the Flatteries of their Wit
Now with a melting Strain, now with an heavenly Flight,
Would tempt my Virtue to approve
Thoſe gaudy Tinders of a lawleſs Love.
So Harlots dreſs: They can appear
Sweet, modeſt, cool, divinely Fair,
To charm a *Cato*'s Eye; but all within,
Stench, Impudence and Fire, and ugly raging Sin.

II.

Die, *Flora*, die in endleſs Shame,
Thou Proſtitute of blackeſt Fame,
Stript of thy falſe Array.
Ovid, and all ye wilder Pens
Of modern Luſt, who gild our Scenes,
Poiſon the *Britiſh* Stage, and paint Damnation gay,
Attend your Miſtreſs to the dead;
When *Flora* dies, her Imps ſhould wait upon her Shade.

III.

III.

* *Strephon*, of noble Blood and Mind,
(For ever ſhine his Name!)
As Death approach'd, his Soul refin'd,
And gave his looſer Sonnets to the Flame.
"Burn, burn, he cry'd with ſacred Rage,
"Hell is the Due of every Page,
"Hell be the Fate. (But O indulgent Heaven!
"So vile the Muſe, and yet the Man forgiv'n!)
"Burn, on my Songs: For not the Silver *Thames*
"Nor *Tyber* with his yellow Streams
"In endleſs Currents rolling to the Main,
"Can e'er dilute the Poiſon, or waſh out the Stain.
So *Moſes* by Divine Command
Forbid the leprous Houſe to ſtand
When deep the fatal Spot was grown,
Break down the Timber, and dig up the Stone.

TO

Mrs. *B. BENDISH.*

Againſt Tears.

I. 1699.

MADAM, perſuade me Tears are good
To waſh our Mortal Cares away;
Theſe Eyes ſhall weep a ſudden Flood,
And ſtream into a briny Sea.

II.

Or if theſe Orbs are hard and dry,
(Theſe Orbs that never uſe to rain)
Some Star direct me where to buy
One ſovereign Drop for all my Pain.

III.

Were both the golden *Indies* mine,
I'd give both *Indies* for a Tear;

(i) * *Earl of* Rocheſter. I'd

I'd barter all but what's divine:
Nor ſhall I think the Bargain dear.

IV.

But Tears, alas! are trifling Things,
They rather feed than heal our Woe;
From trickling Eyes new Sorrows ſprings,
As Weeds in rainy Seaſons grow.

V.

Thus Weeping urges Weeping on;
In vain our Miſeries hope Relief,
For one drop calls another down,
Till we are drown'd in Seas of Grief.

VI.

Then let theſe uſeleſs Streams be ſtaid,
Wear native Courage on your Face:
Theſe vulgar Things were never made
For Souls of a ſuperior Race.

VII.

If 'tis a rugged Path you go,
And thouſand Foes your Steps ſurround,
Tread the Thorns down, charge thro' the Foe;
The hardeſt Fight is higheſt crown'd.

Few Happy Matches.

Aug. 1701.

I.

SAY, mighty Love, and teach my Song,
To whom my ſweeteſt Joys belong,
And who the Happy Pairs
Whoſe yielding Hearts, and joining Hands,
Find Bleſſings twiſted with their Bands,
To ſoften all their Cares.

II.

Not the wild Herd of Nymphs and Swains
That thoughtleſs fly into the Chains,
As Cuſtom leads the Way;

If there be Bliſs without Deſign,
Ivies and Oaks may grow and twine,
And be as bleſt as they.

III.

Not ſordid Souls of earthy Mould
Who drawn by Kindred Charms of Gold
To dull Embraces move:
So two rich Mountains of *Peru*
May ruſh to wealthy Marriage too,
And make a World of Love.

IV.

Not the mad Tribe that Hell inſpires
With wanton Flames; thoſe raging Fires
The purer Bliſs deſtroy:
On *Ætna*'s Top let Furies wed,
And Sheets of Lightning dreſs the Bed
T' improve the burning Joy.

V.

Nor the dull Pairs whoſe marble Forms
None of the melting Paſſions warms,
Can mingle Hearts and Hands:
Logs of green Wood that quench the Coals
Are marry'd juſt like *Stoic* Souls,
With Oſiers for their Bands.

VI.

Not Minds of melancholy Strain,
Still ſilent, or that ſtill complain,
Can the dear Bondage bleſs:
As well may heavenly Conſorts ſpring
From two old Lutes with ne'er a Sting,
Or none beſides the Baſs.

VII.

Nor can the ſoft Enchantments hold
Two jarring Souls of angry Mould,
The Rugged and the Keen:
Samſon's young Foxes might as well
In Bonds of chearful Wedlock dwell,
With Firebrands ty'd between.

VIII.

Nor let the cruel Fetters bind
A gentle to a ſavage Mind ;
For Love abhors the Sight :
Looſe the fierce Tyger from the Deer,
For native Rage and native Fear
Riſe and forbid Delight.

IX.

Two kindeſt Souls alone muſt meet,
'Tis Friendſhip makes the Bondage ſweet,
And feeds their mutual Loves :
Bright *Venus* on her rolling Throne
Is drawn by gentleſt Birds alone,
And *Cupids* yoke the Doves.

TO

DAVID POLHILL, Eſq;

An EPISTLE.

December 1702.

I.

LET uſeleſs Souls to Woods retreat ;
POLHILL ſhould leave a Country-Seat
When Virtue bids him dare be Great.

II.

Nor *Kent*,† nor *Suſſex*,† ſhould have Charms,
While Liberty with loud Alarms,
Calls you to Counſels and to Arms.

III.

Lewis, by fawning Slaves ador'd,
Bids you receive a ‖ baſe-born Lord ;
Awake your Cares ! awake your Sword !

† *His Country-Seat and Dwelling.*
‖ *The Pretender, proclaim'd* King *in* France.

IV.

IV.

Factions amongſt the ‖ *Britons* riſe,
And warring Tongues, and wild Surmiſe,
And burning Zeal without her Eyes.

V.

A Vote decides the blind Debate;
Reſolv'd, *'Tis of diviner Weight,*
To ſave the Steeple, than the State.

VI.

The * bold Machine is form'd and join'd
To ſtretch the Conſcience, and to bind
The native Freedom of the Mind.

VII.

Your Grandſire Shades with jealous Eye
Frown down to ſee their Offspring lie
Careleſs, and let their Country die.

VIII.

If ‡ *Trevia* fear to let you ſtand
Againſt the *Gaul* with Spear in Hand,
At leaſt † *Petition* for the Land.

‖ *The Parliament.* * *The Bill againſt Occaſional Conformity*, 1702. ‡ *Mrs.* Polhill *of the Family of the Lord* Trevor. † *Mr.* Polhill *was one of thoſe five zealous Gentlemen who preſented the famous* Kentiſh *Petition to the Parliament, in the Reign of King* William, *to haſten their Supplies in Order to ſupport the King in his War with* France.

The celebrated Victory of the Poles *over* Oſman *the* Turkiſh *Emperor in the* Dacian *Battel.*

Tranſlated from Caſimire, *B.* IV. *Od.* 4. *with large Additions.*

GADOR the Old, the Wealthy and the Strong,
Cheerful in Years (nor of the Heroic Muſe
Unknowing, nor unknown) held fair Poſſeſſions
Where flows the fruitful *Danube*: Seventy Springs
Smil'd on his Seed, and ſeventy Harveſt-Moons
Fill'd his wide Granaries with Autumnal Joy:
Still he reſum'd the Toil: and Fame reports,
While he broke up new Ground, and tir'd his Plough
In graſſy Furrows, the torn Earth diſclos'd
Helmets, and Swords (bright Furniture of War
Sleeping in Ruſt) and Heaps of mighty Bones.
The Sun deſcending to the *Weſtern* Deep
Bid him lie down and reſt; he loos'd the Yoke,
Yet held his wearied Oxen from their Food
With charming Numbers, and uncommon Song.

Go, Fellow-Labourers, you may rove ſecure,
Or feed beſide me; taſte the Greens and Boughs
That you have long forgot; crop the ſweet Herb,
And graze in Safety, while the Victor-*Pole*
Leans on his Spear, and breathes; yet ſtill his Eye
Jealous and fierce. How large, old Soldier, ſay,
How fair a Harveſt of the ſlaughter'd *Turks*
Strew'd the *Moldavian* Fields? What mighty Piles
Of vaſt Deſtruction, and of *Thracian* Dead

Fill

Fill and amaze my Eyes? Broad Bucklers lie
(A vain Defence) ſpread o'er the pathleſs Hills,
And Coats of ſcaly Steel, and hard Habergeon,
Deep-bruis'd and empty of *Mahometan* Limbs.
This the fierce *Saracen* wore, (for when a Boy,
I was their Captive, and remind their Dreſs:)
Here the *Polonians* dreadful march'd along
In auguſt Port, and regular Array,
Led on to Conqueſt: Here the *Turkiſh* Chief
Preſumptuous trod, and in rude Order rang'd
His long Battalions, while his populous Towns
Pour'd out freſh Troops perpetual, dreſs'd in Arms,
Horrent in Mail, and gay in ſpangled Pride,

O the dire Image of the bloody Fight
Theſe Eyes have ſeen, when the capacious Plain
Was throng'd with *Dacian* Spears; when poliſh'd Helms
And convex Gold blaz'd thick againſt the Sun
Reſtoring all his Beams! but frowning War
All gloomy, like a gather'd Tempeſt, ſtood
Wavering, and doubtful where to bend its Fall.

The Storm of miſſive Steel delay'd a while
By wiſe Command; fledg'd Arrows on the Nerve;
And Scymiter and Sabre bore the Sheath
Reluctant: till the hollow brazen Clouds
Had bellow'd from each Quarter of the Field
Loud Thunder, and diſgorg'd their ſulph'rous Fire.
Then Banners wav'd, and Arms were mix'd with Arms;
Then Javelins anſwer'd Javelins as they fled,
For both fled hiſſing Death: With adverſe Edge
The crooked Fauchions met; and hideous Noiſe
From claſhing Shields, thro' the long Ranks of War,
Clang'd horrible. A thouſand Iron Storms
Roar diverſe: and in harſh Confuſion drown
The Trumpet's Silver Sound. O rude Effort
Of Harmony! not all the frozen Stores,
Of the cold *North* when pour'd in rattling Hail

Laſh

Laſh with ſuch Madneſs the *Norwegian* Plains,
Or ſo torment the Ear. Scarce ſounds ſo far
The direful Fragor, when ſome *Southern* Blaſt
Tears from the *Alps* a Ridge of knotty Oaks
Deep-fang'd, and antient Tenants of the Rock:
The Maſſie Fragment many a Rood in Length
With hideous Craſh rolls down the rugged Cliff
Reſiſtleſs, plunging in the ſubject Lake
Como' or *Lugaine*; th' afflicted Waters roar,
And various Thunder all the Valley fills.
Such was the Noiſe of War: the troubled Air
Complains aloud, and propagates the Din
To neighbouring Regions; Rocks and lofty Hills
Beat the impetuous Echoes round the Sky.

Uproar, Revenge, and Rage, and Hate appear
In all their murderous Forms; and Flame and Blood
And Sweat and Duſt array the broad Campaign
In Horror: Haſty Feet and ſparkling Eyes,
And all the ſavage Paſſions of the Soul
Engage in the warm Buſineſs of the Day.
Here mingling Hands, but with no friendly Gripe,
Join in the Fight; and Breaſts in cloſe Embrace,
But mortal, as the Iron Arms of Death.
Here Words auſtere of perillous Command,
And Valour ſwift t' obey; Bold Feats of Arms
Dreadful to ſee, and glorious to relate
Shine thro' the Field with more ſurprizing Brightneſs
Than glittering Helms or Spears. What loud Applauſe,
(Beſt Meed of Warlike Toil) what manly Shouts,
And Yells unmanly thro' the Battel ring!
And ſudden Wrath dies into endleſs Fame.

Long did the Fate of War hang dubious. Here
Stood the more num'rous *Turk*, the valiant *Pole*
Fought here; more dreadful, tho' with leſſer Wings.

But

But what the *Dahces* or the Coward Soul
Of a *Cydonian*, what the fearful Crouds
Of baſe *Cilicians* ſcaping from the Slaughter,
Or *Parthian* Beaſts, with all their racing Riders,
What could they mean againſt th' intrepid Breaſt
Of the purſuing Foe? Th' impetuous *Poles*
Ruſh here, and here the *Lithuanian* Horſe
Drive down upon them like a double Bolt
Of kindled Thunder raging thro' the Sky
On ſounding Wheels; or as ſome mighty Flood
Rolls his two Torrents down a dreadful Steep
Precipitant and bears along the Stream
Rocks, Woods and Trees, with all the grazing Herd,
And tumbles lofty Foreſts headlong to the Plain.

The bold *Boruſſian* ſmoaking from afar
Moves like a Tempeſt in a duſky Cloud,
And imitates the Artillery of Heaven,
The Lightning and the Roar. Amazing Scene!
What Showers of mortal Hail, what flaky Fires
Burſt from the Darkneſs! while their Cohorts firm
Met the like Thunder, and an equal Storm,
From hoſtile Troops, but with a braver Mind.
Undaunted Boſoms tempt the Edge of War,
And ruſh on the ſharp Point; while baleful Miſchiefs,
Deaths, and bright Dangers flew acroſs the Field
Thick and continual, and a thouſand Souls
Fled murmuring thro' their Wounds. I ſtood aloof,
For 'twas unſafe to come within the Wind
Of *Ruſſian* Banners, when with whizzing Sound,
Eager of Glory, and profuſe of Life,
They bore down fearleſs on the charging Foes,
And drove them backward. Then the *Turkiſh* Moons
Wander'd in diſarray. A dark Eclipſe
Hung on the Silver Creſcent, boding Night,
Long Night, to all her Sons: at length diſrob'd
The Standards fell; the barbarous Enſigns torn
Fled with the Wind, the Sport of angry Heav'n:

And

And a large Cloud of Infantry and Horſe
Scattering in wild Diſorder, ſpread the Plain.

Not Noiſe, nor Number, nor the brawny Limb,
Nor high-built Size prevails: 'Tis Courage fights,
'Tis Courage conquers. So whole Foreſts fall
(A ſpacious Ruin) by one ſingle Ax,
And Steel well ſharpned: ſo generous a Pair
Of Young-wing'd Eaglets fright a thouſand Doves.

Vaſt was the Slaughter, and the flow'ry Green
Drank deep of flowing Crimſon. Veteran Bands
Here made their laſt Campaign. Here haughty Chiefs
Stretch'd on the Bed of purple Honour lie
Supine, nor dream of Battle's hard Event,
Oppreſs'd with Iron Slumbers, and long Night,
Their Ghoſts indignant to the nether World.
Fled, but attended well: for at their ſide
Some faithful *Janizaries* ſtrew'd the Field,
Fall'n in juſt Ranks or Wedges, Lunes or Squares,
Firm as they ſtood; to the *Warſovian* Troops
A nobler Toil, and Triumph worth their Fight.
But the broad Sabre and keen Poll-Ax flew
With ſpeedy Terror thro' the feebler Herd,
And made rude Havock and irregular Spoil
Amongſt the vulgar Bands that own'd the Name
Of *Mahomet*. The wild *Arabians* fled
In ſwift Affright a thouſand different Ways
Thro' Brakes and Thorns, and climb'd the craggy Mountains
Bellowing; yet haſty Fate o'ertook the Cry,
And *Poliſh* Hunters clave the timorous Deer.

Thus the dire Proſpect diſtant fill'd my Soul
With Awe; till the laſt Relicks of the War
The thin *Edonians*, flying had diſclos'd
The ghaſtly Plain: I took a nearer View,
Unſeemly to the Sight, nor to the Smell
Grateful

Grateful. What Loads of mangled Fleſh and Limbs
(A diſmal Carnage!) bath'd in reeking Gore
Lay welt'ring on the Ground; while flitting Life
Convuls'd the Nerves ſtill ſhivering, nor had loſt
All Taſte of Pain! Here an Old *Thracian* lies
Deform'd with Years, and Scars, and groans aloud
Torn with freſh Wounds; but inward Vitals firm
Forbid the Soul's Remove, and chain it down
By the Hard Laws of Nature, to ſuſtain
Long Torment: his wild Eye-balls roll: his Teeth
Gnaſhing with Anguiſh chide his lingering Fate.
Emblazon'd Armour ſpoke his high Command
Amongſt the neighbouring Dead; they round their Lord
Lay proſtrate; ſome in Flight ignobly ſlain,
Some to the Skies their Faces upwards turn'd
Still brave, and proud to die ſo near their Prince.

I mov'd not far, and lo, at manly Length
Two beauteous Youths of richeſt *Ott'man* Blood
Extended on the Field: in Friendſhip join'd,
Nor Fate divides them: hardy Warriors both;
Both faithful; drown'd in Show'rs of Darts they fell,
Each with his Shield ſpread o'er his Lover's Heart,
In vain: for on thoſe Orbs of friendly Braſs
Stood Groves of Javelins; ſome, alas, too deep
Were planted there, and thro' their lovely Boſoms
Made painful Avenues for cruel Death.
O my dear native Land, forgive the Tear
I dropt on their wan Cheeks, when ſtrong Compaſſion
Forc'd from my melting Eyes the briny Dew,
And paid a Sacrifice to hoſtile Virtue.
Dacia, forgive the Sight that wiſh'd the Souls
Of thoſe fair Infidels ſome humble Place
Among the Bleſt. "Sleep, ſleep, ye hapleſs Pair,
"Gently, I cry'd, worthy of better Fate,
"And better Faith. Hard by the General lay
Of *Saracen* Deſcent, a grizly Form

Breathleſs, yet Pride ſat pale upon his Front
In Diſappointment, with a ſurly Brow
Louring in Death, and vext; his rigid Jaws
Foaming with Blood bite hard the *Poliſh* Spear.
In that dead Viſage my Remembrance reads
Raſh *Caracas*: In vain the boaſting Slave
Promis'd and ſooth'd the Sultan threatning fierce
With Royal Suppers and triumphant Fare
Spread wide beneath *Warſovian* Silk and Gold;
See on the naked Ground all cold he lies
Beneath the damp wide Cov'ring of the Air
Forgetful of his Word. How Heaven confounds
Inſulting Hopes! with what an awful Smile
Laughs at the Proud, that looſen all the Reins
To their unbounded Wiſhes, and leads on
Their Blind Ambition to a ſhameful End!

But whither am I borne? This Thought of Arms
Fires me in vain to ſing to ſenſeleſs Bulls
What generous Horſe ſhould hear. Break off, my Song,
My barbarous Muſe be ſtill: Immortal Deeds
Muſt not be thus profan'd in ruſtic Verſe:
The Martial Trumpet, and the following Age,
And growing Fame, ſhall loud rehearſe the Fight
In Sounds of Glory. Lo, the Evening-Star
Shines o'er the Weſtern Hill; my Oxen, come,
The well-known Star invites the Labourer home.

TO

Mr. HENRY BENDISH.

Aug. 24, 1705.

DEAR SIR,

THE following Song was yours when first compos'd: The Muse then describ'd the general Fate of Mankind, that is, to be ill match'd; and now she rejoices that you have escaped the common Mischief, and that your Soul has found its own Mate. Let this Ode then congratulate you Both. Grow mutually in more compleat Likeness and Love: Persevere and be Happy.

I persuade my Self you will accept from the Press what the Pen more privately inscrib'd to you long ago; and I'm in no Pain lest you should take Offence at the fabulous Dress of this Poem: Nor would weaker Minds be scandaliz'd at it, if they would give themselves leave to reflect how many divine Truths are spoken by the Holy Writers in Visions and Images, Parables and Dreams: Nor are my wiser Friends asham'd to defend it, since the Narrative is grave and the Moral so just and obvious.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

The Indian *Philosopher.*

Sept. 3. 1701.

I.

WHY should our Joys transform to Pain?
Why gentle *Hymen*'s silken Chain
A Plague of Iron prove?
BENDISH, 'tis strange the Charm that binds
Millions of Hands, should leave their Minds
At such a Loose from Love.

II.

In vain I ſought the wondrous Cauſe,
Rang'd the wide Fields of Nature's Laws,
And urg'd the Schools in vain;
Then deep in Thought, within my Breaſt
My Soul retir'd, and Slumber dreſs'd
A bright inſtructive Scene.

III.

O'er the broad Lands, and croſs the Tide,
On Fancy's airy Horſe I ride,
(Sweet Rapture of the Mind!)
Till on the Banks of *Ganges* Flood,
In a tall ancient Grove I ſtood
For ſacred Uſe deſign'd.

IV.

Hard by, a venerable Prieſt,
Ris'n with his God, the Sun, from Reſt,
Awoke his Morning Song;
Thrice he conjur'd the murm'ring Stream;
The Birth of Souls was all his Theme,
And half divine his Tongue.

V.

" He ſang th' Eternal rolling Flame,
" That vital Maſs, that ſtill the ſame
" Does all our Minds compoſe:
" But ſhap'd in twice ten thouſand Frames;
" Thence diff'ring Souls of differing Names,
" And jarring Tempers roſe.

VI.

" The mighty Power that form'd the Mind
" One Mould for every Two deſign'd,
" And bleſs'd the new born Pair:
" *This be a Match for this*: (he ſaid)
" Then down he ſent the Souls he made,
" To ſeek them Bodies here:

VII.

" But parting from their warm Abode
" They loſt their Fellows on the Road,
" And never join their Hands:

Ah

" Ah cruel Chance, and croſſing Fates!
" Our *Eaſtern* Souls have dropt their Mates
" On *Europe*'s barbarous Lands.

VIII.

" Happy the Youth that finds the Bride
" Whoſe Birth is to his own ally'd,
" The ſweeteſt Joy of Life:
" But oh the Crowds of wretched Souls
" Fetter'd to Minds of different Moulds,
" And chain'd t' Eternal Strife!

IX.

Thus ſang the wond'rous *Indian* Bard;
My Soul with vaſt Attention heard,
While *Ganges* ceas'd to flow:
" Sure then (I cry'd) might I but ſee
" That gentle Nymph that twinn'd with me,
" I may be happy too.

X.

" Some courteous Angel, tell me where,
" What diſtant Lands this unknown Fair,
" Or diſtant Seas detain?
" Swift as the Wheel of Nature rolls
" I'd fly, to meet and mingle Souls,
" And wear the joyful Chain.

The Happy Man.

I.

SERENE as Light, is *MYRON*'s Soul,
And active as the Sun, yet ſteady as the Pole:
In manly Beauty ſhines his Face;
Every Muſe, and every Grace,
" Makes his Heart and Tongue their Seat,
His Heart profuſely good, his Tongue divinely ſweet.

MYRON, the wonder of our Eyes,
Behold his Manhood ſcarce begun!
Behold his Race of Virtue run!
Behold the Goal of Glory won!
Nor FAME denies the Merit, nor with-holds the Prize;
Her Silver Trumpets his Renown proclaim:
The Lands where Learning never flew,
Which neither *Rome* nor *Athens* knew,
Surly *Japan* and rich *Peru*,
In barbarous Songs, pronounce the *Britiſh* Hero's (Name.

" Airy Bliſs (the Hero cry'd)
" May feed the Tympany of Pride;
" But healthy Souls were never found
" To live on Emptineſs and Sound.

II.

" Lo, at his honourable Feet
Fame's bright Attendant, WEALTH, appears:
She comes to pay Obedience meet,
Providing Joys for future Years;
Bleſſings with laviſh Hand ſhe pours
Gather'd from the *Indian* Coaſt;
Not *Danae*'s Lap could equal Treaſures boaſt,
When *Jove* came down in golden Show'rs.

He look'd and turn'd his Eyes away,
With high Diſdain I heard him ſay,
" Bliſs is not made of glittering Clay.

III.

Now POMP and GRANDEUR court his Head
With Scutcheons, Arms, and Enſigns ſpread:
Gay Magnificence and State,
Guards, and Chariots, at his Gate,
And Slaves in endleſs Order round his Table wait:
They learn the Dictates of his Eyes,
And now they fall, and now they riſe,
Watch every Motion of their Lord,

Hang

Hang on his Lips with moſt impatient Zeal,
With ſwift Ambition ſeize th' unfiniſh'd Word,
And the Command fulfil.
Tir'd with the Train that GRANDEUR brings,
He dropt a Tear, and pity'd Kings:
Then flying from the noiſy Throng,
Seeks the Diverſion of a Song.

IV.

MUSICK deſcending on a ſilent Cloud,
Tun'd all her Strings with endleſs Art;
By ſlow Degrees from ſoft to loud
Changing ſhe roſe: The Harp and Flute
Harmonious join, the Hero to ſalute,
And make a Captive of his Heart.
Fruits, and rich WINE, and Scenes of lawleſs LOVE
Each with utmoſt Luxury ſtrove
To treat their Favourite beſt;
But ſounding Strings, and Fruits, and Wine,
And lawleſs Love, in vain combine
To make his Virtue ſleep, or lull his Soul to reſt.

V.

He ſaw the tedious Round, and, with a Sigh,
Pronounc'd the World but Vanity.
" In Crowds of Pleaſure ſtill I find
" A painful Solitude of Mind:
" A Vacancy within which Senſe can ne'er ſupply.
" Hence, and be gone, ye flatt'ring Snares,
" Ye vulgar Charms of Eyes and Ears,
" Ye unperforming Promiſers!
" Be all my baſer Paſſions dead,
" And baſe Deſires, by Nature made
" For Animals and Boys:
" Man has a Reliſh more refin'd,
" Souls are for ſocial Bliſs deſign'd,
" Give me a Bleſſing fit to match my Mind,
" A Kindred-Soul to double and to ſhare my Joys.

VI.

MYRRHA appear'd: *Serene* her *Soul*
And active as the Sun, yet ſteady as the Pole:
In ſofter *Beauties ſhone* her *Face*;
Every Muſe, and every Grace,
Made her *Heart and Tongue their Seat,*
Her *Heart profuſely good*, her *Tongue divinely ſweet*;
MYRRHA *the Wonder of his Eyes*;
His Heart recoil'd with ſweet Surprize,
With Joys unknown before:
His Soul diſſolv'd in Pleaſing Pain,
Flow'd to his Eyes, and look'd again,
And could endure no more.
" Enough! (th' impatient Hero cries)
" And ſeiz'd her to his Breaſt,
" I ſeek no more below the Skies,
" I give my Slaves the reſt.

TO

DAVID POLHILL, Eſq;

An Anſwer to an infamous Satyr, called, *Advice to a Painter*; written by a nameleſs Author, againſt King *William* III. of Glorious Memory, 1698.

SIR,

WHEN you put this Satyr into my Hand, you gave me the Occaſion of employing my Pen to anſwer ſo deteſtable a Writing; which might be done much more effectually by your known Zeal for the Intereſt of his Majeſty, your Counſels and your Courage employ'd in the Defence of

of your King and Country. And ſince you provoked me to write, you will accept of theſe Efforts of my Loyalty to the beſt of Kings, addreſs'd to one of the moſt zealous of his Subjects, by,

SIR,

Your Moſt Obedient Servant,

I. W.

PART I.

AND muſt the Hero, that redeem'd our Land,
Here in the Front of Vice and Scandal ſtand?
The Man of wondrous Soul, that ſcorn'd his Eaſe,
Tempting the Winters, and the faithleſs Seas,
And paid an annual Tribute of his Life
To guard his *England* from the *Iriſh* Knife,
And cruſh the *French* Dragoon? Muſt *William*'s Name,
That brighteſt Star that gilds the Wings of Fame,
William the Brave, the Pious, and the Juſt
Adorn theſe gloomy Scenes of Tyranny and Luſt?

POLHILL, my Blood boils high, my Spirits flame;
Can your Zeal ſleep! Or are your Paſſions tame?
Nor call Revenge and Darkneſs on the Poet's Name?
Why ſmoke the Skies not? Why no Thunders roll?
Nor kindling Lightnings blaſt his guilty Soul?
Audacious Wretch! to ſtab a Monarch's Fame,
And Fire his Subjects with a Rebel-Flame;
To call the Painter to his black Deſigns,
To draw our Guardian's Face in hellish Lines:
Painter, beware! the Monarch can be ſhown
Under no Shape but Angels, or his own,
Gabriel, or *William*, on the *Britiſh* Throne.

O! could my Thought but graſp the vaſt Deſign,
And Words with infinite Ideas join,
I'd rouſe *Apelles*, from his Iron Sleep,
And bid him trace the Warrior o'er the Deep:
Trace him, *Apelles*, o'er the *Belgian* Plain,
Fierce, how he climbs the Mountains of the Slain,
Scattering juſt Vengeance thro' the red Campaign.
Then daſh the Canvas with a flying Stroke,
Till it be loſt in Clouds of Fire and Smoke,
And ſay, 'Twas thus the Conqueror thro' the Squadrons broke.
Mark him again emerging from the Cloud,
Far from his Troops; there like a Rock he ſtood
His Country's ſingle Barrier in a Sea of Blood.
Calmly he leaves the Pleaſures of a Throne,
And his *Maria* weeping; whilſt alone
He wards the Fate of Nations, and provokes his own:
But Heav'n ſecures its Champion; o'er the Field
Paint hov'ring Angels; tho' they fly conceal'd,
Each intercepts a Death, and wears it on his Shield.

Now, noble Pencil, lead him to our Iſle,
Mark how the Skies with joyful Luſtre ſmile,
Then imitate the Glory on the Strand
Spread half the Nation, longing till he land.
Waſh off the Blood, and take a peaceful Teint
All Red the Warrior, White the Ruler paint;
Abroad a Hero, and at Home a Saint.
Throne him on high upon a ſhining Seat,
Luſt and Prophaneneſs dying at his Feet,
While round his Head the Laurel and the Olive meet,
The Crowns of War and Peace; and may they blow
With flow'ry Bleſſings ever on his Brow.
At his Right Hand pile up the *Engliſh* Laws
In ſacred Volumes; thence the Monarch draws
His wiſe and juſt Commands———
Riſe, ye old Sages of the *Britiſh* Iſle,
On the fair Tablet caſt a reverend Smile;

And bleſs the Piece; theſe Statutes are your own,
That ſway the Cottage, and direct the Throne;
People and Prince are one in *William*'s Name,
Their Joys, their Dangers, and their Laws the ſame.

Let Liberty, and Right, with Plumes diſplay'd,
Clap their glad Wings around their Guardian's Head,
Religion o'er the reſt her ſtarry Pinions ſpread.
Religion guards him; round th' Imperial Queen
Place waiting Virtues, each of heav'nly Mein;
Learn their bright Air, and paint it from his Eyes;
The Juſt, the Bold, the Temperate, and the Wiſe
Dwell in his Looks; Majeſtic, but Serene;
Sweet, with no Fondneſs; Chearful, but not Vain:
Bright, without Terror; Great, without Diſdain.
His Soul inſpires us what his Lips command,
And ſpreads his brave Example thro' the Land:
Not ſo the former Reigns;———
Bend down his Earth to each afflicted Cry,
Let Beams of Grace dart gently from his Eye;
But the bright Treaſures of his ſacred Breaſt
Are too divine, too vaſt to be expreſt:
Colours muſt fail where Words and Numbers faint,
And leave the Hero's Heart for Thought alone to paint.

PART II.

NOW, Muſe, purſue the Satyriſt again,
Wipe off the Blots of his invenom'd Pen;
Hark, how he bids the Servile Painter draw,
In monſtrous Shapes, the Patrons of our Law;
At one ſlight Daſh he cancels every Name
From the white Rolls of Honeſty and Fame:
This ſcribling Wretch marks all he meets for Knave,
Shoots ſudden Bolts promiſcuous at the Baſe and Brave,
And with unpardonable Malice ſheds
Poiſon and Spite on undiſtinguiſh'd Heads.

Painter

Painter, forbear; or if thy bolder Hand
Dares to attempt the Villains of the Land,
Draw first this Poet, like some baleful Star,
With silent Influence shedding Civil War;
Or factious Trumpeter, whose Magic Sound
Calls off the Subjects to the hostile Ground,
And scatters hellish Feuds the Nation round.
These are the Imps of Hell, that cursed Tribe
That first create the Plague, and then the Pain describe.

Draw next above, the Great Ones of our Isle,
Still from the Good distinguishing the Vile;
Seat 'em in Pomp, in Grandeur, and Command,
Peeling the Subjects with a greedy Hand:
Paint forth the Knaves that have the Nation sold,
And tinge their greedy Looks with sordid Gold.
Mark what a selfish Faction undermines
The pious Monarch's generous Designs,
Spoil their own native Land as Vipers do,
Vipers that tear their Mother's Bowels through.
Let Great *Nassau*, beneath a careful Crown,
Mournful in Majesty look gently down,
Mingling soft Pity with an awful Frown:
He grieves to see how long in vain he strove
To make us blest, how vain his Labours prove
To save the stubborn Land he condescends to love.

To the discontented and Unquiet.

Imitated partly from Casimire, B. IV. Od. 15.

VARIA, there's nothing here that's free
From wearisome Anxiety:
And the whole Round of mortal Joys
With short Possession tires and cloys:

'Tis

'Tis a dull Circle that we tread,
Juſt from the Window to the Bed,
We riſe to ſee and to be ſeen,
Gaze on the World a while, and then
We yawn, and ſtretch to ſleep again.
But FANCY, that uneaſy Gueſt,
Still holds a Lodging in our Breaſt;
She finds or frames Vexations ſtill,
Her ſelf the greateſt Plague we feel,
We take ſtrange Pleaſure in our Pain,
And make a Mountain of a Grain.
Aſſume the Load, and pant and ſweat
Beneath th' imaginary Weight.
With our dear ſelves we live at Strife,
While the moſt conſtant Scenes of Life
From peeviſh Humours are not free;
Still we affect Variety:
Rather than paſs an eaſy Day,
We fret and chide the Hours away,
Grow weary of this circling Sun,
And vex that he ſhould ever run
The ſame old Track; and ſtill, and ſtill
Riſe red behind yon Eaſtern Hill,
And chide the Moon that darts her Light
Thro' the ſame Caſement every Night.
We ſhift our Chambers, and our Homes,
To dwell where Trouble never comes:
Sylvia has left the City Crowd,
Againſt the court exclaims aloud,
Flies to the Woods; a Hermit Saint!
She loaths her Patches, Pins, and Paint,
Dear Diamonds from her Neck are torn:
But HUMOUR, that Eternal Thorn,
Sticks in her Heart: ſhe's hurry'd ſtill,
'Twixt her wild Paſſions and her Will:
Haunted and hag'd where e'er ſhe roves,
By purling Streams, and ſilent Groves,
Or with her Furies, or her Loves.

Then

Then our own native Land we hate,
Too cold, too windy, or too wet ;
Change the thick Climate and repair
To *France* or *Italy* for Air ;
In vain we change, in vain we fly ;
Go, *Silvia*, mount the whirling Sky,
Or ride upon the feather'd Wind
In vain ; if this diſeaſed Mind
Clings faſt, and ſtill ſits cloſe behind.
Faithful Diſeaſe, that never fails
Attendance at her Lady's Side,
Over the Deſart or the Tide,
On rolling Wheels, or flying Sails.

Happy the Soul that Virtue ſhows
To fix the Place of Her Repoſe,
Needleſs to move ; for ſhe can dwell
In her old Grandfire's Hall as well.
VIRTUE that never loves to roam,
But ſweetly hides herſelf at home.
And eaſy on a native Throne
Of humble Turf ſits gently down.

Yet ſhould tumultuous Storms ariſe,
And mingle Earth, and Seas, and Skies,
Should the Waves ſwell, and make her roll
Acroſs the Line, or near the Pole,
Still ſhe's at Peace ; for well ſhe knows
To launch the Stream that Duty ſhows,
And makes her Home where'er ſhe goes,
Bear her, ye Seas, upon your Breaſt,
Or waft her, Winds, from *Eaſt* to *Weſt*
On the ſoft Air ; ſhe cannot find
A Couch ſo eaſy as her Mind,
Nor breathe a Climate half ſo kind.

TO

TO

JOHN HARTOPP Eſq;

NOW

Sir JOHN HARTOPP, Bart.

Caſimire, Book I. Ode 4. imitated.

Vive jucundæ metuens juventæ, &c.

July 1700.

I.

LIVE, my dear *HARTOPP*, live to Day;
Nor let the Sun look down and ſay,
" Inglorious here he lies,
Shake off your Eaſe, and ſend your Name
To Immortality and Fame,
By ev'ry Hour that flies.

II.

Youth's a ſoft Scene, but truſt her not:
Her airy Minutes, ſwift as Thought,
Slide off the ſlipp'ry Sphere;
Moons with their Months make haſty Rounds,
The Sun has paſs'd his vernal Bounds,
And whirls about the Year.

III.

Let Folly dreſs in green and red,
And gird her Waſte with flowing Gold
Knit bluſhing Roſes round her Head,
Alas! the gaudy Colours fade,
The Garment waxes old.
HARTOPP, mark the withering Roſe,
And the pale Gold how dim it ſhows!

IV.

IV.

Bright and laſting Bliſs below
Is all Romance and Dream;
Only the Joys cœleſtial flow
In an eternal Stream,
The Pleaſures that the ſmiling Day
With large Right Hand beſtows,
Falſely her Left conveys away,
And ſhuffles in our Woes.
So have I ſeen a Mother play,
And cheat her ſilly Child,
She gave and took a Toy away,
The Infant cry'd and ſmil'd.

V.

Airy Chance, and Iron Fate
Hurry and vex our mortal State;
And all the Race of Ills create;
Now fiery Joy, now ſullen Grief,
Commands the Reins of human Life,
The Wheels impetuous roll;
The Harneſt Hours and Minutes ſtrive,
And Days with ſtretching Pinions drive——
——down fiercely on the Goal.

VI.

Not half ſo faſt the Gally flies
O'er the *Venetian* Sea,
When Sails, and Oars, and lab'ring Skies
Contend to make her Way.
Swift Wings for all the flying Hours
The GOD of Time prepares,
The reſt lie ſtill yet in their Neſt
And grow for future Years.

TO

THOMAS GUNSTON Eſq;

1700.

Happy Solitude.

Caſimire, Book IV. Ode 12. Imitated.

Quid me latentem, &c.

I.

THE noiſy World complains of me
That I ſhould ſhun their Sight, and flee
Viſits, and Crowds, and Company.
GUNSTON, the Lark dwells in her Neſt
Till ſhe aſcend the Skies;
And in my Cloſet I could reſt
Till to the Heavens I riſe.

II.

Yet they will urge, "This private Life
"Can never make you bleſt,
"And twenty Doors are ſtill at ſtrife
"T' engage you for a Gueſt.
Friend, ſhould the Towers of *Windſor* or *Whitehall*
Spread open their inviting Gates
To make my Entertainment gay;
I would obey the Royal Call,
But ſhort ſhould be my Stay,
Since a diviner Service waits
T' employ my Hours at home, and better fill the Day.

III.

When I within my Self retreat,
I ſhut my Doors againſt the Great;
My buſy Eye-balls inward roll,

And

And there with large Survey I ſee
All the wide Theatre of Me,
And view the various Scenes of my retiring Soul;
There I walk o'er the Mazes I have trod,
While Hope and Fear are in a doubtful Strife,
Whether this *Opera* of Life
Be acted well to gain the *Plaudit* of my GOD.

IV.

There's a Day haſtning, ('tis an awful Day!)
When the Great Sovereign ſhall at large review
All that we ſpeak, and all we do,
The ſeveral Parts we act on this wide Stage of Clay;
Theſe he approves, and thoſe he blames,
And crowns perhaps a Porter, and a Prince he damns.
O if the Judge from his tremendous Seat
Shall not condemn what I have done,
I ſhall be happy tho' unknown,
Nor need the gazing Rabble, nor the ſhouting Street.

V.

I hate the *Glory*, Friend, that ſprings
From vulgar Breath, and empty Sound;
Fame mounts her upward with a flatt'ring Gale
Upon her airy Wings,
Till *Envy* ſhoots, and *Fame* receives the Wound;
Then her flagging Pinions fail,
Down *Glory* falls and ſtrikes the Ground,
And breaks her batter'd Limbs.
Rather let me be quite conceal'd from *Fame*;
How happy I ſhould lie
In ſweet Obſcurity,
Nor the loud World pronounce my little Name!
Here I could live and die alone!
Or if Society be due
To keep our Taſte of Pleaſure new,
GUNSTON, I'd live and die with you;
For both our Souls are one.

VI.

Here we could ſit and paſs the Hour,
And pity Kingdoms, and their Kings,
And ſmile at all their ſhining Things,
Their Toys of State, and Images of Power;
Vertue ſhould dwell within our Seat,
Vertue alone could make it ſweet,
Nor is her ſelf ſecure, but in a cloſe Retreat.
While ſhe withdraws from public Praiſe
Envy perhaps would ceaſe to rail,
Envy itſelf may innocently gaze
At Beauty in a Vail:
But if ſhe once advance to Light,
Her Charms are loſt in *Envy*'s Sight,
And *Virtue* ſtands the Mark of univerſal Spight.

TO

JOHN HARTOPP, Eſq;

NOW

Sir JOHN HARTOPP, Bart.

The Diſdain.

1700?

I.

HARTOPP, I love the Soul that dares
Tread the Temptations of his Years
Beneath his youthful Feet:
LEETWOOD and all thy heavenly Line
Look thro' the Stars, and ſmile divine
Upon an Heir ſo great.

Young

Young *HARTOPP* knows this noble Theme,
That the wild Scenes of buſy Life,
The Noiſe, th' Amuſements, and the Strife
Are but the Viſions of the Night,
Gay Phantoms of deluſive Light,
Or a vexatious Dream.

II.

Fleſh is the vileſt and the leaſt
Ingredient of our Frame:
We're born to live above the Beaſt,
Or quit the manly Name.
Pleaſures of Senſe we leave for Boys;
Be ſhining Duſt the Miſer's Food;
Let Fancy feed on Fame and Noiſe,
Souls muſt purſue diviner Joys,
And ſeize th' Immortal Good.

TO

MITIO, my FRIEND.

An EPISTLE.

FORGIVE me, MITIO, *that there ſhould be any mortifying Lines in the following Poems inſcribed to you, ſo ſoon after your Entrance into that State which was deſign'd for the compleateſt Happineſs on Earth*: *But you will quickly diſcover, that the Muſe in the firſt Poem only repreſents the Shades and dark Colours that Melancholy throws upon Love, and the Social Life. In the ſecond perhaps ſhe indulges her own bright Ideas a little. Yet if the Accounts are but well balanced at laſt, and Things ſet in a due Light, I hope there is no Ground for Cenſure. Here you will find an Attempt made to talk of one of the moſt important Concerns of human Nature in Verſe, and that with a Solemnity becoming the Argument. I have be-*

niſh-

iſhed Grimace and Ridicule, that Perſons of the moſt ſe-ious Character may read without Offence. What was ritten ſeveral Years ago to your ſelf is now permitted to ntertain the World; but you may aſſume it to your ſelf as private Entertainment ſtill, while you lie concealed be-ind a feigned Name.

The Mourning-Piece.

LIFE's a long Tragedy: This Globe the Stage,
Well fix'd and well adorn'd with ſtrong Machines,
Gay Fields, and Skies, and Seas: The Actors many:
The Plot immenſe: A Flight of Dæmans ſit
On every ſailing Cloud with fatal Purpoſe;
And ſhoot acroſs the Scenes ten thouſand Arrows
Perpetual and unſeen, headed with Pain,
With Sorrow, Infamy, Diſeaſe and Death.
The pointed Plagues fly ſilent thro' the Air,
Nor twangs the Bow, yet ſure and deep the Wound.

Dianthe acts her little Part alone,
Nor wiſhes an Aſſociate. Lo ſhe glides
Single thro' all the Storm, and more ſecure;
Leſs are her Dangers, and her Breaſt receives
The feweſt Darts. "But, O my lov'd *Marilla*,
"My Siſter, once my Friend, (*Dianthe* cries)
"How much art thou expos'd! Thy growing Soul
"Doubled in Wedlock, multiply'd in Children,
"Stands but the broader Mark for all the Miſchiefs
"That rove promiſcuous o'er the mortal Stage:
"Children thoſe dear young Limbs, thoſe tendereſt Pieces
"Of your own Fleſh, thoſe little other Selves,
"How they dilate the Heart to wide Dimenſions,
"And ſoften every Fibre to improve
"The Mother's ſad Capacity of Pain!

"I

" I mourn *Fidelio* too; tho' Heaven has choſe
" A Favourite Mate for him, of all her Sex
" The Pride and Flower: How bleſt the lovely Pair,
" Beyond Expreſſion, if well mingled Loves
" And Woes well-mingled could improve our Bliſs!
" Amidſt the rugged Cares of Life behold
" The Father and the Huſband; flattering Names,
" That ſpread his Title, and enlarge his Share
" Of common Wretchedneſs. He fondly hopes
" To multiply his Joys, but every Hour
" Renews the Diſappointment and the Smart.
" There's not a Wound afflicts the meaneſt Joint
" Of his fair Partner, or her Infant-Train,
" (Sweet Babes!) but pierces to his Inmoſt Soul.
" Strange is thy Power, O Love! what numerous
Veins,
" And Arteries, and Arms, and Hands, and Eyes,
" Are link'd and faſten'd to a Lover's Heart,
" By ſtrong but ſecret Strings! with vain Attempt
" We put the *Stoic* on, in vain we try
" To break the Ties of Nature and of Blood;
" Thoſe hidden Threads maintain the dear Communion
" Inviolably firm: their thrilling Motions
" Reciprocal give endleſs Sympathy
" In all the Bitters and the Sweets of Life.
" Thrice happy Man, if Pleaſure only knew
" Theſe Avenues of Love to reach our Souls,
" And Pain had never found 'em!

Thus ſang the tuneful Maid, fearful to try
The bold Experiment. Oft *Daphnis* came,
And oft *Narciſſus*, Rivals of her Heart,
Luring her Eyes with Trifles dipt in Gold,
And the gay ſilken Bondage. Firm ſhe ſtood,
And bold repuls'd the bright Temptation ſtill,
Nor put the Chains on; Dangerous to try,
And hard to be diſſolv'd. Yet riſing Tears
Sate on her Eye-lids, while her Numbers flow'd
Harmonious

Harmonious Sorrow; and the pitying Drops
Stole down her Cheeks, to mourn the hapleſs State
Of mortal Love. Love, thou beſt Bleſſing ſent
To ſoften Life, and make our Iron Cares
Eaſy: But thy own Cares of ſofter kind
Give ſharper Wounds: They lodge too near the Heart,
Beat like the Pulſe, perpetual, and create
A ſtrange uneaſy Senſe, a tempting Pain.

Say, my Companion *MITIO*, ſpeak ſincere,
(For thou art learned now) what anxious Thoughts,
What kind Perplexities tumultuous riſe,
If but the Abſence of a Day divide
Thee from thy fair Beloved! Vainly ſmiles
The Chearful Sun, and Night with radiant Eyes
Twinkles in vain: The Region of thy Soul
Is Darkneſs, till thy better Star appear.
Tell me, what Toil, what Torment to ſuſtain
The rolling Burden of the tedious Hours?
The tedious Hours are Ages. Fancy roves
Reſtleſs in fond Enquiry, nor believes
Chariſſa ſafe: *Chariſſa*, in whoſe Life
Thy Life conſiſts, and in her Comfort thine.
Fear and Surmiſe put on a thouſand Forms
Of dear Diſquietude, and round thine Ears
Whiſper ten thouſand Dangers, endleſs Woes,
Till thy Frame ſhudders at her Fancy'd Death;
Then dies my *MITIO*, and his Blood creeps cold
Thro' every Vein. Speak, does the Stranger-Muſe
Caſt happy Gueſſes at the unknown Paſſion,
Or has ſhe fabled all? Inform me, Friend,
Are half thy Joys ſincere? Thy Hopes fulfill'd,
Or fruſtrate? Here commit thy ſecret Griefs
To faithful Ears, and be they bury'd here
In Friendſhip and Oblivion; leſt they ſpoil
Thy new-born Pleaſures with diſtaſteful Gall.
Nor let thine Eye too greedily drink in
The frightful Proſpect, when untimely Death

Shall

Shall make wild Inroads on a Parent's Heart,
And his dear Offspring to the cruel Grave
Are dragg'd in ſad Succeſſion, while his Soul
Is torn away Piece Meal: Thus dies the Wretch
A various Death, and frequent e'er he quit
The Theatre, and make his *Exit* final.

But if his deareſt Half, his faithful Mate
Survive, and in the ſweeteſt ſaddeſt Airs
Of Love and Grief, approach with trembling Hand
To cloſe his ſwimming Eyes, what double Pangs,
What Racks, what Twinges rend his Heart-ſtrings off
From the Fair Boſom of that Fellow Dove
He leaves behind to mourn? What jealous Cares
Hang on his parting Soul, to think his Love
Expos'd to wild Oppreſſion, and the Herd
Of ſavage Men? So parts the dying Turtle
With ſobbing Accents, with ſuch ſad Regret
Leaves his kind feather'd Mate: The Widow-Bird
Wanders in loneſome Shades, forgets her Food,
Forgets her Life; or falls a ſpeedier Prey
To talon'd Faulcons, and the crooked Beak
Of Hawks athirſt for Blood———

The Second PART: or

The bright Viſion.

THUS far the Muſe, in unaccuſtom'd Mood,
And Strains unpleaſing to a Lover's Ear,
Indulg'd a Gloom of Thought; and thus ſhe ſang
Partial; for *Melancholy*'s hateful Form
Stood by in ſable Robe: The penſive Muſe
Survey'd the darkſome Scenes of Life, and ſought
Some bright relieving Glimpſe, ſome cordial Ray

In the fair World of Love: But while ſhe gaz'd
Delightful on the State of Twin-born Souls
United, bleſs'd, the cruel Shade apply'd
A dark long Tube, and a falſe tinctur'd Glaſs
Deceitful; blending Love and Life at once
In Darkneſs, Chaos, and the common Maſs
Of Miſery: Now *Urania* feels the Cheat,
And breaks the hated Optic in Diſdain.
Swift vaniſhes the ſullen Form, and lo
The Scene ſhines bright with Bliſs: Behold the Place
Where Miſchiefs never fly, Cares never come
With wrinkled Brow, nor Anguiſh, nor Diſeaſe,
Nor Malice forky-tongu'd. On this dear Spot,
MITIO, My Love would fix and plant thy Station
To act thy Part of Life, ſerene and bleſt
With the fair Conſort fitted to thy Heart.

Sure 'tis a Viſion of that happy Grove
Where the firſt Authors of our mournful Race
Liv'd in ſweet Partnerſhip! one Hour they liv'd,
But chang'd the taſted Bliſs (Imprudent Pair)
For Sin, and Shame, and this waſte Wilderneſs
Of Briars, and nine hundred Years of Pain.
The wiſhing Muſe new dreſſes the fair Garden
Amid this Deſart-World, with budding Bliſs,
And Ever-greens, and Balms and flowry Beauties
Without one dang'rous Tree: There heavenly Dews
Nightly deſcending ſhall impearl the Graſs
And verdant Herbage; Drops of Fragrancy
Sit trembling on the Spires: The ſpicy Vapours
Riſe with the Dawn, and thro' the Air diffus'd
Salute your waking Senſes with Perfume:
While vital Fruits with their Ambroſial Juice
Renew Life's purple Flood and Fountain, pure
From vicious Taint: And with your Innocence
Immortalize the Structure of your Clay.
On this new Paradiſe the cloudleſs Skies
Shall ſmile perpetual, while the Lamp of Day

With Flames unſully'd, (as the fabled Torch
Of *Hymen*) meaſures out your golden Hours
Along his Azure Road. The nuptial Moon
In milder Rays ſerene, ſhould nightly riſe
Full-orb'd (if Heaven and Nature will indulge
So fair an Emblem) big with Silver Joys,
And ſtill forget her Wane. The feather'd Choir
Warbling their Maker's Praiſe on early Wing,
Or pearch'd on Evening Bough, ſhall join your Worſhip,
Join your ſweet Veſpers, and the Morning Song.

O ſacred Symphony! Hark, thro' the Grove
I hear the ſound Divine! I'm all Attention,
All Ear, all Extaſy; unknown Delight!
And the fair Muſe proclaims the Heav'n below.

Not the Seraphic Mirds of high Degree
Diſdain Converſe with Men: Again returning
I ſee th' Ethereal Hoſt on downward Wing.
Lo, at the Eaſtern Gate young Cherubs ſtand
Guardians, commiſſion'd to convey their Joys
To earthly Lovers. Go, ye happy Pair,
Go taſte their Banquet, learn the nobler Pleaſures
Supernal, and from brutal Dregs refin'd.
Raphael ſhall teach thee, Friend, exalted Thoughts
And intellectual Bliſs. 'Twas *Raphael* taught
The Patriarch of our Progeny th' Affairs
Of Heaven: (So *Milton* ſings, enlightned Bard!
Nor miſs'd his Eyes, when in ſublimeſt Strain
The Angel's great Narration he repeats
To *Albion*'s Sons high favour'd) Thou ſhalt learn
Celeſtial Leſſons from his awful Tongue;
And with ſoft Grace and interwoven Loves
(Grateful Digreſſion) all his Words rehearſe
To thy *Chariſſa*'s Ear, and charm her Soul.
Thus with divine Diſcourſe in ſhady Bowers
Of *Eden*, our firſt Father entertain'd
Eve his ſole Auditreſs; and deep Diſpute

With

With conjugal Careſſes on her Lip
Solv'd eaſy, and abſtruſeſt Thoughts reveal'd.

Now the Day wears apace, now *MITIO* comes
From his bright Tutor, and finds out his Mate.
Behold the dear Aſſociates ſeated low
On humble Turf, with Roſe and Myrtle ſtrow'd;
But high their Conference! how ſelf-ſuffic'd
Lives their Eternal Maker, girt around
With Glories: arm'd with Thunders; and his Throne
Mortal Acceſs forbids, projecting far
Splendors unſufferable and radiant Death.
With Reverence and Abaſement deep they fall
Before his Sovereign Majeſty to pay
Due Worſhip: Then his Mercy on their Souls
Smiles with a gentler Ray, but Sovereign ſtill;
And leads their Meditation and Diſcourſe
Long Ages backward, and acroſs the Seas
To *Bethlehem* of *Judah*: There the Son,
The filial Godhead, Character expreſs
Of Brightneſs inexpreſſible, laid by
His beamy Robes, and made Deſcent to Earth
Sprung from the Sons of *Adam* he became
A ſecond Father, ſtudious to regain
Loſt Paradiſe for Men, and purchaſe Heav'n.

The Lovers with Indearment mutual thus
Promiſcuous talk'd, and Queſtions intricate
His manly Judgment ſtill reſolv'd, and ſtill
Held her Attention fix'd: ſhe muſing ſat
On the ſweet mention of Incarnate Love,
Till Rapture wak'd her Voice to ſofteſt Strains.
" She ſang the Infant God; (myſterious Theme!)
" How vile his Birth place, and his Cradle vile!
" The Ox and Aſs his mean Companions there
" In Habit vile the Shepherds flock around,
" Saluting the great Mother and adore
" *Iſrael*'s anointed King, the appointed Heir

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'The Ox and Aſs his mean Companions there
'In Habit vile the Shepherds flock around,
'Saluting the great Mother and adore
'*Iſrael*'s anointed King, the appointed Heir

" Of the Creation. How debas'd he lies
" Beneath his Regal State; for thee, my *MITIO*,
" Debas'd in ſervile Form; but Angels ſtood
" Miniſtring round their Charge with folded Wings
" Obſequious, tho' unſeen; while lightſome Hours
" Fulfill'd the Day, and the grey Evening roſe.
" Then the fair Guardians hov'ring o'er his Head
" Wakeful all Night drive the foul Spirits far,
" And with their fanning Pinions purge the Air
" From buſy Phantoms, from infectious Damps,
" And impure Taint; while their Ambroſial Plumes
" A dewy Slumber on his Senſes ſhed.
" Alternate Hymns the heav'nly Watchers ſung
" Melodious, ſoothing the ſurrounding Shades,
" And kept the Darkneſs chaſte and holy. Then
" Midnight was charm'd, and all her gazing Eyes
" Wonder'd to ſee their mighty Maker ſleep.
" Behold the Glooms Diſperſe, the roſy Morn
" Smiles in the Eaſt with Eye-lids opening fair,
" But not ſo fair as Thine; O I could fold thee,
" My young Almighty, my Creator-Babe,
" For ever in theſe Arms! For ever dwell
" Upon thy lovely Form with gazing Joys,
" And every Pulſe ſhould beat Seraphic Love!
" Around my Seat ſhould crouding Cherubs come
" With ſwift Ambition, zealous to attend
" Their Prince, and form a Heav'n below the Sky.

" Forbear, *Chariſſa*, O forbear the Thought
" Of Female-Fondneſs, and forgive the Man
" That interrupts ſuch melting Harmony!
Thus *MITIO*; and awakes her nobler Powers
To pay juſt Worſhip to the ſacred King,
Jeſus, the God; nor with Devotion pure
Mix the Careſſes of her ſofter Sex;
(Vain Blandiſhment.) " Come, turn thine Eyes aſide
" From *Bethle'em* and climb up the doleful Steep
" Of bloody *Calvary* where naked Sculls

" Pave

" Pave the ſad Road, and fright the Traveller.
" Can my Beloved bear to trace the Feet
" Of her Redeemer panting up the Hill
" Hard burden'd? Can thy Heart attend his Croſs?
" Nail'd to the cruel Wood he groans, he dies,
" For thee he dies. Beneath thy Sins and mine
" (Horrible Load) the ſinleſs Saviour groans,
" And in fierce Anguiſh of his Soul expires,
" Adoring Angels pry with bending Head
" Searching the deep Contrivance, and admire
" This Infinite Deſign. Here Peace is made
" 'Twixt God the Sovereign and the Rebel Man;
" Here *Satan* overthrown with all his Hoſts
" In ſecond Ruin rages and deſpairs;
" Malice it ſelf deſpairs. The Captive Prey
" Long held in Slavery hopes a ſweet Releaſe,
" And *Adam*'s ruin'd Offspring ſhall revive
" Thus ranſom'd from the greedy Jaws of Death.

The fair Diſciple heard; Her Paſſions move
Harmonious to the Great Diſcourſe, and breathe
Refin'd Devotion: while new Smiles of Love
Repay her Teacher. Both with bended Knees
Read o'er the Covenant of eternal Life
Brought down to Men; ſeal'd by the ſacred Three
In Heav'n, and ſeal'd on Earth with God's own Blood.
Here they unite their Names again, and ſign
Thoſe peaceful Articles. (Hail bleſt Co heirs
Cœleſtial! Ye ſhall grow to manly Age
And Spite of Earth and Hell in Seaſon due
Poſſeſs the fair Inheritance above.)
With joyous Admiration they ſurvey
The Goſpel Treaſures infinite unſeen
By mortal Eye, by mortal Ear unheard,
And unconceiv'd by Thought: Riches Divine,
And Honours which th' Almighty Father-God
Pour'd with immenſe Profuſion on his Son
High-Treaſurer of Heaven. The Son beſtows
The Life, the Love, the Bleſſing, and the Joy

On Bankrupt Mortals who believe and love
His Name. " Then, my *Chariſſa*, all is thine.
" And thine, my *MITIO*, the fair Saint replies.
" Life, Death, the World below, and Worlds on high,
" And Place, and Time, are ours; and Things to come,
" And paſt, and preſent, for our Intereſt ſtands
" Firm in our Myſtic Head, the Title ſure.
" 'Tis for our Health and ſweet Refreſhment (while
" We ſojourn Strangers here) the fruitful Earth
" Bears plenteous; and revolving Seaſons ſtill
" Dreſs her vaſt Globe in various Ornament.
" For us this chearful Sun and chearful Light
" Diurnal ſhine. This blue Expanſe of Sky
" Hangs, a rich Canopy above our Heads
" Covering our Slumbers, all with ſtarry Gold
" Inwrought, when Night alternates her Ruturn.
" For us Time wears his Wings out. Nature keeps
" Her Wheels in Motion: and her Fabrick ſtands.
" Glories beyond our Ken of mortal Sight
" Are now preparing, and a Manſion fair
" Awaits us, where the Saints unbody'd live.
" Spirits releas'd from Clay, and purg'd from Sin:
" Thither our Hearts with moſt inceſſant Wiſh
" Panting aſpire; when ſhall that deareſt Hour
" Shine and releaſe us hence, and bear us high,
" Bear us at once unſever'd to our better Home?

O bleſt connubial State! O happy Pair,
Envy'd by yet unſociated Souls
Who ſeek their faithful Twins! Your Pleaſures riſe
Sweet as the Morn, advancing as the Day,
Fervent as glorious Noon, ſerenely calm
As Summer Evenings. The vile Sons of Earth
Groveling in Duſt with all their noiſy Jars
Reſtleſs, ſhall interrupt your Joys no more
Than barking Animals affright the Moon
Sublime, and riding in her Midnight Way.
Friendſhip and Love ſhall undiſtinguiſh'd reign

O'er

O'er all your Paſſions with unrival'd Sway
Mutual and everlaſting: Friendſhip knows
No Property in Good, but all Things common
That each poſſeſſes, as the Light or Air
In which we breathe and live: There's not one Tho't
Can lurk in cloſe Reſerve, no Barriers fix'd,
But every Paſſage open as the Day
To one another's Breaſt, and inmoſt Mind,
Thus by Communion your Delight ſhall grow,
Thus Streams of mingled Bliſs ſwell higher as they flow,
Thus Angels mix their Flames, and more divinely glow.

The Third PART: or

The Account balanced.

I.

SHOULD Sovereign Love before me ſtand,
With all his Train of Pomp and State,
And bid the daring Muſe relate
His Comforts and his Cares;
MITIO, I would not aſk the Sand
For Metaphors t' expreſs their Weight,
Nor borrow Numbers from the Stars.
Thy Cares and Comforts, ſovereign Love,
Vaſtly out-weigh the Sand below,
And to a larger Audit grow
Than all the Stars above.
Thy mighty Loſſes and thy Gains
Are their own mutual Meaſures;
Only the Man that knows thy Pains
Can reckon up thy Pleaſures.

II.

Say, *Damon*, ſay, how bright the Scene,
Damon is half divinely bleſt,

Leaning his Head on his *Florella*'s Breaſt
Without a jealous Thought, or buſy Care between:
Then the ſweet Paſſions mix and ſhare;
Florella tells thee all her Heart,
Nor can thy Souls remoteſt Part
Conceal a Thought or Wiſh from the beloved Fair.
Say, what a Pitch thy Pleaſures fly
When Friendſhip all ſincere grows up to Extaſy,
Nor Self contracts the Bliſs, nor Vice pollutes the Joy,
While thy dear Offspring round thee ſit,
Or ſporting innocently at thy Feet
Thy kindeſt Thoughts engage:
Thoſe little Images of Thee,
What pretty Toys of Youth they be
And growing Props of Age!

III.

But ſhort is earthly Bliſs! The changing Wind
Blows from the ſickly South, and brings
Malignant Fevers on its ſultry Wings,
Relentleſs Death ſits cloſe behind:
Now gaſping Infants and a Wife in Tears
With piercing Groans ſalutes his Ears,
Thro' every Vein the thrilling Torments roll;
While Sweet and Bitter are at Striſe
In thoſe dear Miſeries of Life,
Thoſe tendereſt Pieces of his bleeding Soul.
The pleaſing Senſe of Love awhile
Mixt with the Heart-ake may the Pain beguile,
And make a feeble Fight;
Till Sorrows like a gloomy Deluge riſe,
Then every ſmiling Paſſion dies,
And Hope alone with wakeful Eyes
Darkling and ſolitary waits the ſlow-returning Light.

IV.

Here then let my Ambition reſt,
May I be moderately bleſt
When I the Laws of Love obey;
Let but my Pleaſure and my Pain

In

In equal Ballance ever reign,
Or mount by Turns and ſink again,
And ſhare juſt Meaſures of alternate Sway.
So *Damon* lives, and ne'er complains;
Scarce can we hope diviner Scenes
On this dull Stage of Clay:
The Tribes beneath the Northern *Bear*
Submit to Darkneſs half the Year,
Since half the Year is Day.

On the Death of the Duke of Gloceſter, *juſt after Mr.* Dryden.

1700.

An EPIGRAM.

DRYDEN is dead, *DRYDEN* alone could ſing
The full-grown Glories of a future King.
Now *GLOSTER* dies: Thus leſſer Heroes live
By that immortal Breath that Poets give;
And ſcarce ſurvive the Muſe: But *WILLIAM* ſtands,
Nor aſks his Honours from the Poets Hands.
WILLIAM ſhall ſhine without a *DRYDEN*'s Praiſe,
His Laurels are not grafted on the Bays.

An EPIGRAM of *Martial* to *Cirinus*.

Sic tua, Cirini, promas Epigrammata vulgo
Ut mecum poſſis, &c.

Inſcrib'd to Mr. JOSIAH HORT.

Now Lord Biſhop of Kilmore *in* Ireland.

1694.

SO ſmooth your Numbers, Friend, your Verſe ſo ſweet,
So ſharp the Jeſt, and yet the Turn ſo neat,

That with her *Martial Rome* would place *Cirine*,
Rome would prefer your Senſe and Thought to mine.
Yet modeſt you decline the publick Stage,
To fix your Friend alone amidſt th' applauding Age,
So *Maro* did; the mighty *Maro* ſings
In vaſt Heroic Notes of vaſt Heroic Things,
And leaves the Ode to dance upon his *Flaccus* Strings.
He ſcorn'd to daunt the dear *Horatian* Lyre,
Tho' his brave Genius flaſh'd *Pindaric* Fire,
And at his Will could ſilence all the Lyric Quire.
So to his *Varius* he reſign'd the Praiſe
Of the proud Buſkin and the Tragic Bays,
When he could Thunder with a loftier Vein,
And ſing of Gods and Heroes in a bolder Strain.

A handſome Treat, a Piece of Gold, or ſo,
And Compliments will every Friend beſtow;
Rarely a *Virgil*, a *Cirine* we meet,
Who lays his Laurels at inferior Feet,
And yields the tendereſt Point of Honour, *Wit*.

EPISTOLA
Fratri ſuo dilecto *R. W. I. W.*
S. P. D.

RURSUM tuas, amande Frater, accepi Literas, eodem fortaſſé momento, quo meæ ad te pervenerunt; idemque qui te ſcribentem vidit Dies, meum ad Epiſtolare munus excitavit Calamum; non Inane eſt inter nos Fraternum Nomen, unicus enim Spiritus nos intùs animat, agitque, & Concordes in ambobus efficit motus: O utinam creſcat indies, & vigeſcat mutua Charitas; faxit Deus, ut Amor ſui noſtra incendat & defæcet pectora, tunc etenim & alternis puræ Amicitiæ flammis erga nos invicem Divinum in modum ardebimus; Contemplemur Jeſum *noſtrum, Cœleſte illud & adorandum Exemplar Charitatis. Ille eſt.* Qui

QUI quondam æterno delapſus ab Æthere Vultus
Induit Humanos, ut poſſet Corpore noſtras
(Heu miſeras) ſufferre vices; ſponſoris obivit
Munia, & in ſeſe *Tabulæ* maledicta *Minacis*
Tranſtulit, & ſceleris pœnas hominiſque reatum.

Ecce jace deſertus humi, diffuſus in herbam
Integer, innocuas verſus ſua ſidera Palmas
Et placidum attollens vultum, nec ad oſcula Patris
Amplexus ſolitoſve; Artus nudatus amictu
Sidereos, & ſponte ſinum patefactus ad Iras
Numinis armati. Pater, hic infige * ſagittas,
" Hæc, ait, iratum, ſorbebunt Pectora ferrum,
" Abluat Æthereus mortalia Crimina Sanguis.

Dixit, & horrendum fremuêre tonitrua Cœli
Infenſuſque Deus; (quem jam poſuiſſe paternum
Muſa queri vellet nomen, ſed & ipſa fragores
Ad tantos pavefacta ſilet) Jam diſſilit Æther,
Pandunturque fores, ubi duro Carcere regnat,
IRA, & Pœnarum Theſauros mille coercet,
Inde ruunt gravidi veſano Sulphure Nimbi,
Centupliciſque volant contorta volumnia Flammæ
In Caput immeritum; diro hic ſub Pondere preſſus
Reſtat, compreſſos dumque ardens explicat artus
† Purpureo veſtes tinctæ ſudore madeſcunt.
Nec tamen infando *Vindex Regina* labori
Segniùs incumbit, ſed laſſos increpat Ignes
Acriter, & ſomno languentem ſuſcitat ‖ Enſem:
" Surge, age, Divinum pete Pectus, & imbue ſacro
" Flumine mucronem; Vos hinc, mea ſpicula, late
" Ferrea per totum diſpergite tormina *Chriſtum*,
" Immenſum tolerare valet; ad pondera Pœnæ
" Suſtentanda hominem ſuffulciet Incola NUMEN.
" Et tu ſacra *Decas Legum*, Violata Tabella,
" Ebibe vindictam; vaſtâ ſatiabere cæde,

* Job iv. 6. † Luke xxii. 44. ‖ Zech. xiii. 7.

" Mortalis

" Mortalis Culpæ penſabit dedecus ingens
" Permiſtus Deitate Cruor.———————

Sic fata, immiti contorquet Vulnera dextrâ
Dilaniatque ſinus ; ſancti penetralia Cordis
Panduntur, ſævis avidus Dolor involat alis,
Atque audax Mentem ſcrutator, & Ilia mordet ;
Intereà Servator ‖ ovat, Victorque Doloris
Eminet, Illuſtri † perfuſus Membre Cruore,
Exultatque miſer fieri ; nam fortiùs illum
Urget Patris Honos, & non vincenda Voluptas
Servandi miſeros Sontes ; O nobilis Ardor
Pœnarum ! O quid non Mortalia Pectora cogis
Durus Amor ! Quid non Cœleſtia ?

At ſubſidat Phantaſia, vaneſcant Imagines ; neſcio quo me proripuit amens Muſa : Volui quatuor lineas pedibus aſtringere, & ecce ! numeri creſcunt in immenſum ; dumque concitato Genio laxavi fræna, vereor ne juvenilis impetus Theologiam læſerit, & audax nimis Imaginatio. Heri allata eſt ad me Epiſtola indicans Matrem meliuſcule ſe habere, licet ignis febrilis non prorſus deſeruit mortale ejus Domicilium. Plura volui, ſed turgidi & creſcentes verſus noluêre plura, & coarctârunt ſcriptionis Limites. Vale amice frater, & in ſtadio Pietatis & Artis medicæ ſtrenuus decurre.

Datum à Muſæo meo Londini xvto. Kalend. Febr.
Anno Salutis CIↃIↃCXCIII.

‖ Col. ii. 15. † Luc. xxiii. 24.

Fratris E. W. *olim navigaturo.*

Sept. 30. 1691.

I FELIX, pede proſpero
I Frater, Trabe pineâ
Sulces Æquora cœrula
Pandas Carbaſa flatibus Quæ

Quæ tutò reditura ſint.
Non te monſtra Natantia
Ponti Carnivoræ Incolæ
Prædenter Rate naufragâ.
Navis, Tu tibi creditum
Fratrem dimidium mei
Salvum fer per inhoſpita
Ponti Regna, per avios
Tractus, & liquidum Chaos.
Nec te ſorbeat horrida
Syrtis, nec Scopulus minax
Rumpat roboreum latus.
Captent mitia flamina
Antennæ; & Zephyri leves
Dent Portum placidum tibi.
Tu, qui flumina, qui vagos
Fluctus Oceani regis,
Et ſævum Boream domas.
Da fratri faciles vias,
Et fratrem reducem ſuis.

Ad Reverendum Virum

Dm JOHANNEM PINHORNE,

Fidum Adoleſcentiæ meæ Præceptorem.

Pindarici Carminis Specimen. 1694.

I.

ET te, *PINORNI*, Muſa *Triſantica*
Salutat, ardens diſcipulam tuam
Gratè fateri: nunc Athenas,
Nunc Latias per amœnitates
Tutò pererrans te recolit Ducem,
Te quondam teneros & Ebraia per aſpera greſſus
Non durâ duxiſſe Manu.

Tuo

Tuo pateſcunt lumine Theſpii
Campi atque ad arcem Pieridῶn iter :
En altus aſſurgens *Homerus*
Arma Deoſque Viroſque miſcens
Occupat Æthereum Parnaſſi culmen : *Homeri*
Immenſos ſtupeo manes———
Te, *Maro*, dulcè canens ſylvas, te bella ſonantem
Ardua, da veniam tenui venerare Camœnâ :
Tuæque accipias, *Thebane* Vates,
Debita Thura Lyræ.
Vobis, magna Trias ! clariſſima Nomina, ſemper
Scrinia noſtro patent, & Pectora noſtra patebunt,
Quum mihi cunque levem conceſſerit otia & horam
Divina *Moſis* pagina.

II.

Flaccus ad hanc Triadem ponatur, at ipſa pudendas
Deponat Veneres : venias, ſed ‖ *purus & inſons*
Ut te collaudem, dum *ſordes & mala luſtra*
Ablutus, *Venuſine*, canis rideſve. Reciſæ
Hâc lege accedant Satyræ *Juvenalis*, amari
Terrores vitiorum. At longè cæcus abeſſet
Perſius, obſcurus Vates, niſi lumina circum-
-fuſa forent, Sphingiſque ænigmata, *Bonde*, ſcidiſſes.
Grande ſonans *Senecæ* fulmen, gradiſque cothurni
Pompa *Sophoclei* celſo ponantur eodem
Ordine, & ambâbus ſimul hos amplectar in ulnis.
Tutò, Poetæ, tutò habitabitis
Pictos abacos ; improba Tinea
Obiit, nec audet ſæva caſtas
Attingere Blata Camœnas.
At tu renidens fœda Epigrammatum
Farrago inertûm ſtercoris impii
Sentina fætens, *Martialis*,
In Barathrum relegandus imum
Aufuge, & hinc tecum rapias *Catullum*
Inſulsè mollem, naribus, auribus

‖ Horat. Lib. 1. Sat. 6.

Ingrata

Ingrata caſtis carmina, & Improbi
Spurcos *Naſonis* Amores.

III.

Nobilis extremâ gradiens *Caladonis* ab arâ
En *Buchananus* adeſt. Divini Pſaltis Imago
Jeſſiadæ ſalveto; potens ſeu Numinis Iras
Fulminibus miſcere, ſacro vel lumine Mentis
Fugare noctes, vel Citharæ ſono
Sedare fluctus Pectoris.
Tu mihi hærebis comes ambulanti,
Tu Domi aſtabis ſocius Perennis,
Seu levi Menſæ ſimul aſſidere
Dignabere, ſeu Lecticæ.
Mox recumbentis vigilans ad aurem
Aureos ſuadebis inire ſomnos
Sacra ſopitis ſuperinferens ob-
livia curis,
Stet juxtà * *Caſimirus*, huic nec parciùs Ignem
Natura indulſit nec Muſa armavit Alumnum
* *Sarbivium* rudiore Lyrâ.
Quanta *Polonum* levat aura Cygnum!
† *Humana linquens* enſibi *devii*
Montes recedunt) luxuriantibus
Spatiatur in aëre pennis.
Seu tu ſortè virum tollis ad æthera,
Cognatoſve Thronos & patrium Polum
Viſurus conſurgis ovans,
Viſum fatigas, aciemque fallis,
Dum tuum a longè ſtupeo volatum
O non imitabilis Ales.

IV.

Sarbivii ad nomen gelida incalet
Muſa, ſimul totus ferveſcere

* *M.* Caſimirus, Sarbiewski Poeta inſignis Polonis.
† Ode 5. Lib. 2.

Sentio,

Sentio, ſtellatas levis induor
Alas & tollor in altum.
Jam juga *Zionis* radens pede
Elato inter ſidera vertice
Longè deſpecto mortalia.
Quam juvat altiſonis volitare per æthera pennis,
Et ridere procul fallacia Gaudia ſæcli
Terrelæ Grandia inania,
Quæ mortale genus (heu male) deperit.
O curas hominum miſeras! Cano,
Et miſeras nugas Diademata!
Ventoſæ ſortis Ludibrium.
En mihi ſubſidunt terrenæ à pectore Fæces,
Geſtit & effrænis divinum effundere Carmen
Mens afflata Deo———————
———at vos Heroes & Arma
Et procul eſte Dii, ludicra Numina.
Quid mihi cum veſtræ pondere Lanceæ,
Pallas! aut veſtris, *Dionyſe*, Thyrſis?
Et Clava, & Anguis, & Leo, & *Herculeſ*,
Et brutum tonitru fictitii Patris,
Abſtate a carmine noſtro.

V.

Te, Deus Omnipotens! te noſtra ſonabit *JESU*
Muſa, nec aſſueto cœleſtes Barbiton auſû
Tentabit numeros. Vaſti ſine limite Numen &
Immenſum ſine lege Deum numeri ſine lege ſonabunt.

Sed Muſam magna pollicentem deſtituit vigor; Divino jubare perſtringitur oculorum acies. En labaſcit pennis, tremit artubus, ruit deorſum per inane Ætheris, jacet victa, obſtupeſcit, ſilet.

Ignoſcas, Reverende Vir, vano conamini; fragmen hoc rude licet & impolitum æqui boni conſulas, & gratitudinis jam diu debitæ in partem reponas.

Votum

Votum, ſeu Vita in terris beata.

Ad virum digniſſimum

JOHANNEM HARTOPPIUM, Bar^tum.

I. 1702.

HARTOPPI eximio ſtemmate nobilis
Venaque Ingenii divite, ſi roges
Quem mea Muſa beat,
Ille mihi felix ter & ampliùs,
Et ſimiles ſuperis annos agit
Qui ſibi ſufficiens ſemper adeſt ſibi.
Hunc longè a curis mortalibus
Inter agros, ſylvaſque ſilentes
Se Muſiſque ſuis tranquillâ in pace fruentem
Sol orens videt & recumbens.

II.

Non ſuæ Vulgi favor inſolentis
(Plauſus inſani tumidus popelli)
Mentis ad ſacram penetrabit arcem,
Feriat licèt Æthera clamor.
Nec Gaza flammans divitis *Indiæ*,
Nec, *Tage*, veſtræ fulgor Arenulæ
Ducent ab obſcurâ quiete
Ad laquear radiantis Aulæ.

III.

O ſi daretur ſtamina proprii
Tractare fuſi pollice proprio,
Atque meum mihi fingere fatum ;
Candidus vitæ color innocentis
Fila Nativo decoraret Albo
Non *Tyriâ* vitiata conchâ
Non aurum, non gemma nitens, nec purpura telæ
Intertexta forent invidioſa meæ.
Longè a Triumphis, & ſonitu Tubæ
Longè remotos tranſigerem dies :

Abſtate

Abſtate faſces (ſplendida Vanitas)
Et vos abſtate, Coronæ.

IV.

Pro meo tecto Caſa ſit, ſalubres
Captet Auroras, procul Urbis atro
Diſtet a fumo, fugiatque longè
Dura Phthiſis mala, dura Tuſſis.
Diſplicet *Byrſa* & fremitu moleſto
Turba Mercantûm; gratiùs alvear
Demulcet aures murmure, gratius
Fons ſalientis aquæ.

V.

Litigioſa fori me terrent jurgia, lenes
Ad ſylvas properans rixoſas execror artes
Eminus in tuto a Linguis———
Blandimenta artis ſimul æquus odi,
Valete, Cives, & amæna fraudis
Verba; proh Mores! & inane ſacri
Nomen Amici!

VI.

Tuq; quæ noſtris inimica Muſis
Felle ſacratum vitias amorem,
Abſis æternùm, Diva libidinis,
Et Pharetrate Puer;
Hinc, hinc, *Cupido*, longuis avola;
Nil mihi cum fœdis, Puer, ignibus;
Æthereâ fervent face pectora,
Sacra mihi *Venus* eſt Urania,
Et juvenis *Jeſſæus* Amor mihi.

VII.

Cœleſte carmen (nec taceat lyra
Jeſſæa) lætis auribus inſonet,
Nec *Watſianis* è medullis
Ulla dies rapiet vel hora.
Sacri Libelli deliciæ meæ,
Et vos, Sodales, ſemper amabiles,
Nunc ſimul adſitis, nunc viciſſim,
Et fallite tædia vitæ.

TO

Mrs. *SINGER.*

(Now Mrs. *ROWE.*)

On the Sight of ſome of her Divine Poems Never Printed.

July 19th, 1706.

I.

ON the fair Banks of gentle *Thames*
I tun'd my Harp; nor did celeſtial Themes
Refuſe to dance upon my Strings:
There beneath the Evening Sky
I ſung my Cares aſleep, and rais'd my Wiſhes high
To everlaſting Things.
Sudden from *Albion*'s Weſtern Coaſt
Harmonious Notes come gliding by,
The neighbouring Shepherds knew the Silver Sound;
"'Tis *PHILOMELA*'s Voice, the neighb'ring
Shepherds cry;
At once my Strings all ſilent lie,
At once my fainting Muſe was loſt
In the ſuperiour Sweetneſs drown'd.
In vain I bid my tuneful Powers unite;
My Soul retir'd, and left my Tongue,
I was all Ear, and *PHILOMELA*'s Song
Was all divine Delight.

II.

Now be my Harp for ever dumb,
My Muſe attempt no more. 'Twas long ago
I bid adieu to mortal Things,
To *Grecian* Tales, and Wars of *Rome*,
'Twas long ago I broke all but th' immortal Strings;

Now

Now thoſe immortal Strings have no Employ
Since a fair Angel dwells below
To tune the Notes of Heav'n, and propagate the Joy,
Let all my Powers with Awe profound
While *PHILOMELA* ſings
Attend the Rapture of the Sound,
And my Devotion riſe on her Seraphic Wings.

To His EXCELLENCY

JONATHAN BELCHER, *Eſq;*

in *LONDON,*

appointed by His MAJESTY

King GEORGE II.

To the Government of *NEW-ENGLAND,*

And now returning Home.

GO, Favourite *Man*; ſpread to the Wind thy Sails:
The Weſtern Ocean ſmiles; the Eaſtern Gales
Attend thy Hour. Ten thouſand Vows ariſe
T'enſure for Thee the Waves, for Thee the Skies,
And Waft thee homeward. On thy native Strand
Thy Nation throngs to hail thy Bark to Land.
She ſent thee *Envoy* to ſecure her Laws
And her lov'd Freedom. Heaven ſucceeds the Cauſe,
And makes thee *Ruler* there. Thy Name unites
Thy Princes Honours and thy Peoples Rights.

Twice has thy Zeal been to thy SOVEREIGN ſhown
In *German* Realms, while yet the *Britiſh* Throne
Sigh'd

Sigh'd for the Houſe of BRUNSWICK. There thy Knee
Paid its firſt Debt to future MAJESTY,
And own the Title, e're the Crown had ſhed
Its radiant Honours round the Royal FATHERS head.
Long has thy Nation lov'd thee; Sage in Youth,
In Manhood nobly bold, and firm to Truth;
Shining in Arts of Peace; yet 'midſt a Storm
Skilful t' adviſe, and Vigorous to perform:
Kind to the World, and duteous to the Skies;
Diſtreſs and Want to thee direct their Eyes:
Thy Life a publick Good. What heav'nly Ray,
What courteous Spirit pointed out the way,
To make *New-Albion* bleſt, when GEORGE the Juſt
Gave up the Joyful Nation to thy Truſt?
Great GEORGE rewards thy Zeal in happy hour
With a bright Beam of his Imperial Power.

Go, BELCHER, go: Aſſume thy glorious Sway:
Faction expires, and BOSTON longs t' obey.
Beneath thy Rule may Truth and Vertue ſpread;
Divine Religion raiſe aloft her head,
And deal her Bleſſings round. Let *India* hear
That *JESUS* reigns, and her Wild Tribes prepare
For Heavenly Joys. Thy Power ſhall rule by Love;
So reigns our *JESUS* in His Realms above.
Illuſtrious Pattern! Let Him fix thine Eye,
And guide thy Hand. *HE* from the Worlds on high
Came once an *Envoy* and return'd a *King*:
The Sons of Light in throngs their Homage bring;
While Glory, Life and Joy beneath his Sceptre Spring.

March 31.
1730.

I. Watts.

The End of the Second Book.

HORÆ LYRICÆ.

BOOK III.

Sacred to the Memory of the Dead.

An EPITAPH on King *WILLIAM* III.

Of Glorious Memory.

Who died March *the* 8th, 1701.

I.

BENEATH theſe Honours of a Tomb,
GREATNESS in humble Ruin lies :
(How Earth confines in narrow Room
What Heroes leave beneath the Skies !)

II.

Preſerve, O venerable PILE,
Inviolate thy ſacred Truſt ;
To thy cold Arms the *BRITISH* Iſle,
Weeping, commits her richeſt Duſt.

III.

III.

Ye gentleſt Miniſters of FATE,
Attend the Monarch as he lies,
And bid the ſofteſt SLUMBERS wait
With ſilken Cords to bind his Eyes.

IV.

Reſt his dear SWORD beneath his Head ;
Round him his faithful ARMS ſhall ſtand :
Fix his bright ENSIGNS on his Bed,
The Guards and Honours of our Land.

V.

Ye Siſter-Arts of PAINT and VERSE,
Place *ALBION* fainting by his Side,
Her Groans ariſing o'er the Hearſe,
And *BELGIA* ſinking when he dy'd,

VI.

High o'er the Grave RELIGION ſet
In ſolemn Gold ; pronounce the Ground
Sacred, to bar unhallow'd Feet,
And plant her Guardian VIRTUES round.

VII.

Fair LIBERTY in Sables dreſt,
Write his lov'd Name upon his Urn;
WILLIAM, *the Scourge of Tyrants paſt,*
And Awe of Princes yet unborn.

VIII.

Sweet PEACE his ſacred Relicks keep,
With Olives blooming round her Head,
And ſtretch her Wings acroſs the Deep
To bleſs the Nations with the Shade.

IX.

Stand on the Pile, Immortal FAME,
Broad Stars adorn thy brighteſt Robe,
Thy Thouſand Voices ſound his Name
In Silver Accents round the Globe.

X.

FLATTERY ſhall faint beneath the Sound,
While hoary TRUTH inſpires the Song ;

ENVY

ENVY grow pale and bite the Ground,
And SLANDER gnaw her forky Tongue.

XI.

NIGHT and the GRAVE remove your Gloom;
Darkneſs becomes the vulgar Dead;
But GLORY bids the Royal Tomb
Diſdain the Horrors of a Shade.

XII.

GLORY with all her Lamps ſhall burn,
And watch the Warrior's ſleeping Clay,
Till the laſt Trumpet rouze his Urn
To aid the Triumphs of the Day.

On the ſudden DEATH of Mrs. *MARY PEACOCK.*

An Elegiac Song ſent in a Letter of Condolance to Mr. N. P. *Merchant at* Amſterdam.

I.

HARK! She bids all her Friends adieu;
Some Angel calls her to the Spheres;
Our Eyes the radiant Saint purſue
Thro' liquid Teleſcopes of Tears.

II.

Farewel, bright Soul, a ſhort Farewel,
Till we ſhall meet again above
In the ſweet Groves where Pleaſures dwell,
And Trees of Life bear Fruits of Love:

III.

There Glory ſits on every Face,
There Friendſhip ſmiles in every Eye,
There ſhall our Tongues relate the Grace
That led us homeward to the Sky.

O'

IV.

O'er all the Names of CHRIST our King
Shall our harmonious Voices rove,
Our Harps ſhall ſound from every String
The Wonders of his bleeding Love.

V.

Come, Sovereign LORD, dear SAVIOUR, come,
Remove theſe ſeparating Days,
Send thy bright Wheels to fetch us home;
That golden Hour, how long it ſtays!

VI.

How long muſt we lie lingring here,
While Saints around us take their Flight?
Smiling, they quit this duſky Sphere,
And mount the Hills of heavenly Light.

VII.

Sweet Soul, we leave thee to thy Reſt,
Enjoy thy *JESUS* and thy GOD,
Till we, from Bands of Clay releaſt,
Spring out and climb the ſhining Road.

VIII.

While the dear Duſt ſhe leaves behind
Sleeps in thy Boſom, ſacred Tomb!
Soft be her Bed, her Slumbers kind,
And all her Dreams of Joy to come.

EPITAPHIUM Viri Venerabilis

Dom. N. MATHER.

Carmine Lapidario conſcriptum.

M. S.

Reverendi admodum Viri

NATHANAELIS MATHERI.

QUOD mori potuit hic ſubtus depoſitum eſt,
Si quæris, Hoſpes, Quantus & Qualis fuit,
Fidus enarrabit Lapis.

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And SLANDER gnaw her forky Tongue.

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Fidus enarrabit Lapis.

Nomen à Familiâ duxit
Sanctioribus ſtudiis & Evangelio devotâ,
Et per utramque *Angliam* celebri.
Americanam ſc. atque *Europæam*.
Et hic quoque in ſancti Miniſterii Spem eductus
Non fallacem :
Et hunc utraque novit *Anglia*
Doctum & Docentem.
Corpore fuit procero, Formâ placidè verendâ ;
At ſupra Corpus & Forman ſublimè eminuerunt
Indoles, Ingenium, atq; Eruditio :
Supra hæc Pietas, & (ſi fas dicere.)
Supra Pietatem Modeſtia,
Cæteras enim Dotes obumbravit.
Quoties in Rebus Divinis peragendis
Divinitus afflatæ mentis Specimina—
Præſtantiora edidit.
Toties Hominem ſedulus occuluit
Ut ſolus conſpiceretur DEUS :
Voluit totus latere, nec potuit ;
Heu quantum tamen ſui nos latet !
Et majorem Laudis Partem ſepulchrale Marmor
Invito obruit ſilentio.
Gratiam *JESU CHRISTI* ſalutiferam
Quam abundè hauſit ipſe, aliis propinavit,
Puram ab humanâ fæce.
Veritatis Evangelicæ decus ingens,
Et ingens Propugnaculum.
Concionator gravis Aſpectu, Geſtu, Voce ;
Cui nec aderat Pompa Oratoria,
Nec deerat ;
Floſculos Rhetorices ſupervacaneos fecit
Rerum dicendarum Majeſtas, & Deus præſens,
Hinc Arma Militiæ ſuæ non infelicia,
Hinc toties fugatus *Satanas*.
Et hinc Victoriæ
Ab Inferorum Portis toties reportatæ.
Solers ille ferreis Impiorum Animis infigere

Alu

Altum & Salutare Vulnus :
Vulneratas idem tractare leniter ſolers,
Et Medelam adhibere magis ſalutarem.
Ex defæcato Cordis Fonte
Divinis Eloquiis affatim ſcatebant Labia,
Etiam in familiari Contubernio :
Spirabat ipſe undique Cæleſtes ſuavitates,
Quaſi Oleo Lætitiæ ſemper recèns delibutus,
Et ſemper ſupra Socios ;
Gratumque dilectiſſimi ſui *JESU* Odorem
Quaquaversùs & latè diffudit.
Dolores tolerans ſupra fidem,
Ærumnæque heu quam aſſiduæ !
Invicto Animo, Victrice Patientiâ
Varias Curarum Moles pertulit
Et in Stadio & in Metâ Vitæ :
Quam ubi propinquam vidit,
Plerophoriâ fidei quaſi Curru alato vectus
Properè & exultìm attigit.
Natus eſt in Agro *Lancaſtrienſi* 20 *Martii*, 1630.
Inter *Nov-Anglos* Theologiæ Tyrocinia fecit.
Paſtorali Munere diu *Dublimii in Hibernia* functus,
Tandem (ut ſemper) Providentiam ſecutus Ducem,
Cœtui fidelium apud *Londinenſes* præpoſitus eſt,
Quos Doctrinâ, Precibus, & Vitâ beavit :
Ah brevi !
Corpore ſolutus 26 *Julii*, 1697. Ætat. 67.
Eccleſiis Mœrorem, Theologis Exemplar reliquit.
Probis Piiſque omnibus
Infandum ſui deſiderium :
Dum pulvis *CHRISTO* charus hic dulcè dormit
Expectans Stellam matutinam.

To the Reverend

Mr. *JOHN SHOWER*,

On the Death of his Daughter

Mrs. *ANNE WARNER*.

Reverend and dear Sir;

HOW great soever was my Sense of your Loss, yet I did not think my self fit to offer any Lines of Comfort: your own Meditations can furnish you with many a delightful Truth in the midst of so heavy a Sorrow; for the Covenant of Grace has Brightness enough in it to gild the most gloomy Providence; and to that sweet Covenant your Soul is no Stranger. My own Thoughts were much impress't with the Tydings of your Daughter's Death; and tho' I made many a Reflection on the Vanity of Mankind in its best Estate, yet I must acknowledge that my Temper leads me most to the pleasant Scenes of Heaven, and that future World of Blessedness. When I recollect the Memory of my Friends that are dead, I frequently rove into the World of Spirits, and search them out there. Thus I endeavoured to trace Mrs. Warner; *and these Thoughts crouding fast upon me, I set them down for my own Entertainment. The Verse breaks off abruptly, because I had no Design to write a finish'd Elegy: and besides, when I was fallen upon the dark Side of Death, I had no mind to tarry there. If the Lines I have written be so happy as to entertain you a little, and divert your Grief, the Time spent in composing them shall not be reckoned among my lost Hours, and the Review will be more pleasing to,* SIR,

Decemb. 22, 1707. Your affectionate humble Servant,

I. W.

An Elegiac Thought on Mrs. ANNE WARNER, *who died of the Small-Pox*, Decemb. 18, 1707. *at one of the Clock in the Morning; a few Days after the Birth and Death of her first Child.*

AWAKE, my Muſe, range the wide World of Souls,
And ſeek *VERNERA* fled; With upward Aim
Direct thy Wing; for ſhe was born from Heaven,
Fulfill'd her Viſit, and return'd on high.

The Midnight Watch of Angels that patrole
The *Britiſh* Sky, have notic'd her Aſcent
Near the Meridian Star; purſue the Track
To the bright Confines of immortal Day
And Paradiſe her Home. Say, my *Urania*,
(For nothing ſcapes thy Search, nor can'ſt thou miſs
So fair a Spirit) ſay, beneath what Shade
Of *Amarant*, or chearful *Ever-green*
She ſits, recounting to her Kindred-Minds
Angelic or Humane, her mortal Toil
And Travels thro' this howling Wilderneſs:
By what divine Protection ſhe eſcap'd
Thoſe deadly Snares when Youth and *Satan* leagu'd
In Combination to aſſail her Virtue;
(Snares ſet to murder Souls) but Heav'n ſecur'd
The Favourite Nymph, and taught her Victory.

Or does ſhe ſeek, or has ſhe found her Babe
Amongſt the Infant-Nation of the bleſt,
And claſp'd it to her Soul, to ſatiate there
The young Maternal Paſſion, and abſolve
The unfulfill'd Embrace? Thrice happy Child!
That ſaw the Light, and turn'd its Eyes aſide

From our dim Regions to th' Eternal Sun,
And led the Parent's Way to Glory! There
Thou art for ever hers, with Powers enlarg'd
For Love reciprocal and ſweet Converſe.

Behold her Anceſtors (a pious Race)
Rang'd in fair Order, at her Sight rejoice
And ſing her Welcome. She along their Seats
Gliding ſalutes them all with Honours due
Such as are paid in Heaven: And laſt ſhe finds
A Manſion faſhion'd of diſtinguiſh'd Light,
But vacant: *This* (with ſure Preſage ſhe cries)
Awaits my Father; when will he arrive?
How long, alas, how long! (Then calls her Mate)
Die, thou dear Partner of my mortal Cares,
Die, and partake my Bliſs; we are for ever One.

Ah me! where roves my Fancy! What kind Dreams
Croud with ſweet Violence on my waking Mind!
Perhaps Illuſions all! Inform me, Muſe,
Chuſes ſhe rather to retire apart
To recollect her diſſipated Powers,
And call her Thoughts her own. ſo lately freed
From Earth's vain Scenes, gay Viſits, Gratulations,
From *Hymen*'s hurrying and tumultuous Joys,
And Fears and Pangs, fierce Pangs that wrou't her Death.
Tell me on what ſublimer Theme ſhe dwells
In Contemplation, with unerring Clue
Infinite Truth purſuing. (When, my Soul,
O when ſhall thy Releaſe from cumb'rous Fleſh
Paſs the great Seal of Heaven? What happy Hour
Shall give thy Thoughts a Looſe to ſoar and trace
The Intellectual World? Divine Delight!
VERNERA's lov'd Employ!) Perhaps ſhe ſings
To ſome new golden Harp th' Almighty Deeds,
The Names, the Honours of her Saviour-God,
His Croſs, his Grave, his Victory, and his Crown:

Oh

Oh could I imitate th' exalted Notes,
And mortal Ears could bear them!———

Or lies ſhe now before th' eternal Throne
Proſtrate in humble Form, with deep Devotion
O'erwhelm'd, and Self Abaſement at the Sight
Of the uncover'd Godhead Face to Face?
Seraphic Crowns pay Homage at his Feet,
And Hers amongſt them, not of dimmer Oar,
Nor ſet with meaner Gems: But vain Ambition,
And Emulation vain, and fond Conceit,
And Pride for ever baniſh'd flies the Place,
Curſt Pride, the Dreſs of Hell. Tell me, *Urania*,
How her Joys heighten, and her golden Hours
Circle in Love. O ſtamp upon my Soul
Some bliſsful Image of the fair Deceas'd
To call my Paſſions and my Eyes aſide
From the dear breathleſs Clay, diſtreſſing Sight!
I look and mourn and gaze with greedy View
Of melancholy Fondneſs: Tears bedewing
That Form ſo late deſir'd, ſo late belov'd,
Now loathſome and unlovely. Baſe Diſeaſe,
That leagu'd with Nature's ſharpeſt Pains, and ſpoil'd
So ſweet a Structure! The impoiſoning Taint
O'erſpreads the Building wrought with Skill divine,
And ruins the rich Temple to the Duſt!
Was this the Countenance, where the World admir'd
Features of Wit and Virtue? This the Face
Where Love triumph'd? and Beauty on theſe Cheeks,
As on a Throne, beneath her radiant Eyes,
Was ſeated to Advantage; mild, ſerene,
Reflecting roſy Light? So ſits the Sun
(Fair Eye of Heaven!) upon a Crimſon Cloud
Near the Horizon, and with gentle Ray
Smiles lovely round the Sky, till riſing Fogs,
Portending Night, with foul and heavy Wing
Involve the golden Star, and ſink him down
Oppreſt with Darkneſs.———

On the Death of an Aged and Honoured Relative, Mrs. M. W. July 13, 1693.

I.

I Know the Kindred Mind. 'Tis ſhe, 'tis ſhe;
Among the heav'nly Forms I ſee
The Kindred Mind from fleſhly Bondage free;
O how unlike the Thing was lately ſeen
Groaning and panting on the Bed,
With ghaſtly Air, and languiſh'd Head,
Life on this Side, there the Dead,
While the delaying Fleſh lay ſhivering between!

II.

Long did the earthy Houſe reſtrain
In toilſome Slavery that Ethereal Gueſt;
Priſon'd her round in Walls of Pain,
And twiſted Cramps and Aches with her Chain;
Till by the Weight of num'rous Days oppreſt
The earthy Houſe began to reel,
The Pillars trembled, and the Building fell;
The Captive Soul became her own again:
Tir'd with the Sorrows and the Cares,
A tedious Train of fourſcore Years,
The Priſ'ner ſmil'd to be releaſt,
She felt her Fetters looſe, and mounted to her Reſt.

III.

Gaze on, my Soul, and let a perfect View
Paint her Idea all anew;
Raſe out thoſe melancholy Shapes of Woe
That hang around thy Memory, and becloud it ſo.
Come FANCY, come, with Eſſences refin'd,
With youthful Green, and ſpotleſs White;
Deep be the Tincture, and the Colours bright
T' expreſs the Beauties of a naked Mind.

Provide

Provide no Glooms to form a Shade ;
All things above of vary'd Light are made,
Nor can the heav'nly Piece require a mortal Aid
But if the Features too divine
Beyond the Power of Fancy ſhine,
Conceal th' inimitable Strokes behind a graceful Shrine.

IV.

Deſcribe the Saint from Head to Feet,
Make all the Lines in juſt Proportion meet ;
But let her Poſture be
Filling a Chair of high Degree ;
Obſerve how near it ſtands to the Almighty Seat.
Paint the new Graces of her Eyes ;
Freſh in her Looks let ſprightly Youth ariſe,
And Joys unknown below the Skies.
VIRTUE that lives conceal'd below,
And to the Breaſt confin'd,
Sits here triumphant on the Brow,
And breaks with radiant Glories through,
The Features of the Mind.
Expreſs her Paſſion ſtill the ſame,
But more divinely ſweet ;
Love has an everlaſting Flame,
And makes the Work complete.

V.

The Painter-Muſe with glancing Eye
Obſerv'd a Manly Spirit nigh, *
That Death had long disjoin'd :
" In the fair Tablet they ſhall ſtand
" United by a happier Band :
She ſaid, and fix'd her Sight, and drew the manly Mind.

* My Grandfather Mr. *Thomas Watts* had ſuch acquaintance with the Mathematicks, Painting, Muſick, and Poeſy, &c. as gave him conſiderable Eſteem among his Contemporaries. He was Commander of a Ship of War 1656, and by blowing up of the Ship in the *Dutch* War he was drown'd in his Youth.

Recount the Years, my Song, (a mournful Round!)
Since he was ſeen on Earth no more:
He fought in lower Seas and drown'd;
But Victory and Peace he found
On the ſuperior Shore.
There now his tuneful Breath in ſacred Songs
Employs the *European* and the *Eaſtern* Tongues.
Let th' awful Truncheon and the Flute,
The Pencil and the well-known Lute,
Powerful Numbers, charming Wit
And every Art and Science meet,
And bring their Laurels to his Hand, or lay them at (his Feet.

VI.

'Tis done. What Beams of Glory fall
(Rich Varniſh of immortal Art)
To gild the bright Original!
'Tis done. The Muſe has now perform'd her Part.
Bring down the Piece, *Urania*, from above,
And let my HONOUR and my LOVE
Dreſs it with Chains of Gold to hang upon my Heart.

A

FUNERAL POEM

On the DEATH of

THOMAS GUNSTON, Eſq;

Preſented to the

Right Honourable the Lady *ABNEY*,

LADY-MAYORESS of LONDON.

July 1701.

MADAM,

HAD I been a common Mourner at the Funeral of the dear Gentleman deceaſed, I ſhould have laboured after more of Art in the following Compoſition to ſupply the Defect

Defect of Nature, and to feign a Sorrow; but the uncommon Condeſcenſion of his Friendſhip to me, the inward Eſteem I pay his Memory, and the vaſt and tender Senſe I have of the Loſs, make all the Methods of Art needleſs, whilſt natural Grief ſupplies more than all.

I had reſolved indeed to lament in Sighs and Silence, and frequently check'd the too forward Muſe: but the Importunity was not to be reſiſted; Long Lines of Sorrow flow'd in upon me e'er I was aware, whilſt I took many a ſolitary Walk in the Garden adjoining to his Seat at Newington; *nor could I free my ſelf from the Crowd of melancholy Ideas. Your Ladyſhip will find thro'out the Poem, that the fair and unfiniſh'd Building which he had juſt rais'd for himſelf, gave almoſt all the Turns of Mourning to my Tho'ts; for I purſue no other Topics of Elegy than what my Paſſion and my Senſes led me to.*

The Poem roves, as my Eyes and Grief did, from one Part of the Fabrick to the other: It riſes from the Foundation, ſalutes the Walls, the Doors, and the Windows, drops a Tear upon the Roof, and climbs the Turret, that pleaſant Retreat, where I promis'd my ſelf many ſweet Hours of his Converſation; there my Song wanders amongſt the delightful Subjects divine and moral, which uſed to entertain our happy Leiſure; and thence deſcends to the Fields and the ſhady Walks, where I ſo often enjoy'd his pleaſing Diſcourſe; my Sorrows diffuſe themſelves there without a Limit: I had quite forgotten all Scheme and Method of Writing, till I correct my ſelf, and riſe to the Turret again to lament that deſolate Seat. Now if the Critics laugh at the Folly of the Muſe for taking too much Notice of the Golden Ball, let them conſider that the meaneſt thing that belong'd to ſo valuable a Perſon ſtill gave ſome freſh and doleful Reflections: And I tranſcribe Nature without Rule, and repreſent Friendſhip in a mourning Dreſs, abandoned to deepeſt Sorrow, and with a negligence becoming Woe unfeigned.

Had I design'd a compleat Elegy, Madam, *on your dearest Brother, and intended it for publick View, I should have followed the usual Forms of Poetry, so far at least, as to spend some Pages in the Character and Praises of the Deceased, and thence have taken Occasion to call Mankind to complain aloud of the universal and unspeakable Loss: But I wrote merely for my self as a Friend of the Dead, and to ease my full Soul by breathing out my own Complaints; I knew his Character and Virtues so well, that there was no need to mention 'em while I talked only with my self; for the Image of them was ever present with me, which kept the Pain at the Heart intense and lively, and my Tears flowing with my Verse.*

Perhaps your Ladyship will expect some Divine Tho'ts and Sacred Meditations, mingled with a Subject so solemn as this is: Had I form'd a Design off offering it to your Hands, I had compos'd a more Christian Poem; but 'twas Grief purely natural for a Death so surprizing that drew all the Strokes of it, and therefore my Reflections are chiefly of a moral Strain. Such as it is, your Ladyship requires a Copy of it; but let it not touch your Soul too tenderly, nor renew your own Mournings. Receive it, Madam, *as an Offering of Love and Tears at the Tomb of a departed Friend, and let it abide with you as a Witness of that affectionate Respect and Honour that I bore him; all which, as your Ladyship's most rightful Due, both by Merit and by Succession, is now humbly offered by,*

MADAM,

Your Ladyship's most Hearty

and Obedient Servant,

I. WATTS.

To

To the dear Memory of my honour'd FRIEND,

THOMAS GUNSTON, Eſq;

Who died Nov. 11, 1700, *when he had juſt finiſh'd his Seat at* Newington.

OF blaſted Hopes, and of ſhort withering Joys,
Sing, heavenly Muſe. Try thine Ethereal Voice
In Funeral Numbers and a doleful Song;
GUNSTON the Juſt, the Generous, and the Young,
GUNSTON the Friend is dead. O empty Name
Of earthly Bliſs! 'tis all an airy Dream,
All a vain Thought! Our ſoaring Fancies riſe
On treacherous Wings! and Hopes that touch the Skies
Drag but a longer Ruin thro' the downward Air,
And plunge the falling Joy ſtill deeper in Deſpair.

How did our Souls ſtand flatter'd and prepar'd
To ſhout him welcome to the Seat he rear'd!
There the dear Man ſhould ſee his Hopes complete!
Smiling, and taſting ev'ry lawful Sweet
That Peace and Plenty brings, while numerous Years
Circling delightful play'd around the Spheres:
Revolving Suns ſhould ſtill renew his Strength,
And draw th' uncommon Thread to an unuſual Length.
But haſty Fate thruſts her dread Shears between,
Cuts the young Life off, and ſhuts up the Scene.
Thus airy PLEASURE dances in our Eyes,
And ſpreads falſe Images in fair Diſguiſe,
T' allure our Souls, till juſt within our Arms
The Viſion dies, and all the painted Charms
Flee quick away from the purſuing Sight,
Till they are loſt in Shades, and mingle with the Night.

Muſe,

Muſe, ſtretch thy Wings, and thy ſad Journey bend
To the fair FABRICK that thy dying Friend
Built nameleſs: 'twill ſuggeſt a Thouſand Things
Mournful and ſoft as my *Urania* ſings.

How did he lay the deep *Foundations* ſtrong,
Marking the Bounds, and rear the *Walls* along
Solid and laſting; there a numerous Train
Of happy *GUNSTONS* might in Pleaſure reign,
While Nations periſh, and long Ages run,
Nations unborn, and Ages unbegun:
Not Time itſelf ſhould waſte the bleſt Eſtate,
Nor the tenth Race rebuild the ancient Seat.
How fond our Fancies are! the Founder dies
Childleſs; his Siſters weep and cloſe his Eyes,
And wait upon his Hearſe with never ceaſing Cries.
Lofty and ſlow it moves to meet the Tomb,
While weighty Sorrow nods on every Plume;
A thouſand Groans his dear Remains convey,
To his Cold lodging in a Bed of Clay,
His Country's ſacred Tears well-watering all the way.
See the dull Wheels roll on the ſable Load;
But no dear Son to tread the mournful Road,
And fondly kind drop his young Sorrows there,
The Father's Urn bedewing with a filial Tear.
O had he left us One behind, to play
Wanton about the painted *Hall*, and ſay,
This was my Father's, with impatient Joy
In my fond Arms I'd claſp the ſmiling Boy,
And call him my Young Friend: but awful Fate,
Deſign'd the mighty Stroke as laſting as 'twas great.

And muſt this Building then, this coſtly Frame
Stand here for Strangers? muſt ſome unknown Name,
Poſſeſs theſe *Rooms*, the Labours of my Friend?
Why were theſe Walls rais'd for this hapleſs End?
Why theſe *Apartments* all adorn'd ſo gay?
Why his rich Fancy laviſh'd thus away?

Muſe,

Muſe, view the *Paintings*, how the hovering Light
Plays o'er the Colours in a wanton Flight,
And mingled Shades wrought in by ſoft Degrees,
Give a ſweet Foil to all the charming Piece;
But Night, eternal Night, hangs black around,
The diſmal Chambers of the hollow Ground,
And ſolid Shades unmingled round his Bed
Stand hideous: Earthy Fogs embrace his Head,
And noiſome Vapours glide along his Face
Riſing perpetual. Muſe, forſake the Place,
Flee the raw Damps of the unwholeſome Clay,
Look to his airy ſpacious *Hall*, and ſay,
" How has he chang'd it for a loneſome Cave,
" Confin'd and crowded in a narrow Grave!

Th' unhappy Houſe, looks deſolate and mourns,
And every Door groans doleful as it turns;
The Pillars languiſh; and each lofty Wall
Stately in Grief, laments the Maſter's Fall.
In Drops of briny Dew; the Fabrick bears
His faint Reſemblance, and renews my Tears.
Solid and ſquare it riſes from below:
A noble Air without a gaudy Show
Reigns thro' the Model, and adorns the Whole,
Manly and plain. Such was the Builder's Soul.

O how I love to view the ſtately Frame,
That dear Memorial of the beſt lov'd Name:
Then could I wiſh for ſome prodigious Cave
Vaſt as his Seat, and ſilent as his Grave,
Where the tall Shades ſtretch to the hideous Roof,
Forbid the Day, and guard the Sun-Beams off;
Thither, my willing Feet, ſhould ye be drawn
At the grey Twilight, and the early Dawn
There ſweetly ſad ſhould my ſoft Minutes roll,
Numbring the Sorrows of my drooping Soul.
But theſe are airy Thoughts! ſubſtantial Grief
Grows by thoſe Objects that ſhould yield Relief;

Fond

Fond of my Woes I heave my Eyes around,
My Grief from every Proſpect courts a Wound;
Views the green Gardens, views the ſmiling Skies,
Still my Heart ſinks, and ſtill my Cares ariſe;
My wand'ring Feet round the fair Manſion rove,
And there to ſooth my Sorrows I indulge my Love.

Oft have I laid the awful *Calvin* by,
And the ſweet *Cowley*, with impatient Eye
To ſee thoſe Walls, pay the ſad Viſit there,
And drop the Tribute of an hourly Tear:
Still I behold ſome melancholy Scene,
With many a penſive Thought, and many a Sigh between.
Two Days ago we took the Evening Air,
I, and my Grief, and my *Urania* there,
Say my *Urania*, how the Weſtern Sun
Broke from black Clouds, and in full Glory ſhone
Gilding the Roof, then dropt into the Sea,
And ſudden Night devour'd the ſweet Remains of Day;
Thus the bright Youth juſt rear'd his ſhining Head
From obſcure Shades of Life, and ſunk among the Dead.
The riſing Sun adorn'd with all his Light
Smiles on theſe Walls again: but endleſs Night
Reigns uncontroul'd where the dear *GUNSTON* lies,
He's ſet for ever, and muſt never riſe.
Then why theſe Beams, unſeaſonable Star,
Theſe lightſome Smiles deſcending from afar,
To greet a mourning Houſe? In vain the Day
Breaks thro' the *Windows* with a joyful Ray,
And marks a ſhining Path along the Floors
Bounding the Evening and the Morning Hours;
In vain it bounds 'em: while vaſt Emptineſs
And hollow Silence reigns thro' all the Place,
Nor heeds the chearful Change of Nature's Face,
Yet Nature's Wheels will on without Controul,
The Sun will riſe, the tuneful Spheres will roll,
And the two nightly *Bears* walk round and watch the Pole.

See

See while I ſpeak, high on her ſable Wheel
Old Night advancing climbs the Eaſtern Hill:
Troops of dark Clouds prepare her Way; behold,
How their brown Pinions edg'd with Evening Gold
Spread ſhadowing o'er the Houſe, and glide away
Slowly purſuing the declining Day;
O'er the broad *Roof* they fly their Circuit ſtill,
Thus Days before they did, and Days to come they will;
But the black Cloud that ſhadows o'er his Eyes
Hangs there unmoveable, and never flies:
Fain would I bid the envious Gloom be gone;
Ah fruitleſs Wiſh! how are his Curtains drawn
For a long Evening that deſpairs the Dawn!

Muſe, view the *Turret*: juſt beneath the Skies
Loneſome it ſtands, and fixes my ſad Eyes,
As it would aſk a Tear. O ſacred Seat
Sacred to Friendſhip! O divine Retreat!
Here did I hope my happy Hours t' employ,
And fed before-hand on the promis'd Joy,
When weary of the noiſy Town, my Friend
From mortal Cares retiring, ſhould aſcend
And lead me thither. We alone wou'd ſit
Free, and ſecure of all intruding Feet:
Our Thoughts ſhould ſtretch their longeſt Wings, and riſe,
Nor bound their Soarings by the lower Skies:
Our Tongues ſhould aim at everlaſting Themes,
And ſpeak what Mortals dare, of all the Names
Of boundleſs Joys and Glories, Thrones, and Seats
Built high in Heaven for Souls: We'd trace the Streets
Of golden Pavement, walk each bliſsful Field,
And climb and taſte the Fruits the ſpicy Mountains yield:
Then would we ſwear to keep the ſacred Road,
And walk right upwards to that bleſt Abode;
We'd charge our parting Spirits there to meet,
There Hand in Hand approach th' Almighty Seat,
And bend our Heads adoring at our Maker's Feet.
Thus ſhould we mount on bold advent'rous Wings

In

In high Diſcourſe, and dwell on heavenly Things,
While the pleas'd Hours in ſweet Succeſſion move,
And Minutes meaſur'd as they are above,
By ever-circling Joys, and ever ſhining Love.

Anon our Thoughts ſhou'd lower their loſty Flight,
Sink by degrees, and take a pleaſing Sight,
A large round Proſpect of the ſpreading Plain,
The wealthy River, and his winding Train,
The ſmoaky City, and the buſy Men.
How we ſhould ſmile to ſee degenerate Worms
Laviſh their Lives, and fight for airy Forms
Of painted Honour, Dreams of empty Sound
Till Envy riſe, and ſhoot a ſecret Wound
At ſwelling Glory, ſtrait the Bubble breaks,
And the Scenes vaniſh, as the Man awakes;
Then the tall Titles inſolent and proud
Sink to the Duſt, and mingle with the Crowd.

Man is a reſtleſs Thing: Still vain and wild,
Lives beyond ſixty, nor outgrows the Child:
His hurrying Luſts ſtill break the ſacred Bound
To ſeek new Pleaſures on forbidden Ground,
And buy them all too dear. Unthinking Fool,
For a ſhort-dying Joy to ſell a deathleſs Soul!
'Tis but a Grain of Sweetneſs they can ſow,
And reap the long ſad Harveſt of immortal Woe.

Another Tribe toil in a different Striſe,
And baniſh all the lawful Sweets of Life,
To ſweat and dig for Gold, to hoard the Oar,
Hide the dear Duſt yet darker than before,
And never dare to uſe a Grain of all the Store.

Happy the Man that knows the Value juſt
Of Earthly Things, nor is enſlav'd to Duſt.
'Tis a rich Gift the Skies but rarely ſend
To Fav'rite Souls. Then happy thou, my Friend,

For

For thou haſt learnt to manage and command
The Wealth that Heaven beſtow'd with liberal Hand:
Hence this fair Structure roſe; and hence this Seat
Made to invite my not unwilling Feet:
In vain 'twas made! for we ſhall never meet,
And ſmile, and love, and bleſs each other here,
The envious Tomb forbids thy Face t' appear,
Detains thee, *GUNSTON*, from my longing Eyes,
And all my Hopes lie bury'd, where my *GUNSTON* lies.

Come hither, all ye tendereſt Souls, that know
The Heights of Fondneſs, and the Depths of Woe,
Young Mothers, who your darling Babes have found
Untimely murder'd with a ghaſtly Wound;
Ye frighted Nymphs, who on the Bridal Bed
Claſp'd in your Arms your Lovers cold and dead,
Come; in the Pomp of all your wild Deſpair,
With flowing Eye-lids, and diſorder'd Hair,
Death in your Looks; come, mingle Grief with me,
And drown your little Streams in my unbounded Sea.

You ſacred Mourners of a nobler Mould,
Born for a Friend, whoſe dear Embraces hold
Beyond all Nature's Ties; you that have known
Two happy Souls made intimately One,
And felt a parting Stroke: 'Tis you muſt tell
The Smart, the Twinges, and the Racks I feel:
This Soul of mine that dreadful Wound has borne,
Off from its Side its deareſt Half is torn,
The reſt lies bleeding, and but lives to mourn.
Oh infinite Diſtreſs! ſuch raging Grief
Should command Pity, and deſpair Relief.
Paſſion, methinks, ſhould riſe from all my Groans,
Give Senſe to Rocks, and Sympathy to Stones.

Ye duſky *Woods* and ecchoing *Hills* around,
Repeat my Cries with a perpetual Sound:
Be all ye flow'ry *Vales* with Thorns o'ergrown,

Aſſiſt

Aſſiſt my Sorrows, and declare your own;
Alas! Your Lord is dead. The humble Plain
Muſt ne'er receive his courteous Feet again:
Mourn ye gay ſmiling Meadows, and be ſeen
In wintry Robes, inſtead of youthful Green;
And bid the *Brook*, that ſtill runs warbling by,
Move ſilent on, and weep his uſeleſs Channel dry.
Hither methinks the lowing Herd ſhould come,
And moaning Turtles murmur o'er his Tomb:
The Oak ſhall wither, and the curling Vine
Weep his young Life out, while his Arms untwine
Their amorous Folds, and mix his bleeding Soul
with mine.
Ye ſtately Elms, in your long Order mourn, *
Strip off your Pride to dreſs your Maſter's Urn:
Here gently drop your Leaves inſtead of Tears:
Ye Elms, the reverend Growth of ancient Years, *
Stand tall and naked to the bluſtering Rage
Of the mad Winds; thus it becomes your Age
To ſhew your Sorrows. Often ye have ſeen
Our Heads reclin'd upon the riſing Green;
Beneath your ſacred Shade diffus'd we lay,
Here FRIENDSHIP reign'd with an unbounded Sway:
Hither our Souls their conſtant Off'rings brought,
The Burthens of the Breaſt, and Labours of the Tho't;
Our opening Boſoms on the Conſcious Ground
Spread all the Sorrows and the Joys we found,
And mingled every Care; nor was it known
Which of the Pains and Pleaſures were our own;
Then with an equal Hand and honeſt Soul
We ſhare the Heap, yet both poſſeſs the Whole,
And all the Paſſions there thro' both our Boſoms roll.
By turns we comfort, and by turns complain,
And bear and eaſe by turns the Sympathy of Pain.

* *There was a long row of tall Elms then ſtanding where ſome years after the lower Garden was made.*

FRIENDSHIP

FRIENDSHIP! myſterious Thing, what Magic Pow'rs
Support thy Sway, and charm theſe Minds of ours?
Bound to thy Foot we boaſt our Birth-right ſtill,
And dream of Freedom, when we've loſt our Will,
And chang'd away our Souls: At thy Command
We ſnatch new Miſeries from a foreign Hand,
To call them ours; and, thoughtleſs of our Eaſe,
Plague the dear Self that we were born to pleaſe.
Thou Tyranneſs of Minds, whoſe cruel Throne
Heaps on poor Mortals Sorrows not their own;
As though our Mother Nature could no more
Find Woes ſufficient for each Son ſhe bore,
Friendſhip divides the Shares, and lengthens out the Store.
Yet are we fond of thine imperious Reign,
Proud of thy Slavery, wanton in our Pain,
And chide the courteous Hand when Death diſſolves the Chain.

VIRTUE, forgive the Thought! the raving Muſe
Wild and deſpairing knows not what ſhe does,
Grows mad in Grief, and in her ſavage Hours
Affronts the Name ſhe loves and ſhe adores.
She is thy Vot'reſs too; and at thy Shrine,
O ſacred FRIENDSHIP, offer'd Songs Divine,
While *GUNSTON* liv'd, and both our Souls were thine.
Here to theſe Shades at ſolemn Hours we came,
To pay Devotion with a mutual Flame,
Partners in Bliſs. Sweet Luxury of the Mind!
And ſweet the Aids of Senſe! Each ruder Wind
Slept in its Caverns, while an Evening-Breeze
Fann'd the Leaves gently ſporting thro' the Trees;
The Linnet and the Lark their Veſpers ſung,
And Clouds of Crimſon o'er th' Horizon hung;
The ſlow-declining Sun with ſloping Wheels
Sunk down the golden Day behind the Weſtern Hills.

Mourn

Mourn, ye young *Gardens*, ye unfiniſh'd Gates,
Ye green Incloſures, and ye growing Sweets
Lament, for ye our Midnight Hours have known,
And watch'd us walking by the ſilent Moon
In Conference divine, while heavenly Fire
Kindling our Breaſts did all our Thoughts inſpire
With Joys almoſt immortal; then our Zeal
Blaz'd and burnt high to reach th' Ethereal Hill,
And Love refin'd, like that above the Poles,
Threw both our Arms round one another's Souls
In Rapture and Embraces. Oh forbear,
Forbear, my Song! this is too much to hear,
Too dreadful to repeat; ſuch Joys as theſe
Fled from the Earth for ever!———

Oh for a general Grief! let all things ſhare
Our Woes, that knew our Loves: The neighbouring *Air*
Let it be laden with immortal Sighs,
And tell the Gales, that every Breath that flies
Over theſe Fields ſhould murmur and complain,
And kiſs the fading Graſs, and propagate the Pain.
Weep all ye *Buildings*, and the Groves around
For ever weep: this is an Endleſs Wound,
Vaſt and incurable. Ye Buildings knew
His Silver Tongue, ye Groves have heard it too:
At that dear Sound no more ſhall ye rejoice,
And I no more muſt hear the charming Voice:
Woe to my drooping Soul! that heavenly Breath
That could ſpeak Life lies now congeal'd in Death;
While on his folded Lips all cold and pale
Eternal Chains and heavy Silence dwell.

Yet my fond Hope would hear him ſpeak again,
Once more at leaſt, one gentle Word, and then
GUNSTON aloud I call: In vain I cry
GUNSTON aloud; for he muſt ne'er reply.
In vain I mourn, and drop theſe Funeral Tears,
Death and the Grave have neither Eyes nor Ears:
Wandring

Wandring I tune my Sorrows to the Groves,
And vent my ſwelling Griefs, and tell the Winds our
Loves;
While the dear Youth ſleeps faſt, and hears them not:
He hath forgot me: In the loneſome Vault
Mindleſs of *WATTS* and Friendſhip, cold he lies,
Deaf and unthinking Clay.——

But whither am I led? this artleſs Grief
Hurries the Muſe on, obſtinate and deaf
To all the nicer Rules, and bears her down
From the tall Fabrick to the neighbouring Ground:
The pleaſing Hours, the happy Moments paſt
In theſe ſweet Fields reviving on my Taſte
Snatch me away reſiſtleſs with impetuous Haſte.
Spread thy ſtrong Pinions once again, my Song,
And reach the *Turret* thou haſt left ſo long:
O'er the wide Roof its lofty Head it rears,
Long waiting our Converſe; but only hears
The noiſy Tumults of the Realms on high;
The Winds ſalute it whiſtling as they fly,
Or jarring round the Windows: rattling Showers
Laſh the fair Sides; above loud Thunder roars;
But ſtill the Maſter ſleeps; nor hears the Voice
Of ſacred Friendſhip, nor the Tempeſt's Noiſe:
An Iron Slumber ſits on every Senſe,
In vain the heavenly Thunders ſtrive to rouſe it thence.

One Labour more, my Muſe, the *golden Sphere*
Scenes to demand: See thro' the duſky Air
Downward it ſhines upon the riſing Moon;
And, as ſhe labours up to reach her Noon,
Purſues her Orb with repercuſſive Light,
And ſtreaming Gold repays the paler Beams of Night:
But not one Ray can reach the darkſome Grave,
Or pierce the ſolid Gloom that fills the Cave
Where *GUNSTON* dwells in Death. Behold it flames
Like ſome new Meteor with diffuſive Beams

Thro'

Thro' the Mid-heaven, and overcomes the Stars;
" So ſhines thy *GUNSTON*'s Soul above the Spheres,
Raphael replies, and wipes away my Tears.
" We ſaw the Fleſh ſink down with cloſing Eyes,
" We heard thy Grief ſhriek out, *He dies, He dies.*
" Miſtaken Grief! to call the Fleſh the Friend!
" On our fair Wings did the bright Youth aſcend,
" All Heav'n embrac'd him with immortal Love,
" And ſung his Welcome to the Courts above.
" Gentle *Ithuriel* led him round the Skies,
" The Buildings ſtruck him with immenſe Surprize;
" The Spires all radiant, and the Manſions bright,
" The Roof high-vaulted with Ethereal Light:
" Beauty and Strength on the tall Bulwarks ſat
" In heavenly Diamond; and for every Gate
" On Golden Hinges a broad Ruby turns
" Guards off the Foe, and as it moves it burns;
" Millions of Glories reign thro' every part;
" Infinite Power, and uncreated Art
" Stand here diſplay'd, and to the Stranger ſhow
" How it out-ſhines the nobleſt Seats below.
" The Stranger fed his gazing Pow'rs awhile
" Tranſported: Then, with a regardleſs Smile,
" Glanc'd his Eye downward thro' the Cryſtal Floor,
" And took eternal Leave of what he built before.

Now, fair *Urania*, leave the doleful Strain;
Raphael commands: Aſſume thy Joys again.
In everlaſting Numbers ſing, and ſay,
" *GUNSTON* has mov'd his Dwelling to the Realms of Day;
" *GUNSTON* the Friend lives ſtill: And give thy Groans away.

An ELEGY on

Mr. *THOMAS GOUGE.*

TO

Mr. *ARTHUR SHALLET*, Mercht.

Worthy Sir,

THE Subject of the following Elegy was high in your Esteem, and enjoy'd a large Share of your Affections. Scarce doth his Memory need the Assistance of the Muse to make it perpetual; but when she can at once pay her Honours to the venerable Dead, and by this Address acknowledge the Favours she has receiv'd from the Living, 'tis a double Pleasure to,

SIR,

Your Obliged Humble Servant,

I. WATTS.

To the MEMORY of the

Rev. Mr. *THOMAS GOUGE.*

Who died Jan. 8th, 1699,1700.

I.

YE Virgin-Souls, whose sweet Complaint *Ps.*137.
Could teach *Euphrates* not to flow, *Lament.* i.
Could *Sion*'s Ruin so divinely paint, 2, 3.
Array'd in Beauty and in Woe:
Awake, ye Virgin-Souls, to mourn,
And with your tuneful Sorrows dress a Prophet's Urn.
O could my Lips or flowing Eyes
But imitate such charming Grief,
I'd teach the Seas, and teach the Skies
Wailings, and Sobs, and Sympathies,
Nor should the Stones or Rocks be deaf;
Rocks shall have Eyes, and Stones have Ears
While *GOUGE*'s Death is mourn'd in Melody and Tears.

II.

Heav'n was impatient of our Crimes,
And ſent his Miniſter of Death
To ſcourge the bold Rebellion of the Times,
And to demand our Prophet's Breath;
He came commiſſion'd for the Fates
Of awful *MEAD* and charming *BATES*;
There he eſſay'd the Vengeance firſt,
Then took a diſmal Aim, and brought great *GOUGE*

III. (to Duſt.

Great *GOUGE* to Duſt! how doleful is the Sound!
How vaſt the Stroke is! and how wide the Wound!
Oh painful Stroke! diſtreſſing Death!
A Wound unmeaſurably wide
No vulgar Mortal dy'd
When he reſign'd his Breath.
The Muſe that mourns a Nation's Fall,
Should wait at *GOUGE*'s Funeral,
Should mingle Majeſty and Groans
Such as ſhe ſings to ſinking Thrones,
And in deep-ſounding Numbers tell
How *Sion* trembled when this Pillar fell.
Sion grows weak, and *England* poor,
Nature her ſelf with all her Store
Can furniſh ſuch a Pomp for Death no more.

IV.

The Reverend Man let all things mourn;
Sure he was ſome Æthereal Mind,
Fated in Fleſh to be confin'd,
And order'd to be born.
His Soul was of th' Angelic Frame,
The ſame Ingredients, and the Mould the ſame,
When the Creator makes a Miniſter of Flame,
He was all form'd of heav'nly Things,
Mortals, believe what my *Urania* ſings,
For ſhe has ſeen him riſe upon his flamy Wings.

V.

How would he mount, how would he fly
Up thro' the Ocean of the Sky,

Tow'rd the Cœleſtial Coaſt!
With what amazing Swiftneſs ſoar
Till Earth's dark Ball was ſeen no more,
And all its Mountains loſt!
Scarce could the Muſe purſue him with her Sight:
But, Angels, you can tell,
For oft you meet his wondrous Flight,
And knew the Stranger well;
Say, how he paſt the radiant Spheres
And viſited your happy Seats,
And trac'd the well known Turnings of the golden Streets,
And walk'd among the Stars.

VI.

Tell how he climb'd the Everlaſting Hills
Surveying all the Realms above,
Borne on a ſtrong-wing'd Faith, and on the fiery Wheels
Of an immortal Love.
'Twas there he took a Glorious Sight
Of the Inheritance of Saints in Light,
And read their Title in their Saviour's Right,
How oft the humble Scholar came,
And to your Songs he rais'd his Ears
To learn th' unutterable Name,
To view th' Eternal Baſe that bears,
The new Creation's Frame.
The Countenance of GOD he ſaw,
Full of Mercy; full of 'Awe,
The Glories of his Power, and Glories of his Grace:
There he beheld the wond'rous Springs
Of thoſe Cœleſtial ſacred Things,
The peaceful Goſpel, and the fiery Law,
In that Majeſtic Face.
That Face did all his gazing Powers employ,
With moſt profound Abaſement and exalted Joy.
The Rolls of Fate were half unſeal'd,
He ſtood adoring by:
The Volumes open'd to his Eye,

And

And ſweet Intelligence he held
With all his ſhining Kindred of the Sky.

VII.

Ye Seraphs that ſurround the Throne,
Tell how his Name was thro' the Palace known,
How warm his Zeal was, and how like your own:
Speak it aloud, let half the Nation hear,
And bold Blaſphemers ſhrink and fear: †
Impudent Tongues, to blaſt a Prophet's Name!
The Poiſon ſure was fetch'd from Hell,
Where the old Blaſphemers dwell,
To taint the pureſt Duſt, and blot the whiteſt Fame.
Impudent Tongues! You ſhould be darted thro',
Nail'd to your own black Mouths, and lie
Uſeleſs and dead till Slander die,
Till Slander die with you.

VIII.

" We ſaw him, ſay th' Ethereal Throng,
" We ſaw his warm Devotions riſe,
" We heard the Fervour of his Cries,
" And mix'd his Praiſes with our Song:
" We knew the ſecret Flights of his retiring Hours,
Nightly, he wak'd his inward Pow'rs,
" Young *Iſrael* roſe to wreſtle with his GOD,
" And with unconquer'd Force ſcal'd the celeſtial Towers,
" To reach the Bleſſing down for thoſe that ſought his Blood.
" Oft we beheld the Thunderer's Hand
" Rais'd high to cruſh the factious Foe;
" As oft we ſaw the rolling Vengeance ſtand
" Doubtful t' obey the dread Command,
" While his aſcending Pray'r upheld the falling Blow.

IX.

Draw the paſt Scenes of thy Delight,
My Muſe, and bring the wond'rous Man to ſight.
Place him ſurrounded as he ſtood

† *Tho' he was ſo great and good a Man he did not eſcape Cenſure.* Wit

With pious Crowds, while from his Tongue
A Stream of Harmony ran ſoft along,
And every Ear drank in the flowing Good:
Softly it ran its ſilver Way,
Till warm Devotion rais'd the Current ſtrong:
Then fervid Zeal on the ſweet Deluge rode,
Life, Love and Glory, Grace and Joy,
Divinely roll'd promiſcuous on the Torrent Flood,
And bore our raptur'd Senſe away, and Thoughts and Souls to GOD.
O might we dwell for ever there!
No more return to breathe this groſſer Air,
This Atmoſphere of Sin, Calamity and Care.

X.

But heavenly Scenes ſoon leave the Sight
While we belong to Clay,
Paſſions of Terror and Delight,
Demand alternate Sway.
Behold the Man, whoſe awful Voice
Could well proclaim the fiery Law,
Kindle the Flames that *Moſes* ſaw,
And ſwell the Trumpet's warlike Noiſe.
He ſtands the Herald of the threatning Skies,
Lo, on his reverend Brow the Frowns divinely riſe,
All *Sinai*'s Thunder on his Tongue, and Lightning in his Eyes.
Round the high Roof the Curſes flew
Diſtinguiſhing each guilty Head,
Far from th' unequal War the Atheiſt fled,
His kindled Arrows ſtill purſue,
His Arrows ſtrike the Atheiſt thro',
And o'er his inmoſt Powers a ſhuddering Horror ſpread,
The Marble Heart groans with an inward Wound:
Blaſpheming Souls of harden'd Steel
Shriek out amaz'd at the new Pangs they feel,
And dread the Echoes of the Sound.
The lofty Wretch arm'd and array'd
In gaudy Pride ſinks down his impious Head,
Plunges in dark Deſpair, and mingles with the Dead.

XI.

Now, Muſe, aſſume a ſofter Strain,
Now ſooth the Sinner's raging Smart,
Borrow of *GOUGE* the wond'rous Art
To calm the ſurging Conſcience, and aſſwage the Pain;
He from a bleeding GOD derives
Life for the Souls that Guilt had ſlain,
And ſtrait the dying Rebel lives,
The Dead ariſe again;
The opening Skies almoſt obey
His powerful Song; a heavenly Ray
Awakes Deſpair to Light, and ſheds a chearful Day,
His wondrous Voice rolls back the Spheres,
Recals the Scenes of ancient Years,
To make the Saviour known;
Sweetly the flying Charmer roves
Thro' all his Labours and his Loves,
The Anguiſh of his Croſs, and Triumphs of his Throne.

XII.

Come, he invites our Feet to try
The ſteep Aſcent of *Calvary*,
And ſets the fatal Tree before our Eye:
See here Celeſtial Sorrow reigns;
Rude Nails and ragged Thorns lay by,
Ting'd with the Crimſon of Redeeming Veins.
In wond'rous Words he ſung the vital Flood
Where all our Sins were drown'd,
Words fit to heal and fit to wound,
Sharp as the Spear, and balmy as the Blood.
In his Diſcourſe divine
Afreſh the purple Fountain flow'd;
Our falling Tears kept ſympathetic Time,
And trickled to the Ground,
While every Accent gave a doleful Sound,
Sad as the breaking Heart-ſtrings of th' expiring GOD.

XIII.

Down to the Manſions of the Dead,
With trembling Joy our Souls are led,

The

The Captives of his Tongue;
There the dear Prince of Light reclines his Head
Darkneſs and Shades among.
With pleaſing Horror we ſurvey
The Caverns of the Tomb,
Where the belov'd Redeemer lay,
And ſhed a ſweet Perfume.
Hark, the old Earthquake roars again
In *GOUGE*'s Voice, and breaks the Chain
Of heavy Death, and rends the Tombs;
The Riſing GOD! he comes, he comes,
With Throngs of waking Saints, a long triumphing Train.

XIV.

See the bright Squadrons of the Sky,
Downward on Wings of Joy and Haſte they fly,
Meet their returning Sovereign, and attend him high.
A ſhining Car the Conqueror fills,
Form'd of a golden Cloud;
Slowly the Pomp moves up the azure Hills,
Old *Satan* foams and yells aloud,
And gnaws th' eternal Braſs that binds him to the Wheels,
The opening Gates of Bliſs receive their King,
The Father-God ſmiles on his Son,
Pays him the Honours he has won,
The lofty Thrones adore, and little Cherubs ſing.
Behold him on his native Throne,
Glory ſits faſt upon his Head;
Dreſs'd in new Light, and beamy Robes,
His Hand rolls on the Seaſons, and the ſhining Globes,
And ſways the living Worlds, and Regions of the Dead.

XV.

GOUGE was his Envoy to the Realm below,
Vaſt was his Truſt, and great his Skill,
Bright the Credentials he could ſhow,
And thouſands own'd the Seal.
His hallowed Lips could well impart
The Grace, the Promiſe, and Command:
He knew the Pity of *Immanuel*'s Heart,

And

And Terrors of *JEHOVAH*'s Hand.
How did our Souls ſtart out to hear
The Embaſſies of Love he bare,
While every Ear in Rapture hung
Upon the charming Wonders of his Tongue.
Life's buſy Cares a ſacred Silence bound,
Attention ſtood with all her Powers,
With fixed Eyes and Awe profound,
Chain'd to the Pleaſure of the Sound,
Nor knew the flying Hours.

XVI.

But O my Everlaſting Grief!
Heaven has recall'd his Envoy from our Eyes,
Hence Deluges of Sorrow riſe,
Nor hope th' impoſſible Relief.
Ye Remnants of the ſacred Tribe
Who feel the Loſs, come ſhare the Smart,
And mix your Groans with mine:
Where is the Tongue that can deſcribe
Infinite Things with equal Art,
Or Language ſo divine?
Our Paſſions want the heavenly Flame,
Almighty Love breaths faintly in our Songs,
And awful Threatnings languiſh on our Tongues;
HOWE is a great but ſingle Name:
Amidſt the Crowd he ſtands alone;
Stands yet, but with his ſtarry Pinions on,
Dreſt for the Flight, and ready to be gone,
Eternal GOD, command his Stay,
Stretch the dear Months of his Delay;
O we could wiſh his Age were one immortal Day!
But when the flaming Chariot's come,
And ſhining Guards t' attend thy Prophet home,
Amidſt a thouſand weeping Eyes,
Send an *Eliſha* down, a Soul of equal Size,
Or burn this worthleſs Globe, and take us to the Skies.

FINIS.

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